THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Volume 197
Number 48

5c.

MAY 30, 1925

Ben Ames Williams — George Agnew Chamberlain — Edwin Lefèvre — Thomas McMorrow
Salisbury Field — Richard Matthews Hallet — George Pattullo — Frederic F. Van de Water

Says Judge Elbert H. Gary

"In the business of keeping fit my first care is a simple diet"

Big business executives have two great odds to overcome in keeping fit. First, they work at high nervous tension. Second, their work is entirely sedentary.

Unnatural conditions, both of them, which impose upon a man the necessity of taking extra care of himself.

Judge Elbert H. Gary, recognizing these dangers, has worked out a plan of living to keep physically and mentally fit for his tremendous job as Chairman of the United States Steel Corporation.

In this plan, wise eating is a cardinal rule. Three meals a day—but simple food, easy to digest and never more than he actually needs!

Breakfast as important as any other meal

With the first meal of the day so many people make their first mistake in diet.

If you sit at a desk all day, you do not need a heavy, hearty breakfast. In fact, you cannot handle it and have left the energy you should have for your morning's work.

Instead of using up vital energy digesting too much heavy food, you should *supply* energy—in the form of simple, easily digested food which is known to be high in energy substance.

Cream of Wheat is just such a food. Exceptionally rich in carbohydrates or energy units, it amply satisfies your want of this vital force.

And you get its rich energy so quickly and easily! For Cream of Wheat is in such simple form that digestion takes place with a minimum of effort; starting, in fact, in the mouth.

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Send for free sample and recipe book

You will like Cream of Wheat with dates, prunes, raisins, baked apple or any fruit. There are so many ways to serve it, not only as a breakfast cereal but in delicious lunch and supper dishes. Our recipe book gives 50 splendid recipes. We will send it free with a sample box of Cream of Wheat—enough for 4 generous servings or to make any one recipe.

Cream of Wheat

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota
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Men Wanted . . . . *"long-wear" socks*

that didn't cry out their secret to the world

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Here they are—a remarkable new-type hose—sheer and webby, with hidden reinforcement at toe!

SILK hose that give 3 to 4 times the wear of ordinary kinds . . . More mileage at the point that counts.

A new idea has made America's smartest hosiery by far the longest wearing.

Sturdy reinforcement hidden at the tip and over the top of the toe.

No bulk. No discomfort. No extra weight.

Just a new way of knitting. It's called the *Ex Toe*.

The toe will wear until the top calls "quits."

And the top in its patrician smartness refuses to wear out.

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Wears like Main Street

So now the hosiery that has always set the pace in good dress hangs up another record in long wear.

Reasonably priced, too. The richest, sheerest silk costs only 75c and $1. Other materials if you wish.

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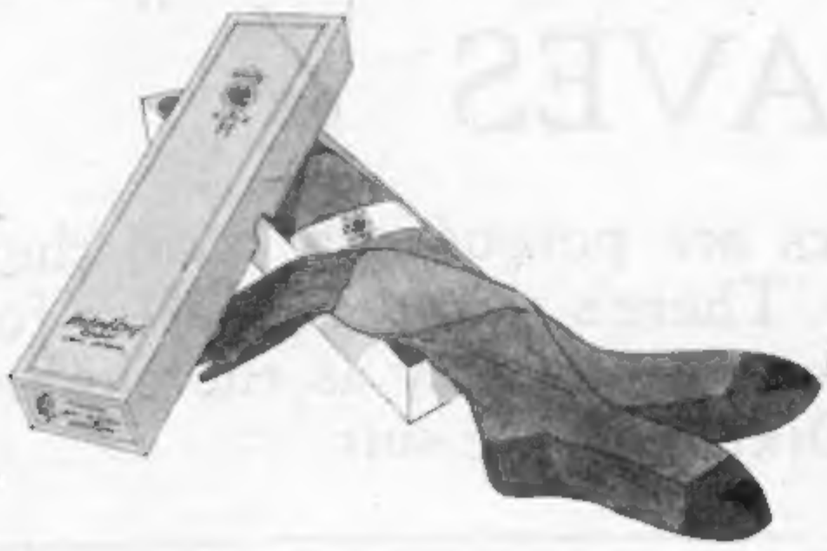
You'll agree that they're the smartest, trimmest fitting and longest wearing hose you ever knew. Get a pair today and see how far they'll go.

Make sure you ask for *Ex Toe* —that's the name they're known by. *Ex Toe*.



All the reinforcement is hidden at the toe. The part others see is superlatively sheer and webby

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with the new, long-wear *Ex Toe*

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A.D. 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., and St. Paul, Minn.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 197 — 5c. THE COPY — PHILADELPHIA, PA., MAY 30, 1925 — $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription — Number 48

THE SILVER SWORD

"You'll Get It?" Jasper Repeated. "You'll Fetch It Back to Me?"

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

IT WAS a quarter of the town new to young Dana Dolliver. He had never traversed this mean and narrow street before; and he thought, with a certain satisfaction, that if he had gone tamely into the business of selling bonds, as had been planned for him, he might never have come this way at all. Another might have found no particular pleasure in the experience; but Dana was interested in the very squalor of his surroundings. It was in vague expectation of just such incidents as this one was that he had decided upon a year or two of newspaper work, had sought and secured a place on one of the afternoon papers. Somewhere in the squalid neighborhood through which his way now lay there was a pool and billiard room which had been the scene of an affray with a fatal climax. Dana had been sent to secure details which would amplify the police report, and his progress had brought him to this unclean and odorous thoroughfare where his nostrils were assailed by stale smells and his eyes by sordid spectacles.

The neighborhood lacked any coherence, any individual quality. It must have been on the border line between two or three national groupings, for a Chinese laundryman and an Armenian grocer were side by side; an Italian restaurant and a kosher butcher shop rubbed elbows; and among these establishments were located others in which he caught glimpses sometimes of men and women obviously of the American strain, sometimes of colored folk. Once he was overtaken by a sudden flood of children emerging from a neighboring school and scattering to their homes. Their high shrill voices like the discordant cries of gulls dinned for a little in his ears; and in the games which they played, chasing each other here and there, they brushed against him as though he had been an inanimate object. His senses were all alert to his surroundings, and upon his mind a series of impressions, photographic in their intensity, indelibly registered themselves.

The street was full of noise. Overhead ran Elevated trains, the structure which bore them excluding most of the available daylight from the street below, their recurrent passage shaking the very ground upon which he trod and making his ears vibrate unpleasantly with the roar of their whirling wheels. Beneath the Elevated tracks motor trucks banged over the cobblestones, and horse-drawn vehicles rattled over the rough paving or slithered along the tracks on which surface cars occasionally jolted past. In and out among this traffic the children played, darting unconcernedly, replying with ribald grimaces and jeers to the profane outbursts of the drivers of the vehicles which so nearly crushed them into pulp. All these noises combined into a high and shattering

clamor, and Dana felt his nerves growing more and more taut, till he walked like a man in the midst of many perils, looking over his shoulder, ready to jump at the least alarm.

The street was equally offensive to the young man's nose. From the litter on the cobbles an acrid odor rose, the fumes of ammonia subtly penetrating and pervasive. Hot steam smelling sourly of stale garments emerged from the open door of the laundry. The grocer's open door emitted a heavy musk-like smell which blended with the ever-present scent of garlic. Somewhere near by there was cooking going on; and the sickly stench of hot olive oil made itself apparent, and gasoline fumes, and old tobacco assaulted Dana's nostrils.

His eye was caught by this and that—by the slantwise glance of a Chinaman busy with his heavy iron in a basement below the street level, by the curious wares in the window of the Armenian grocer's establishment. Small dried fish with large heads and bodies so emaciated as to be only wisps clad in silver skins; lumps of curiously amber-like stuff which he was unable to identify; bowls full of other foodstuffs, sometimes a powder, sometimes made up of coarse grains like heavy sand, sometimes formed into knobby sticks of the appearance of dusty bits of ginger, sometimes looking like pieces of grayish-white taffy cut off with blunt scissors. He paused for a time before this window, speculating as to the nature of these comestibles, amused by his own ignorance. In the rear of the window there was a dish piled high with curious objects, like bands of heavy dough in which was contained a filling apparently made of bits of bloody meat worked into a heavy paste.

He passed the establishment of one who professed to read minds, tell fortunes and analyze character. In the window was hung a great sheet of torn paper on which were drawn rude profiles, and beneath each was a legend professing to describe the character to be expected of any person whose profile fitted the drawing. He passed another store devoted to the sale of miscellaneous odds and ends designed as catch pennies. Flagrantly cheap magazines, a trick match case, a deck of marked cards, a magic ring, a magic handkerchief, toy pistols, dice, a cheap and flimsy mah-jongg set, foreign newspapers, a box of puzzles shaped like interlacing rings of tarnished metal, rude paintings in cheap frames, a camera ——

Along the street, too, butcher shops were numerous; their show windows had, as common characteristics, a high pane of dirty glass, and within, a litter of dust-covered sausages, canned stuffs, dry groceries or cuts of meat. He thought these stores had a curiously unoccupied look, as though they had been locked and deserted months ago, and their contents had in the meantime accumulated dust and slowly begun the process of turning to dust themselves. He tried to analyze this appearance of emptiness, which was their common attribute, to discover what produced it, and decided it arose from the fact that the glass fronts were so high, so dirty and so bare of ornamentation. The doors of these shops were closed; he felt quite sure that if he tried any one of them he would find it locked against customers. It was inconceivable that they were in fact open for business.

Crossing an intersecting street, he marked upon the corner a store devoted to the sale of drugs, magazines and tobaccos, its windows plastered with advertisements of cigarettes or smoking tobacco of brands with which he was unfamiliar. In the corner of one window there was a placard announcing that within the store one might rent or buy a canary; and the bird itself, in its small and dingy cage, catching a single ray of sunshine, sang lustily and with swelling throat behind the glass. Dana stopped for a moment to watch it, and chuckled to see the feathers erect themselves on the full throat. While he watched, the sun was shut out by a passing Elevated train, and the bird turned contentedly to its seeds at one side of the cage and began cracking them with dexterous twists of its small bill.

He came to another window which testified that the establishment behind it was devoted to the sale of antiques. The window itself was narrow; the gloomy interior, in which he saw a gas flame burning, had something oppressive and sinister about it. In the window there were a few small odds and ends—an old powder horn, a bayonet in its sheath, a pair of small andirons, two or three glass bottles. Dana did not pause here; but as he passed on he had an impression that someone had moved within the shop, in the edge of the shadow beyond the small circle into which daylight penetrated. He even realized that if the testimony of his senses was correct, this person had been a woman, a girl, with a curious suggestion of grace and beauty in the single movement which had caught his glancing eye. The impression grew upon him; he had a mind to turn back and confirm it, but laughed at his own folly. After all, it was extremely unlikely that he would discover anything attractive in this locality. Its very squalor was its charm; a rose in such surroundings would be out of place, discordant, almost offensive to the eye. Furthermore, he had his business to do.

So he went on.

But half an hour later, when he emerged from the smoky interior of the pool room, where he had questioned a man who determinedly talked through the corner of his mouth and avoided Dana's eye, and where he had seen the very bloodstain on the floor, the young man's thoughts returned to the antique shop and to the girl he had seen there so dimly. He found a telephone and reported his meager discoveries to an uninterested rewrite man in the office, then retraced his steps, hurrying toward a neighborhood with which he was more familiar. The squalor of this locality no longer charmed him; he began to find it oppressive, and he was anxious to be out of it. Nevertheless, when he came to the shop where he had seen the girl, he paused and stood looking in, for she was now just inside the window, in full view, his vision hindered only by the fact that the window glass was dirty, as were all the windowpanes along this street.

She was, as he saw with faint amusement, engaged in that occupation known as window dressing. She was arranging in the small space available many odds and ends designed to appeal to the passing eye. To the objects there when he first marked the spot others had now been added. There were two ships in small bottles; there was an old

(Continued on Page 73)

"He Didn't Hurt Me. Oh, He Didn't Touch Me. But He Talked and Talked and Talked"

JARRAD, LAST OF THE PINEYS

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

TAKE a road map of the state of New Jersey, spread it out, flash a glance down its narrow length, and what leaps out to meet the eye? A vast triangle bounded by an encroaching web of red ink. The red ink stands for good roads in five denominations: State highway system—hard-surface roads of durable character, improved roads, roads under construction; non-State hard-surface roads and improved roads. The white stands for the absence of all or any of these.

Look closely at the blank space, and instead of Sahara Desert, read Burlington and Ocean counties. Red along the coast, red south of the broad mark of the White Horse Pike, all red north of a line drawn from Camden through Medford, Browns Mills and Lakehurst to Toms River—and in between, a region so sparsely dotted with names that it might well be labeled "Unexplored."

Here is the stronghold of the Pineys, trotted out from year to year in the public press as a scarecrow tribe left behind by time. Every once in so often the Pineys have been good for a sensation, traduced by the very circumstance that first gave them news value. As they were to the original reporter who struck the yellow vein of pay dirt, so must they be to the last if he would pad his purse and the front page of the Sunday-magazine supplement. Every reader knows the formula—a family of seven in a one-room hut; heaps of rags on the clay floor for a common bed; squalor, amorality, incest, idiocy; and finally the production of a race of savages, wild men of the woods who live on berries and roots and mouth an unintelligible tongue. Thus it has come to pass that he who ventures to the borders of their fastnesses and airs an inquiring mind is met by a hard stare and voluble negation:

"Pineys? What do you mean? Huts? You want to see huts? Well, let me tell you, there are no huts. They live in houses, like you and me, and are just as good as you and me. You're looking for something you won't find, and if you take my advice, you'll go back and get on a good road. It's no place for a car like yours in there; turn twice and you're lost."

There is no telling how many millions of motorists have hurtled along the Shore Road and the White Horse Pike to Atlantic City, but one could count on the fingers of two hands the dozens who have turned off to left or right to sample the mysteries of Buckingham, Mount Misery, Woodmansie or the headwaters of Wading River and Rancocas Creek. And yet this region is not what it once was. Barnegat has pushed out a red feeler to the west past Cedar Bridge; Mount Holly has thrown out a tendril to Tabernacle, and Hammonton another to Atsion; while from the north, Browns Mills has run a good road due south through the forest to Chatsworth, incongruously famed as the ancestral estate of the Marquise de Talleyrand-Périgord and of her sister, the Dowager Princess Poggio-Susa Ruspoli. Thus far have great names wandered to rub noses with the despised Pineys.

Even so, he who is not faint of heart, who fears neither solitude nor rutted sandy trails as twisted as the track of a snake, can lose himself in a maze of byways remarkable for their number and interminable monotony. Sand, scrub oak and pine; pine, scrub oak and sand. Miles and miles without seeing a human being or a house.

But though they are so widely spaced, the houses are there; some of them hidden, others looming suddenly in a clearing cluttered with barns, sheds, flowers and an astonishing growth of vegetables. Enter one of them, study it, and you may discover, embedded amid its rooms and covered on the outside with sheathing, the original one-room log cabin which brought the forgotten Pineys into lurid fame.

Legend once had its basis in fact, but these people have come up. In spite of a vacant face here and there, always ready to break into a smile of peculiar sweetness; in spite of an occasional malformation due to inbreeding, they have been dragged out of the pit of oblivion by three commodities and an influence. Cranberries, swamp moss and blueberries, demanded in ever increasing quantities by an encroaching outside world, have given the Piney a possible wage of ten dollars a day for five months in the year, and a mission, run by two ladies and a flivver, has taught him what to do with his money.

However, there remain even today regions in the forest which the most industrious flivver cannot penetrate, and in one of these dwelt the last of the old-style Pineys. His name was Jarrad, and because he had once been misunderstood when he tried to say "Jarrad only" in answer to a question as to the rest of it, he was entered on the books of the crossroads store at Two Heads as Jarrad Ohne, and from that day was so known to the few people with whom he came in contact.

Like Most Woodsmen, However Deliberate, He Was Keen of Eye and Rapid in Deduction

No one, least of all Jarrad, knew his exact age. At the time of the close of this story he was probably between thirty-five and forty years old; but that is a mere guess, confused by the fact that while his wiry body seemed withered, his brown eyes held an ingenuous eagerness, a glistening fire, which one ascribes only to extreme youth. These eyes gave the impression of being very much alive and yet imprisoned, as if they were forever trying to leap out and run around and be petted, but were hopelessly anchored to something dull and heavy in the back of his head.

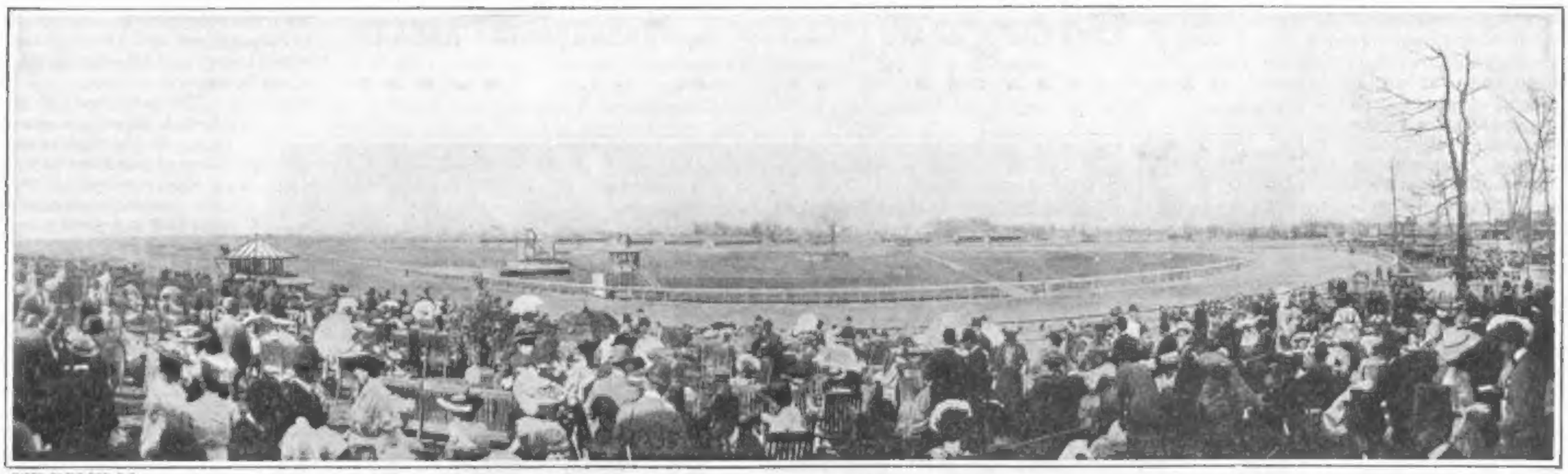
Jarrad could not remember his mother's teaching him the rudiments of reading and writing, but he could recall her burial. To him it was the first of the three high lights of his life. His father had been a morose man, one who walked alone, within his own shadow. When his wife died he had called for no aid from distant neighbors. With hoe, shovel and ax, he had dug a grave at the edge of the swamp back of the cabin, fitted into the hole a rude box made of cedar slabs and laid away within it the body of his wife. Several years later the boy had been faced with the necessity of doing as much and no more for his father. Strangely enough, this task, which had called for the utmost exertion of his immature strength as well as of all other faculties, had established no signpost in memory. It was a mere repetition of the first conscious formula of life.

Dating from that event, Jarrad lived alone for many years. On the sunny days of spring he gathered swamp moss, valuable to florists and packers of fine crockery, laid it out to dry; and when he had accumulated the equivalent of a bale, hitched up the mule that lived contentedly on hay in a lean-to at one side of the cabin, and drove to the crossroads at Two Heads. It was an all-day trip; but it never seemed long, because there was always the chance that he might meet somebody around any one of the myriad twistings of the rutted trail. Such wordless encounters within the woods were rare—perhaps one in a month, certainly not more than fifteen in a whole year—but each one of them lighted up a smile in Jarrad's eyes which, like the glow of a northern twilight, lived for a surprisingly long time.

In summer he gathered blueberries literally by the bushel. His father's knocker, scoop and strainer had hung discarded ever since Jarrad learned that hand-picked berries fetched a better price than knocked ones. Of course, knocking was easier. To place the scoop, hit the bush an expert whack or two, sieve out the green or undersized berries and dump the remainder into the bucket was quick work. But there always remained enough twigs or bits of leaves to betray the process. Besides, none knew better than he where to find the swamp shrubs which yielded the largest and bluest fruit. It was a joy to fill his pail with big berries all of one color—a blue as pale, deep and soft as the edge of the evening sky.

(Continued on Page 113)

DOWN THE STRETCH



PHOTO, BY THE ORIG, N. Y.

Morris Park. A General View of the Course Where the United Hunts Staged its Inaugural Meeting in 1905

By Samuel C. Hildreth and James R. Crowell

THE craving I've always had for race horses I reckon my father passed along to me in his blood. It was horse, horse, horse with him all day long, year in and year out. When he got up in the morning the first thing his eyes would light on was the blue grass of Kentucky, which gives body and courage to the race horse. And a short distance off from his home, about as far as from the judges' stand to the paddock gate, there was the old weather-beaten barn, housing Red Morocco and the other horses he used to race on the quarter-mile tracks cut out of the prairie. These were the quarter horses you still hear people talking about on the race tracks. They were trained to go just that far and no farther. Whenever a horse today shows a high flight of speed for two furlongs they say he has the speed of a quarter horse. That was the only kind my father had.

There were ten children in the family—six boys and four girls. We grew up in a race-horse atmosphere. I honestly believe we knew more about horses than we did about people. When you don't see much besides a racing barn, and all the talk you hear is about Thoroughbreds, it gets into every fiber of you.

Roving and Racing

FOR years I never knew there was any worthwhile work in this world besides raising horses and teaching them to run as fast as their legs and their hearts would carry them. How could I? My mind didn't begin to move until the family did, and that got to be so often I couldn't keep pace with it. We were rovers; we didn't stay put.

"You can't settle down and be a racing man too; it's one or the other; and as for me, I'm a racing man—that's me all over," was my father's favorite maxim.

He liked to rove with his horses—Kentucky, Missouri, Kansas, through the Indian Nations and down with the caravans to Texas. When travelers would bring him word that some fellow way off was challenging the world to a horse race, away the old gentleman would shoot, part and parcel, from the kitchen stove to the smallest thing in our home, which at that time was myself, I being the youngest of the children.

I just naturally thought everybody knew all about horses and not much about anything else. It never occurred to me that there were big cities where millions of kids lived who had never seen a horse race or even a race horse, let alone riding one of them or sleeping under the hay in their stalls or eating out of their feed boxes. I reckon it never occurred to father, either, for he never explained to us that we were living in a little world of our own—a little world that had fewer people in it than most of the other little worlds people were living in all around us. Chances are he didn't know any more about it than we did.

If you think so well of a horse that you're blind to every other thing except that you and he are pals, and that his daddy and his mother were friends of yours and that you know all about his kin and he about yours, then you appreciate the way my father used to feel about Red Morocco, his great quarter horse, and the others in our barn. When he was making matches he never thought to find out how fast the others could run. He didn't care. There wasn't any such thing as form in those days, fifty years ago. If you had a good horse and somebody came along and said he had a better one, you just matched them and that was the end of it. Sometimes the question of weights would come up and you'd agree to rig them the same, but usually it was catchweights. Luck was with you if your boy happened to be lighter than the other jockey, though weight didn't make so much difference in those short races after all.

I remember once when we were living at Cunningham, Missouri, a little more than half a century back. Our family and our horses were quartered on a tobacco plantation which my father had bought to help out on the living expenses. He turned over an acre of the ground to one of my sisters and me, and for cultivating it we were to get our share of the profits when the crop was sold. It was getting along toward cashing-in time and all of us were looking forward to the day when the tobacco would be bought up, my father because his bank roll was getting skimpy and he needed the $5000 or so the crop from the plantation would fetch.

Mr. Hildreth and His Prize Pet, the Once Great Strombolí, Now Pensioned at Rancocas

The Confident Visitor

SIS and I had worked hard to make our one acre grow more tobacco than two acres would ordinarily. We'd done a neat job too.

About two weeks before the crop was ready a neighbor who lived about thirty miles away rode up to the stable when my father was fixing

PHOTO. BY THE ORIG, N. Y.

Henry of Navarre, 1891. He Beat the Best of the Three-Year-Olds for Three Consecutive Years, a Splendid Test of High-Class Ability

Ten Broeck, 1878. He Ran a Mile in 1.39¼, Two Miles in 3.27½ and Three Miles in 5.34½

the stalls for the night. He poked around the barn, looking over the horses and getting all the feed-box information he could.

"Got your horses in pretty good shape, ain't you, Vinc?" he said as he prepared to go—father's name was Vincent.

"Well, pretty fair," my father replied. "Haven't been racing much lately; they all need a little tightening up."

"I've got a pretty good mare myself," the caller remarked. "Looks to me like she could beat anything in this here barn."

Young as I was, I had enough horse sense to know that the barrier had been sprung for a red-hot challenge. Up to this point my father had been talking pretty open-like with the visitor; but now he put himself under double wraps and loped along in that easy style he always took when making a match, only this time he was a little quieter than usual. That manner was a danger signal, as I learned afterward. It was his way of being mad clean through. He didn't like the way his caller had snooped around our barn, learning everything he could before making the challenge. It wasn't good sportsmanship.

"What's your proposition?" my father inquired.

"Five thousand a side, race to be held next week," our neighbor answered.

"It's a go. Anything else on your mind?"

Making the Best of a Beating

THE race was held the next week over the quarter-mile track on the prairie. Our horse was beaten, losing through lack of condition. As they crossed the finish line, lapped on each other, I heard my father say something to himself that sounded like "There goes the tobacco crop."

Turning to me he said, "Sam, you and Sis have been working your little heads off on that tobacco plantation of yours. What are you going to do with the crop?"

"Crop? I guess there ain't going to be any crop for us this year, is there, dad? Didn't you just shoot the whole thing on that race?"

"You and Sis weren't betting on that race. That was my bet. How much do you want for your crop?"

"Nothing," I hastened to reply. "It's yours. Reckon you're going to need all the tobacco you can get."

"Just the same, you weren't betting on that race. Will five dollars apiece be enough for you and Sis?"

Five dollars was a lot of money in those days—more than I had hoped to get out of the acre of tobacco land. And when father sold the crop a few days later he made us both take the money, without any strings to it. There wasn't a chance that he'd make us suffer because he had been drawn into a bad match race. He wasn't even downhearted. If he realized he had been jiggled out of his money, he kept it to himself. The point with him was that the honor of his race horses had been challenged. He couldn't let that pass, even though he knew at the time his horse was unfit to run. And the fact that his neighbor might not have the $5000 to pay if he lost was just one of the details of the game. As a matter of fact, he found out afterward that he never would have received his money had his horse won.

A few years before that, when I was a toddler about five and a half, my big brother Will traded one of his horses for a brood mare and her six-month-old filly. Will knew horseflesh from the hoofs up and he was a right smart trader, like the other boys in the family. The ambition of all the boys in our section was to buy a horse just as soon as they had worked and earned enough money to get one. Then they would train them to run, and trade them. Sometimes a horse would pass right around a circle and come back to the boy that had him first. But if he ever came back to one of my brothers, it was a sure-thing bet that our family hadn't lost anything in the round robin. Will and the others were pretty clever. They got more fun out of trading and training horses than the boys of today get out of shooting marbles or playing baseball.

Will didn't want the little filly following the old brood mare around, so when he got the two of them home he called me and said, "Sam, it's about time you began learning something about taking care of an animal. I've got a nice little mule here and I'm going to let you have it if you promise to take good care of it."

A Speedy Little Mule

I PROMISED and Will gave me the filly. At five and a half I thought I knew a lot about horses, and that filly didn't look much like a mule to me. But Will had said it was and it wasn't up to me to doubt the word of anybody who knew all about horses and mules, as Will did. But if it was a mule, I thought it ought to look more like other mules, so I sheared its tail right down, leaving a little tuft of hair at the end. A few months later, when her body began to fill out and lengthen and you could see something else about her besides just legs, I thought it would be smart to make a race horse out of my mule. I trained her. I was reaching the stage at that time when I would train anything, even a rocking-horse; and I found she could step aplenty.

"Can all mules run as fast as mine?" I asked Will one evening when we were sitting around having supper—we had supper at four o'clock and turned in before sundown.

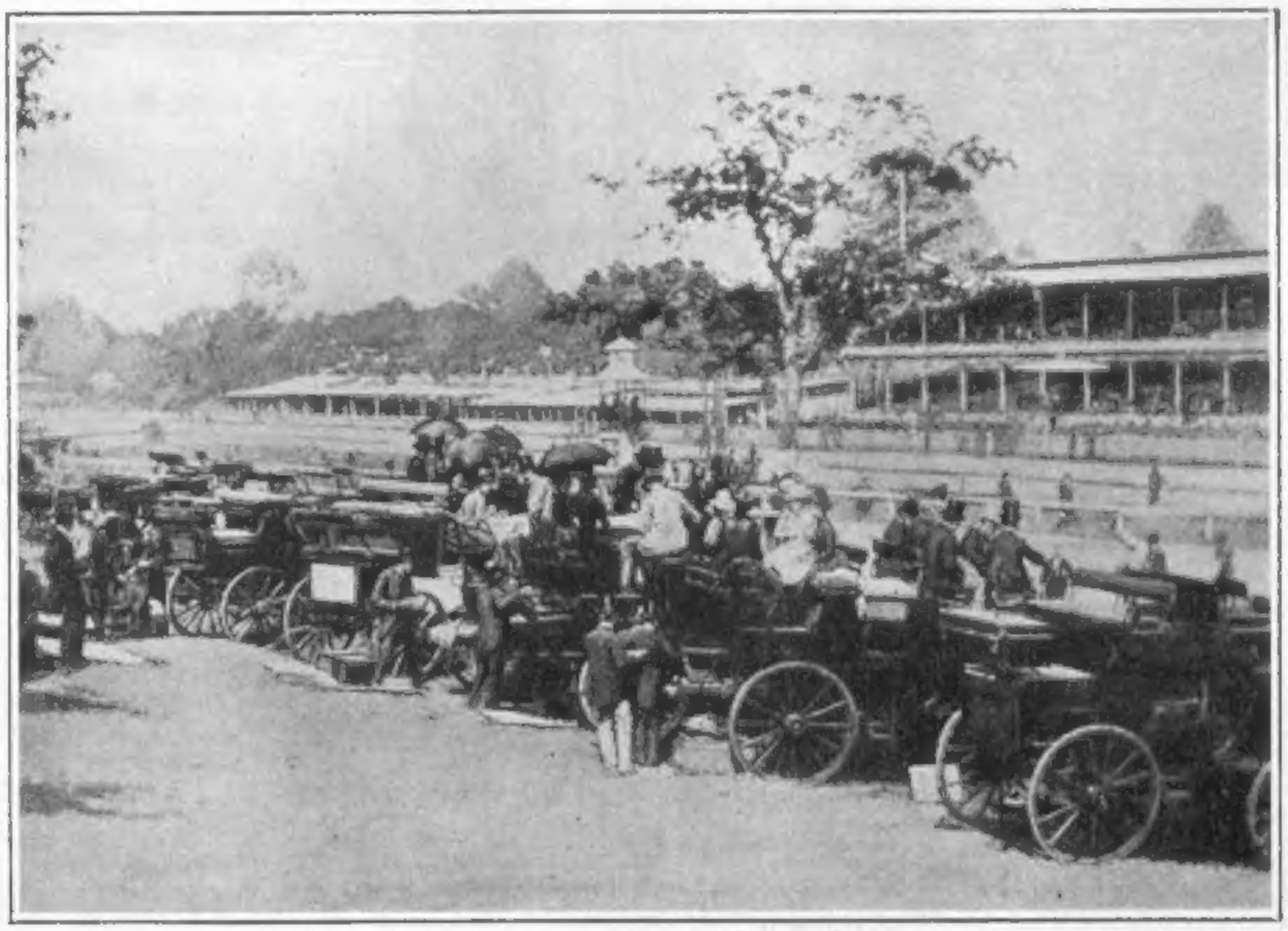
"I should say not! That's the fastest mule in the world," Will replied.

Father weighed in:

"What kind of oats you training that mule on, Sam? Wish you'd let me have some to give the horses. If you ain't careful people round here will be a-saying Vinc Hildreth's youngest son has the old man beat when it comes to training a horse."

But at that age the boy instinct was stronger in me than the horse instinct, so when another boy in the neighborhood offered to swap me his pony for my mule I took him up. I was beginning to be a horse trader on my own hook. That was my first deal in horseflesh.

(Continued on Page 121)



An Early Photograph of the Club-House Lawn at Jerome Park

PHOTOS. BY THE KING, N. Y.

Salvator, 1886. The Sensational Race Horse of the American Turf

THE HOME-COMING

"No Nonsense About It. You Two Have Treated Me Too White for Me to Go and Get You Talked About"

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

THEY left their private car on a siding at the Junction, over Mrs. Bascom's protests.

"Why not take the Kiora all the way?" she demanded. "It's so comfortable, and a private car would make your old friends so puffed up."

"Not much," replied Bascom; "they'd think I was trying to put on dog—and they all knew me when."

So they boarded the rattletrap evening local for Beechville and he sat back and surveyed the familiar landscape. Twenty years, but it looked exactly the same, except that paved highway beside the track; there used to be an old rutted road there. Bascom surprised himself by identifying all the landmarks readily—the Skinner farm; then the bleak stone tower people called Watson's Folly because the builder went bankrupt before it was half finished; the ancient Williams homestead, gleaming white amid big trees; Pond's Corners; the gravel pit where the murdered Dago's body had been found. Why, it seemed almost as if he had been along here yesterday! The country still lay under a mantle of snow, but the weather was mild and the snow was turning to slush, dirty and repulsive. Thin rills trickled down the hillsides, the trees stood out bare and stark.

The conductor came along. Bascom handed him the tickets; then something about the man made him take a second look.

"Hello, Ed!" he exclaimed. "How are you, anyhow? Don't you remember me?"

A gleam of distrust hardened Ed's fishy eye.

"Can't say as I do," he replied slowly, staring. "No, I reckon you've got the advantage of me, mister."

"Why, I'd know you anywhere! You've hardly changed a hair," exclaimed Bascom, ignoring Ed's corpulence and gray head in the glow of this reunion. "Don't you remember Bruce Bascom?"

"Well, I'm darned! Bruce Bascom! Say, I'd never of believed it possible. Gee, you're changed! Why, you're gettin' old!" Bascom stiffened.

"You think so?"

"I should say I do! Look at them crow's-feet—and a corporation too. Say, where you livin' now?" inquired the conductor, leaning forward with his hands on the arm of the seat.

"Out West."

"Workin'?"

"Now and again."

"Got a good job?"

"Pretty fair," said the president of the Great Trunk Lines.

"Well, you won't find the old town changed much."

"Glad to hear it."

"You bet!" Ed agreed. "There's worse places than little old Beechville. Is this your missus? Pleased to meet you, ma'am. Well, glad to've seen you, Bruce. Look me up."

He passed on. Bascom turned wrathfully to his wife.

"Well, what're you sniggering about now?"

Her only answer was to giggle into her handkerchief.

"Isn't he the limit? And after I'd lied like a gent too! Why, that bird looks old enough to be my father!"

"I'm glad you think so," murmured his wife, remembering her duty.

"Oh, shut up!" he snapped. "That isn't funny. You know he does. Ed looks fifty-five."

"And I suppose you look thirty."

"Your own mother said she wouldn't take me for a day over thirty-five," he reminded her triumphantly.

"Yes, but mother was visiting us."

Presently the conductor wandered back, his air mysterious.

"There's another party comin' back to the old home town," he remarked with a jerk of his thumb toward the rear of the car.

They glanced around and beheld a girl in her early twenties. She was gazing out of the window, her cameo-like profile toward them.

"By George!" exclaimed Bascom.

"Isn't she exquisite?" whispered his wife. And then both of them wondered where they had seen her before. Her wood-colored suit and *cloche* hat set off her flowerlike beauty perfectly; she smacked of Park Avenue.

"I've met her somewhere, I'm positive," declared Mrs. Bascom. Ed smiled indulgently.

"'Tain't likely, ma'am. I reckon you've seen her at the theayter maybe. She kicks up her heels."

"She what?"

"She's a play actress. You know—one of them revue girls."

"Oh! What's her name?"

"That's Peggy Price, as she calls herself. But her real name's Annie Magee. You remember them Magees, Bruce? Sure you do—used to live down below the tracks."

"Oh, aye," assented Bascom; and his wife added, "She's lovely."

"Handsome is as handsome does, ma'am," Ed remarked virtuously, throwing a bold look at Miss Price. Perhaps it ought to have annihilated Peggy, but she met it serenely, as though he did not exist, and Ed's eyes began to water. He muttered something and went on about his business.

"Did you see that?" inquired Mrs. Bascom.

"What?"

"The look your yokel friend gave that girl. It was positively insulting."

"Don't get excited about a trifle like that. Ed didn't mean any harm."

"Virtue chastening Vice, I suppose? Oh, the big boob!"

"No, not exactly. It's merely the small-town look for anybody beyond local standards."

"Do you know her, Bruce?"

"I remember her father—used to boss a section gang of Wops on the railroad. That Irishman could outcuss any man on the line too. But she must have been a tow-headed kid when I lived here, of course."

Mrs. Bascom studied the girl curiously.

"Poor thing," she said at last; "she's going to be dreadfully lonely here. Go up and speak to her, Bruce."

"If you say so," he replied with an alacrity that made her repent.

He rose and went staggering down the aisle.

"This is little Annie Magee, isn't it?"

His tone was bluff and paternal, but that kind of approach was old stuff to Peggy and a flicker of suspicion played on him like the dart of a rapier. Then the brown

eyes soft and her whole face lighted with a smile Bascom didn't look like a masher, and, besides, his wife was watching

"That's my real name, yes. Do I know you?"

"I guess you were a baby when I lived in Beechville, Miss Magee, but I knew your dad and one of your brothers—Mike, I think his name was."

"That's right. Mike's in Texas now. And you're ——"

"Bruce Bascom. Perhaps you remember the family."

"I used to know an old Mrs. Bascom up on the hill, and ——"

"That was my mother. She's been dead a long while, and the house burned up a year or so ago."

"Wasn't there a Bascom boy too?"

"Yes, my brother Hugh. He's out West with me now."

She was scrutinizing him with frank interest.

"Somehow you don't look like Beechville to me," she remarked.

"No?" And Bascom beamed, pulling down his vest and drawing in his stomach.

"I'd say little old New York—or Chicago perhaps."

"If my wife wasn't here," replied the railroad man with a cautious glance back, "I'd tell you what you look like."

"That sounds like the real gravy. Is that your wife? Introduce me."

Somewhat discomfited, Bascom led the way. The two women met easily and naturally. A swift glance of appraisal and both appeared reassured. Soon they were chatting without a sign of constraint

"Your husband can say the prettiest things," Peggy purred. "The boy's good."

"So I've heard," said Mrs. Bascom comfortably, but registering it for future use.

"Do you go back to Beechville often?" the girl asked Bascom.

"First return in twenty years."

"Gee! I suppose the old town'll turn out with the brass band. Hail the Conquering Hero, hey?"

"Well, I wouldn't say that," replied Bascom, preening himself nevertheless. "I think they're more likely to declare a holiday on your account."

"That," said Miss Price, "shows you've forgotten Beechville."

They were nearing their destination and she left to gather her belongings.

"What a country this is!" exclaimed Mrs. Bascom. "Here you used to drive a baggage wagon in a little old place like this, and now you're head of seventeen thousand miles of railroad."

Bascom straightened his tie complacently.

"And that lovely flower of a girl comes from down below the tracks, and her father bossed a bunch of wops."

"Beechville!" the brakeman bawled from the door. "Beechville!"

They grabbed their coats and bags and stepped lively, for Beechville provided scant traffic; and the engineer, a temperamental cuss, was apt barely to hesitate there if he had anything special on for the evening at the end of the line.

There was nobody at the depot to receive them. Rain had begun to fall and the place dripped drearily.

"Didn't you wire What's-His-Name—Mr. Peters?" demanded Mrs. Bascom.

"I certainly did. Maybe he didn't get it."

At this moment the station agent approached.

"Are you Mr. Bascom?"

"That's my name, yes."

"Well, Rufe Peters told me to tell you he had to drive over to Bingham today on business, but he'll be back day after tomorrow."

"How can we get up to the tavern? Got any taxis?"

For answer the agent stuck his head round the corner of the station and yelled at a flivver coupé parked there

"Hi, you, Elmer!"

"What d'you want?"

"Coupla passengers for the tavern."

"All right," said Elmer

He came forward and accepted one of the bags Bascom thrust at him. Meanwhile Peggy Price stood in the midst of her belongings, looking helplessly about her.

"You'd better come along with us," suggested Mrs. Bascom. "There seems to be only the one car. We can all squeeze in somehow."

They piled into the flivver and the driver prepared to strap the bags on the running board.

"They'll get soaked there," Peggy protested.

"Sure they will. Drive us up first, and then come back for these things," said Bascom.

The driver grumbled but yielded, and carried the luggage into the station

"We'll take you where you want to go first, Miss Magee. Where is it?"

She gave an address. It seemed to surprise the driver. He hesitated and then began to eye her up and down with an ill-concealed grin.

"Did you hear what she said?" demanded Bascom sharply. "Well, go there. And then take us to the tavern afterward."

They went careening down the snow-covered street.

"I wish he wouldn't go so fast," Mrs. Bascom complained.

"Gee, so do I! We might miss the triumphal arch or something," giggled Peggy

Bascom made a wry face. Of course he hadn't anticipated any sort of welcome on his return to his birthplace; but still, some of them must have known he was coming, because he had telegraphed to Rufus Peters and also reserved rooms at the tavern. His wife, catching sight of his face, started to chuckle. She guessed what was passing in Bruce's mind—the innumerable receptions and welcoming committees every time he made a trip in his own country. Well, this would do him good, she reflected.

The Magee family still lived "below the tracks," in a run-down shack that had been a neat cottage in the section boss' day. A decrepit fence inclosed a small yard. Bascom was taken aback by the neglected appearance of the place. How did it happen that this pampered revue star permitted her mother to live in such poverty?

"Isn't it awful?" she said in a low voice. "It looks even worse than I thought it did." Then, more to herself than in the way of explanation: "You know, mamma would never let me help her. That's why I came home. She's got to, that's all. Mike, he won't do anything. He's sore."

"Mike? That's the Texas brother, isn't it?"

"Yes, and he's doing fine. But Mike blew back here a few years ago and didn't like it. Stayed only two days. Mike said he'd been bossing niggers too long to let a bunch of rubes high-hat him."

Continued on Page 66

A Hoarse, Smothered Cry as the Girl Received the Jilt, and She Swept Annie Magee to Her Ample Bosom Fiercely Enough to Crush Her

THE KITCHEN DEMOCRAT

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

CALE VINING, eating supper at the kitchen table, had no sooner drained his mustache cup the second time than Mrs. Sal Vining, without stirring from her chair, began to stack the dishes. Cale got out his pipe and shook tobacco into it, holding his left hand cupped around the bowl so that no grain of tobacco should be lost. He dusted his big freckled hands together.

"Where's the Queen of Sheba?" he inquired then

Sal, getting up and groaning at the crackling in her knees, answered, "Upstairs, changing her dress."

"Fourth change today," said Cale. "Getting so she's got a different dress for every occasion, and stockings to match."

"You'd think so," Sal replied.

She migrated to the sink and Cale drew up a chair to the secretary, which he had backed against the north wall of the kitchen at right angles to the safe where he kept the town books. Night was his time for working on the books.

He opened the lid of the secretary, revealing a slanting green baize surface spotted with ink splashes and dug up where the cat had stretched herself. He swung open the safe door and plucked out a mighty cloth-bound, leather-backed, gilt-lettered tome. He hooked out the coal hod from behind the stove, spat, sat down beside it in the black Windsor chair with the split bottom, cleated, and pricked at the nibs of his pen with thumb and forefinger. He yawned. Working on the town's books was like holding a handkerchief drenched in chloroform to his nose. A soporific, his daughter Felice—the Queen of Sheba—had told him. She was getting hold of a lot of these words that crack against the wall lately, and of the ideas that went with them as well.

He took up an oil canvas in a gilt frame, swathed in picture wire, which had been leaning against the side of the safe. It was a painting of winter, done by a lamentable 'prentice hand.

"What's this doing out here?" he said over his shoulder.

Mrs. Vining, carrying hot water from the stove to her dish pan, jerked her head toward a region of the house familiar to them both.

"What would your guess be? Felice abstracted it from the parlor just before supper. That Mr. Whitcomb's coming to take her to a dance."

"I don't like the man," Cale said, darkening.

"I know, but what's anybody going to do? We can't forbid the man the house exactly."

"Whose house is it? I didn't like his attitude at the last road hearing, I tell you."

"Cale, he's only a boy There's nothing against him."

"Outside of his experimenting with a girl wearing another man's ring, I don't know as there is—no. That's Felice's lookout. These days, when marriage is nothing better than a slip hitch, a man ought not to bear down too hard on an engagement. Sal, you think she's in the mood to marry Peter?"

"Mood to marry Peter?" Mrs. Vining echoed. "It's a little late to be asking that question, isn't it? She'd better be. She's wearing the man's ring."

"Excuse Me. After This, I'm Simply Intruding"

"Yes, wearing his ring. Sometimes she wears it. You might not have noticed it, but she's had now for some time back the look of a woman on a journey. Same as if she had looked in on us for a night or two and condescended to sleep here and eat what vittles the house affords. Here's this picture. Looks enough like winter, don't it, to be its twin? But no, not good enough, where she's got this man coming to take her to a shindig, and he might have to sit in there and look at it a matter of five minutes. Has he got tender eyesight?"

"He's been an art critic, she tells me, on a newspaper. . . . Sh-h! She's coming down the stairs now."

The back stairs had a door opening into the kitchen direct, and Felice Vining now appeared there, with a blue dress over her arm, her hair shaken down, a dab of cold cream on one cheek.

"Don't look, dad," she laughed.

"Ain't any temptation to," Cale muttered, frowning over town business.

Felice tossed the dress to Mrs. Vining with instructions about mending a rip under the arm. Her mother deserted the dish pan and went after her sewing basket. Felice, coming back of her father, pressed his cheeks in her cool palms and kissed the crown of his head She had perfected for his special benefit a modification of the beloved-old-fool style of treatment, and he sat still under it, bumped a little.

"I dub thee knight, Sir Caleb," she said, and threw down on the secretary's lid the Vining coat of arms. "You see, you old kitchen democrat, what you have sprung from? Tom Whitcomb's cousin makes these searches, and just for fun he had him make ours. It's a Mr. Gribling that does it."

Early heralds, said Mr. Gribling's literature, had found vellum to be the material best calculated to preserve the ancient blazon of arms; and on vellum the Vining coat of arms was blazoned on a shield. It was stated on a card, attached, to consist of the arms, three dragons passant in pale ermine, crest, a dexter arm in armor holding a battle-ax, all proper; and motto, descended from the times of one Dolor Vining and consisting of two Latin words, *Carpe diem*.

"We ought to be able to hold up our heads now," Cale said, holding the gayly decorated vellum at arm's length. He made a note of the arm holding the ax. "*Carpe diem*. What would be the English of that?"

Felice took a Latin dictionary off the top of the safe.

"*Carpo*," she murmured. "*Carpo*. Enjoy, revile, slander, gather, waste, pick. . . . What an idiotic thing a dictionary is. Enjoy the day, revile the day, waste the day, pick the day."

"There you are. Pick pick your day. Well, I guess I've been living up to the family say-so all along."

"You? Living here in this kitchen, with your coat off, and that hideous coal hod hauled out in the face and eyes of everybody, and those moldy old town books acting like just a soporific on your senses!" There it was again—soporific. Cale blinked "And on top of everything, eating in the kitchen. Will you tell me why you both have to gravitate so everlastingly to the kitchen? You don't think it's right, either of you, because if you're caught at table you always apologize and make a lot of to-do, as if it had never happened before and probably never would again, inside these four walls."

"Your father will have it so to save me steps," said Mrs. Vining, calmly sitting down with the dress

"It does save steps, I admit; but look at the wear and tear on self-respect. I don't believe you've looked into the living room, to sit down there, since the Spanish War."

"Living room" was her new name for "parlor," Cale had learned.

"Your father thinks there's no place like the kitchen," Mrs. Vining said with utmost placidity

"I was built for a kitchen democrat," Cale agreed. "I can't take comfort, awake, in any other room in the house, and never could. Kitchen is the only place in the world outside of a barber's chair where a poor man can have one of his lord-of-creation fits, Lissy."

"Anyone would think nothing in the world went on outside this kitchen," Felice cried, with the pink mark of wrath in either cheek. "Sit in it, eat in it, smoke in it, even take your bath here in that horrible old blue tub, when, thanks to my efforts, at least we have a perfectly good bathroom now. You, one of the Vinings of Viningsboro. Your ancestors wore mail. Do you realize that?"

"Grandfather on the mother's side was a New York postman for a while before he came back here to settle down," Cale mumbled. "Yes, he wore mail—on his back."

"I loathe puns," drawled Felice. "Mr. Whitcomb says they are the cheapest form of wit."

"Mr. Whitcomb knows," retorted Cale. "Yes, you could rely on that young man to know all the cheap forms."

"You don't know him. That's why you talk about him as you do."

"Well, I don't know. I crossed swords with him at the last road meeting. He's a slick talker too. I understand he's got a flying machine now. They tell me he's had a good few up in the air already"

"He takes people up—yes. Ten dollars for ten minutes."

"A dollar a minute just for what satisfaction there is in knowing you haven't got solid ground under you," Cale said grimly

His fingers closed about her arm hard. She was his child—her father's child. The depth of his love for her was astonishing even to himself. But with that black drop of the Puritan melancholy in his veins, he could never express it—not the fraction of it. She was his child and exhibited glints of his character. Nobody had ever made the claim that she took after her mother. She had his drawl and his mouth and his set to the shoulders. They were bare now, and he could see how comically like his they were, for all their dainty beauty

Felice snatched the mended dress from her mother's hand, and with a little cry of thanks vanished in the back stairway. Her mother got up and trailed after her

Cale sat staring at the town books so hard that he didn't hear Peter Holt's knock on the door just at his elbow. The young man came in uninvited. Standing before Cale, he let a leather-covered billy drop out of his blue sleeve. He was in the uniform of an officer of the law, and for these summer months performed the duties of night watchman to the Inlet. In the fall he was going to set up a law office

Peter Holt was a man like Cale in his love for kitchens, and like him in other ways That, in the mother's opinion, was the secret reason why Lissy Vining had accepted him.

And, it was true, Cale in his youth was very much what Peter Holt was now, dependable and strong, with the same humor, the same ironic tincture in his talk and the same devil sleeping in his breast.

"I Wouldn't Hesitate If I Thought —"

"Here's the weapon they've given me," said Peter with a lift of his brows. "There's lead inside that, mind you. How hard ought a man to hit with it?"

"Hard enough so your man won't move for a little, I always say, but not so hard that he will never move again. Middling hard. I guess there's a happy medium."

Middling—that was Cale's great word, and Felice could not abide it. Middling! When people asked him how he was he usually said "Middling." Betwixt and between Not bad enough to need a doctor, and not so good, either, since the Spanish War, that he would step out and dance at an instant's notice without music. Able to sit up and take nourishment—that would sum it up. He was a moderate man: moderate in his meals, moderate in his actions, moderate in his beliefs. But there was a sleeping devil in him.

"You've got to remember, my boy," he said gravely, "that the human skull is like an egg—strong one way Strong one way is the best you can say of it. You've got to favor it in a pinch."

"Not much danger of my hitting anyone with this contraption," Peter laughed.

"Never can tell. One thing, you can't use your fists in a scrimmage—if you get into a scrimmage. That's law. Club 'em or gun 'em, one or the other

"Beyond that the less law you bother with the better. Law's tanglefoot to a man of action."

"I'm going to make a living at it," Peter said. "That is, if Lissy will agree"

He got a new grip on his pipe and Cale on his

There was a second of silence, during which they heard Felice's rapid movements overhead.

The frail house shook to a very light tread. And then the doorbell rang. Cale shifted in his chair at the sound of that rich cultivated male voice a second later in the front entry

"You know about this?" he muttered, and his eyes rested on Peter's dark face.

"Yes, I had advance information," Peter answered lightly.

"That was kind of her, I vow," Cale grunted. He tapped his pipestem against his big teeth, gripped it hard "You muckle onto her, boy. What you've got you hold."

"I wonder what I've got?" was Peter's rueful question.

Felice, going toward the big yellow hotel with Tom Whitcomb's arm slipped through hers, wondered too. She did think everything of Peter; but perhaps their love had grown too naturally and too inevitably, like trees and vegetation. It had crept over them. She couldn't put her finger on any one transitional point. It had been undramatic

Undramatic. A biting word, applied to her situation with a little sting of bitterness. There had been too much of what Tom Whitcomb called the formula in all that business. The old receipt. No doubt Cale Vining and her mother had come together in some such imperceptible

Continued on Page 136

"Life is—Funny," Felice Breathed Tremulously

THE APPOINTED TASK

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

"Faith, and He Needs No Telling, That Same Tim, Nor Won't While He Have an Old Foot of a Mother to Do the Working"

THE main bout will be put on in a few minutes," shouted the gentleman in evening dress. "And meanwhile we will be entertained by the well-known entertainer, Mr.—Mr.—oh, yes, Mr. Morris Kornblum, the well-known and famous entertainer and ballad singer, who will entertain us by singing that good old-time ballad, My Mother Was a Lady. And I want to say in that connection that I heard some language a while ago, and being that we got the honor to have with us here tonight some of the frailer sex, I ask one and all of us to behave himself like a gentleman for the rest of the bill. No language, boys. Give Mr. Kornblum your kind attention and remember that you are a gentleman."

"So is your old man!"

"Ma-a-a-a!" whinnied the dollar seats.

I cut a cigar, planning to doze through the singing as comfortably as the hard and splintery bench on which I sat would permit. I heard running feet in the aisle behind me, and then my match was blown out and my cigar was knocked askew; a man had dived past me toward the vacant seat adjoining mine. When I turned to protest I saw that the seat was still vacant. An usher hurried down the aisle.

"Where did that guy duck to, fellow?" he demanded. "I seen him pop in here somewheres."

I stood up, pulling my overcoat away from the vacant seat. Its tail hung obstinately in air, but I snatched it free, revealing the cramped legs of the belated patron protruding from under the bench.

"Hey, fellow!" shouted the usher, stooping to seize a leg. He leaned back and tugged until the invisible man straightened out like a tautened rope. Something gave way at the other end and the whole patron came suddenly into view. He scrambled to his feet when the usher let go.

"What's the idea of pulling a guy's leg?"

"What's the idea of hiding on me? Held on, too, didn't you?"

"Who, me? Get away! Been sitting right here all night. Ask him. Wasn't I sitting right here, Jack? Lost something. Can't a guy lose something on the floor without you coming along and pulling his leg?"

"Oh, it ain't so," interposed the beautiful girl who occupied the seat beyond the vacant one. "I seen him come busting in right now. If I didn't I hope to ——"

"If somebody busted you in the nose it'd be so, wouldn't it?" said the patron.

"Who's going to do the busting?" inquired the lady's escort, leaning across her.

"If you been sitting here all night, where's your ticket?" demanded the usher.

"There!" said the patron, tendering it. "Read it and weep. Pulling guys' legs! Right, ain't it?"

"Absolutely right," said the usher. "You got the winning number, fellow. Come across with that ten spot you were handed out front in mistake for a single."

"Not me," said the patron positively. "Here, I'll show you what he give me—a single, a deuce and eighty cents. See for yourself. Besides, there's a sign out there 'No errors corrected after leaving the window.' Go on out and get somebody to read it to you."

"'Leaving,'" said the usher, "is when a gentleman studies out his change to give the box an argument, and then leaves when he can't find none. What you done is 'lamming,' and that don't count. You picked up and lammed, didn't you? Come across now!"

"Here, boy," said the patron confidentially, "take the deuce and shut up. You couldn't find me, see?"

"Is this for me?" said the usher, lowering his tone. "Well, that's nice of you. I'll fix it up with the box. Much obliged."

The patron sank into the seat. He favored me with a slow wink.

"Didn't that go over nice? Eight bucks to the good. Put it over nice, didn't I? It's all in knowing how, Jack. Heh-heh! Oh, I'm telling you they got to look in a book if they want to find one that old Moe Frisk will fall for. 'Here, take the two spot and blow,' I says to him. Did you hear me? And did he take it? Yes, yes and a tiger. Wait till I show you where I planted the ten spot in case they searched me; this will hand you a laugh.

"See? The old rubber heel is loose underneath, and I pulled it out and pinched the ten." He had crossed one thin leg over the other, exposing the sole of his shoe. He studied it, put it down, and brought up the other foot for inspection. "Say," he said with a change of voice, "what leg was that guy pulling? Ain't that a nice note?"

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed the lady musically. "He lost his ten too. Who got busted now?"

The patron shrank into his seat, drawing a single bitter sigh. From the roped ring came the entertainer's voice, tortured artistically and achingly sweet:

"My mother was a lade-e-e, as yours you will allow,
And you may have a sister who needs pro-tec-shunnow!"

"Cheer up," I said. "After all you've lost only two dollars. It could be worse."

"Yeah," he growled, refusing comfort, though the furtive glance of his pale-blue eyes expressed surprise and gratitude, "it could be your deuce instead of mine, hey?"

I offered him a cigar. He took it, examined it, and reached out silently to pluck my cigar from my lips to light his own.

"It was her uncovered me, wasn't it?" he said. "I would like to give her one smack. What's the game coming to, Jack?"

A second entertainer was in the ring now, and was threatening to do tricks with cards.

"Don't you approve of women attending bouts?" I asked. "It will make the sport more humane, won't it?"

"Think so, Jack? Wait till you hear this one holler for raw meat! Not that I will hold that against her this time; this is a grudge fight with me, and I am going to call for the first degree too. But not as a general rule. Listen, Jack, if you want to hear about women following fights, give me a ring! Say to me like this: 'Moe, what do you know about women following fights?' Why, say, Jack ——"

I am walking into a saloon this evening over on Tenth Avenue near Kit Carson's ball park on the tracks, he went on. I am fighting a boy this evening named Pinkus Birnbaum—Battling O'Connor I call him—and I have arranged a very nice bout for him with a colored contender who is laying them just then like a floor. Lots of good boys are got this colored fellow labeled with the old skull and crossbones, and don't want none of his medicine, and I think if my boy will slap him down it will be nice. To give you my private opinion, it is my private opinion that this colored man will push my boy over so hard he will bounce; but I am not running away from him or anybody else that

ever rubbed his mitts in rosin. And I am hunting my boy to toss him into the cage with the colored man on this evening.

From what I hear, he is barricading himself in the back room of this saloon and is not going to fight any colored assassin while he has got his strength. That is one thing is the matter with fighting these nom-de-plume Irishmen they are often got a head on their shoulders, and they are going to keep it there. I figure I will coax my boy out and tell him the coon is going to lay down, and it will come out very nicely, because after the coon slaps my boy he will not be able to count how many laid down, but it will feel like several.

So I crash into this saloon as full of good news as a tipster, and then somebody crashes into me and I am sitting down and preparing to roll over. This bird who drops me has got an apron on, and he bustles out the door promising behind him, "I will get his mother!"

"Help!" said I, raising my pan.

I got my second helping right away. Five men got around me and locked arms and stamped their feet on my outlying portions, and done an eccentric dance, and they jumped around so fast I could not see an out. Figuring that I will soon be quite flat, I take hold and pull myself up and join the group. These men are fighting, but there is enough for everybody, and they make room for me right away and hand me a lovely sock on the neck. I am speaking to them, but they are all very busy, so I think if I assert myself I will not be so welcome, and I pass out that sock someone gives me.

Well, that is an error, because, as it appears, they have made all their arrangements as to who fights who, and when I sock they get all mixed up and they begin dealing right and left and hurrying to give it out while they have it and before they break up in a disagreement. Well, that makes them open up, in all events, and I duck away quietly, figuring they can fight it out and it is K. O. with me, but I have got my bagful and am going home.

I sit down quietly at an iron table to count up, and then I see that my boy Battling O'Connor is sitting down too, but he is on the floor with his back against the safe, and he has a big lamp. He is petting it, and he is feeling his features, recognizing them one by one. Here is a nice state of affairs. Can I fight a boy with a big lamp? He could get fifteen dollars for a lamp like that from the colored man, and here he goes and gets one for nothing. I know he gets that lamp for nothing because he is sitting on the floor; somebody takes advantage of my boy and socks him without offering a purse, so naturally he got no excuse to fight.

The merrymakers out on the floor are doing better now, because when I step aside in favor of someone else they can perceive again who are their true friends and proceed in order. To simplify their fight, they are all socking one fellow, like playing going to Jerusalem, and I figure he will drop soon and then there will be four. But he is putting up a great argument. He does not sock anybody in particular, either because he is afraid of him or he don't know yet who he can lick, so he is socking them all and will probably pick out the set-up later. He is working fast, but from what I can see of him he is in a nasty humor. He is a thick-necked young fellow with red hair, and his eyes are red too and are full of tears, and this puzzles me, because I cannot figure he is sorry for any of his companions.

I am a little sorry for them myself, except for the guy that put that slug on my neck; this red-headed party has got them as busy as a cat in a bowl of goldfish. A fellow hangs onto his right, and he tosses this fellow lightly into the air and tries to hit him up on top of the wine cabinet with the empty champagne magnums, but he can't get distance with him and the fellow don't go up more than two feet. But then there was three. And all this while he is weeping silently and rubbing his teeth together. Well, thinks I, he is going to run out of material very soon, and I will leave quietly by this side door and read the rest of it in the morning paper. I am not going to jump on when it is already three to one. What have I got against the young fellow?

This man in the apron opens the door and steps aside, and, thinks I, here comes the reserves and now for the wagon, when who walks in the door but a thin little woman with gray hair and a mouth like a snapping turtle. She has got an old red shawl on her, and she rolls it up slowly and slaps it down on the bar. She closes her fists and puts them on her hips, and she says, "Do you hear me, Tim?"

It seems to me like the tears dry up in the red-headed youth's eyes, and he stops on dead center.

"Aw, mom, I wasn't fighting," he mumbles. "We was only fooling, wasn't we, boys? Anyways, they was picking on me."

"Is it picking on you they were?" she said, squeezing her chin up toward her nose. "No, but it's me that's picking on you, you contemptible big loafer."

She walks right up to him and—biff!—she lands him one. Then she takes a hold of his ear and leads him away.

"Bad cess to you!" she says, feinting him into a knot. "I'll knock that dirty temper out of you if I have to break every bone in your body. It's the heart and soul of a good-for-nothing vagabond you are. Is it toiling and moiling the life out of my body I am so as you can sthreel about the streets and in and out of dirty little rum shops, begging people to pick on you and be hammered? There's a black drop in you from somewheres, you tinker, but I'll have it out of you if I've got to leave the marks of my five thumbs on you every day of your life."

And with that she cuffs him again, and out they go.

I look at Bat, and he is a sad sight, and I see he is not going to fight the colored contender this night. Well, thinks I, it is a poor man who can't take the short end against the best of them, and I will get somebody, and I go to the bartender in the apron, for that is he, and I say to him, "That young fellow that just went out—is he a fighter?"

"That I cannot say, mister," says the bartender, "because I never stay around after he starts, and that is good enough advice for anybody."

"I mean, is he a pro?" I say. "I am looking for a boy to go on in a prelim over at the Helicon tonight."

"Do they let ladies in there?" says he. "Then don't bother with Tim, but get his old lady. She is janitor of that old three-decker around on Sixty-first Street."

I go around there, and it is an old brownstone barracks where a family lives in one room and pastes a sign on the stoop downstairs offering to rent out the middle of the floor to campers. And there is Mrs. Keefe, for such is her name, having it out with a barrel of ashes on the steps leading down into the basement. It is nip and tuck if she will put the barrel on the street or if it will put her in the areaway, but she is giving away too much weight, and the barrel breaks a head lock and takes her for a rolling fall. She is up and about at once and starts for a shovel, when I say to her, "Is son Tim down there, mother?"

"What's he wanting for?" she says, resting to puff.

"For a fight," I says, going down and slipping her a throw-away. "My card, mother."

"Have you a warrant, officer?" she says. "But I'll not hinder you. Fighting he was, the tinker, and fighting he'll be till someone beats the head off him. It'll be a grand day entirely when they bring him home on a door with his till of fighting—if so be they don't hurt the boy. He have the heart broke in me, officer, he have indeed. Never a hand's turn of work will he do, but sit and gnash his teeth at the thought of it, and beating the people till I'm a parable for the neighborhood. Go in, officer, and mind he don't knock the head off you."

She takes me for a dick. I go into the basement and there is a light, and there is friend Tim sitting in the kitchen and sucking a cigarette through the ends of his fingers.

"Hello, Timmy, my boy," I says, hopping in and sitting down with him and squeezing his knee. "I'm Moe Frisk, the well-known manager. What's this about you wanting to fight? I'll give you a fight right away. Are you game?" He looks at me, and I see a great yearning in his handsome gray eyes; but then he sighs from the bottom of his heart and drops his head into his hands.

"Not yellow, are you, Tim?" I say to cheer him up. "The boys over in the saloon sent me. I told them I had to fight somebody tonight, and they sent me right around. What do you say?"

He lifts up and puts his arm around my shoulder, and his face is getting sadder.

"Did I do you anything, fellow?" he begs. "Ain't I sitting right here in my own house? Are you got to come in here and pick on me? It ain't like as if I was a fellow was always looking for a scrap. I try to be a good fellow and friends of everybody, and then they go and pick on me. Picking on me, ain't you? You know you got a dumb-bell, don't you, hah?"

He illustrates these remarks by cuffing me on the noodle with his open hand so I got to snap like a wolf to hold in my new set of teeth.

"Intermission," I says. "What are you brutalizing me for?"

(Continued on Page 84)

Del Walks Around Him, and Then Shoots One In—Smack!

FREEDOM FIRST

By Salisbury Field

ILLUSTRATED BY C. J. McCARTHY

IN CASE you have never met my friend Remington Phipps and are not averse to making his acquaintance, I shall take a certain melancholy pleasure in introducing him to you. Known to his friends as Phippsy, he is, I think, rather a unique character in this otherwise commonplace world. Still unbowed by the weight of his twenty-seven years, possessed of considerable of this world's wealth, a disarming personality and an abiding terror of being bewitched or betrayed into the holy state of matrimony, how he has managed to escape thus far would puzzle even me were it not that I have been called on time and again to lower a rope and haul him off the rocks to a place of comparative safety.

Even so, I'm convinced he would have been captured long ago were he not blessed with the proverbial luck of the devil. For in spite of his very modest ambition to live and die a bachelor, he is always buzzing round some fair flower; and since paying attention without intention is one of the most dangerous sports a bachelor can indulge in—if he wishes to remain a bachelor—you can see for yourself that Phippsy not only needed all his luck but the combined efforts of all his friends when certain crises, which were bound to arise, arose and presented their bills for payment.

Indeed, at this time, having but that very day emerged from just such a situation, he and I were on the point of leaving New York for California. I hadn't meant to go with him. In fact I'd sworn, with every intention of keeping to it, that I wouldn't.

"You admit you're just out of the frying pan?" I said.

"Oh, rather!" said Phippsy.

"Then why jump three thousand miles? There are perfectly good fires nearer home."

"If you'd ever met her, Bill, you'd understand."

"I understand perfectly," I said. "She's a peach. And she's out in Santa Barbara getting a divorce. Your very words."

"But there's something about her ——"

"There always is," I said.

"Well, anyway, I'm going; and if you're really a friend of mine you'll come along. If you'll be ready to leave by day after tomorrow I'll stake you to a drawing-room."

Of course I'm morally incapable of accepting a bribe. But when it's your pal, and he really needs you and offers to stake you to a drawing-room, what would be the final decision of any generous, high-minded chap? "Very well; if you'll agree to regard it as a sacrifice on the altar of friendship, I'll go," I said.

That being settled, there was nothing left to do but telephone my man Weed; and sure enough, two days later we were, as the French so blithely put it, en route. And the mere fact that I'd left Weed, who was by no means an unmixed blessing, at home—Phippsy's man Parker could easily do for us both—and the sense of elation one always feels at the prospect of adventuring in new fields—neither Phippsy nor I having ever been west of Chicago—put us both in excellent spirits.

"The chances are," I said as we lingered over our coffee and cigarettes in Phippsy's drawing-room that first evening on the train, "the chances are you'll acquire a wife and I'll settle down in the golden West and raise oranges."

"You may be right," said Phippsy. "But the odds in my book against either one of these things happening are exactly one hundred to one. Want any of it?"

"Of course not," I said. "Can't a chap indulge in a little mental speculation without being called on for margin? If you're willing to listen to a really sporting proposition, I'll take you on for three games of piquet. Then we'll call it a day."

Well, we loafed, read, played piquet industriously, looked out of the window; we bought two Indian blankets we didn't want; we found the great open spaces quite as open and spacious as advertised, the desert sufficiently deserted, the mountains surprisingly mountainous. There was a movie actress on the train who admired Phippsy's nose and said he ought to go into the movies. There was a movie actor who admired my clothes and demanded the name of my tailor.

"If You Must Know, the Thing I Really Want to Talk About Is the Distracting Way Your Hair Curls Behind Your Left Ear"

And since it is such impressions and incidents as these that constitute the rewards of travel, the days and the telegraph poles slipped by, and almost before we knew it we were in Santa Barbara in a rose-embowered bungalow belonging to as attractive a little hotel as I ever hope to find this side of Paradise.

Anyway, here we were—"sun-kissed, ocean-washed, mountain-girded, island-guarded"—with Parker telephoning madly on Phippsy's behalf to all the other hotels, to all the real-estate agents who'd rented houses, to all the social leaders Phippsy happened to have letters to; but not one trace of the peach who was out there getting a divorce could we find.

"Who is she, anyway?" I asked. "I'm aware that her name is Mrs. George Armstrong Winterton. I couldn't help but be at the rate Parker's been relaying it over the phone. But who is George? And who said Mrs. George would be here? And what makes you think she's getting a divorce? Don't you know that half the women who say they're going to get one never do? If you ask me, I don't believe she came West at all."

"Well, she certainly started," said Phippsy. "Wasn't I down to the train to see her off? And the idea of getting rid of old George isn't a new one, either, or why did she come out to California last year and establish a residence? You can take it from me, Bill, when it comes to the divorce, she's as good as got it. And she'll get the children, too."

"Oh, so she brought the children along! How many are there? Or perhaps you haven't counted them lately. But what I'd really like to know is about that husband of hers. Why does she want to get rid of old George? What's wrong with him?"

"Everything!"

"I see. But she bore with him and for him—and then one day a dashing stranger was seen in the village. 'Ah, a new rake!' cried Maud Muller."

"I'm not a rake. And Myrtle isn't like that at all. She's a good woman if there ever was one."

"So her name is Myrtle? Most interesting! And she's come West to blossom again without crêpe? Excellent! Reminds me of a lady I once knew in Spain. Same name, too, though in Spanish they call it Myrtille—like mantilla, you know, only without so much fringe. The unfortunate thing was that Myrtille had married a blighter, and he lived in the Bay of Biscay, so they sent him his food on a lighter, but the lighter grew lighter each way. It was then that we feared he would bite her. And he did. But 'twas only in play. Oh, why did he bite her, poor blighter? He died in convulsions next day!"

Phippsy heard me to the bitter—er—should I say "bite her"?—end, then turned on me.

"You go to thunder!" he said. "Isn't there anything you hold sacred?"

"Certainly," I replied. "I've a long list; it includes dozens of things—and certain cows in India. But what's that got to do with it?"

You see, I had an idea if I could make Myrtle ridiculous in Phippsy's eyes, he might grow cold on the trail and turn to less dangerous pursuits.

Besides, I was dying to go to Hollywood, for I knew a man who knew Doug Fairbanks, and before I left New York he'd given me a letter to him.

As a matter of fact, I'd already written to Doug, pointing out the coincidence that when he was a thief in Bagdad I was a Christian slave, and like the dear fellow he is, he'd answered at once that since time was made for slaves, and he was rushed to death, he'd like to meet me and borrow some. So you can imagine how much I enjoyed being hung up on the barbed wire of Phippsy's entanglements. After waiting a week, I said as much to Phippsy.

"You've dug yourself in," I said. "You've got your full wardrobe and all your weapons. But where's the war? How are you going to capture the enemy when you can't even locate her?"

"I don't want to capture her," said Phippsy. "I only want to see her. That's what I came to California for, and I'm going to find her if it takes all summer."

"That being the case," I said, "suppose you call Colonel Parker in from the trenches and have him toss me up a gin fizz."

If I pride myself on anything, it's not on being a golfer. So when I do, as occasionally happens, get a birdie, it's distinctly an event. And I was about to get one next morning on the fifth green, for by some miracle I'd arrived there in two, only four feet from the cup. And then, just as I was putting, a ball skittered across my line of vision and I missed.

"Jumping Jerusalem!" I said. "Who did that?"

"Dashed pretty girl," said Phippsy. "I noticed her at the clubhouse."

So it was a female who'd shot the feathers off my birdie! I told the world exactly what I thought of her.

"Sh-h-h!" said Phippsy. "Here she comes."

"Let her come," I said. "I want her name and address so I can send her a book on etiquette."

I turned, and there she was, advancing with the stride of a grenadier.

"I'm awfully sorry," she said. "I thought you'd holed out."

"Oh, that's all right," said Phippsy. "Lovely day, isn't it? Do you like playing round alone? Because if you don't, we'd be honored if you'd join us."

So that's how we met Jane Robbins. She hailed from San Francisco and was one of those athletic girls who can beat a chap at golf without half trying. As a matter of fact, I believe she could have knocked me out in a free fight. A regular clinging oak, if you know what I mean. Bang went the whole morning! As far as I was concerned, I'd as lief been pitching horseshoes behind the moldy old barn—rather, by Jove!

Early that evening, when the sun had sunk to slumber in its golden bed; when those little pointing fingers we call stars were punching cheerful holes in the purple curtain of approaching night; to be exact, at precisely ten minutes to seven, Phippsy turned to me and said, "Do you know, Bill, I've been thinking it over, and your idea of going to Hollywood isn't so bad."

"Good lad! When do we start—tomorrow?"

"Oh, I'm not going! I thought maybe you'd go and I'd stay here."

"Does that mean you've finally located Myrtle?"

"Er—no."

"Oh," I said, "then it's June?"

"Check!" said Phippsy. "She had tea with me this afternoon. And, Bill, she's wonderful—wonderful."

Anyway, that's how I happened to leave Phippsy. Perhaps I shouldn't have left him even then; for there's something about Santa Barbara. You can take it from me, there's a little blind boy out there who can do things with a bow and arrow that Stewart Edward White never even heard of.

If you imagine, now, I'm going to inflict you with a seeing-Hollywood excursion, you're greatly mistaken. Who am I to project my piffling impressions on the silver screen of your intelligence? Not that I didn't have a perfectly priceless time down there—I did. As a matter of fact, everybody was simply gorgeous to me.

There was one tooth in the social buzz saw, however, that wounded me deeply, and that was to find how frightfully hard those dear people worked. The twelve-hour day in the bustling old steel mills is a merry half holiday to the way they work in Hollywood. And since, next to working myself, the thing I hate most is seeing my friends work, you can imagine how I suffered. Honest toil may be very laudable and all that; but if you ask me, it's just the least bit degrading.

Of course, as a deep thinker I once met in Asbury Park, New Jersey, quite wonderfully put it, it takes all sorts of people to make a world. Be that as it may, a little propaganda against what is really the one great, glittering sin of Hollywood—work—can do no harm. And if some hard-hearted director, after reading this, should burst into tears and give his entire staff an afternoon off, then all these weary words have not been written in vain.

But in the meantime, what was happening to Phippsy? I hadn't the least idea. Or rather, I had any number of ideas, but no inside information. So I wasn't surprised to learn one morning that I was wanted on the long-distance phone.

"Santa Barbara has been trying to get you for the past hour," said one of the clerks as I strolled into my hotel.

"Thanks," I said. "Just put the call through to my room; I'll go right up."

When it came to carrying on a conversation with Phippsy, however, things proved a bit difficult. I couldn't hear a word he said.

"*%*!@%%%*$$**%%!??*!" said Phippsy.

"Speak louder," I implored.

"*%!@%%%*$$**%%!??*!" he repeated.

This, you will admit, was fairly unintelligible.

"Do you hear me?" I shouted. "If you do, bark like a dog."

Phippsy barked.

"I heard you, old boy. Now if the answer is yes, go right on barking. If it's no, keep still. Do you want me to come home?"

"Bow-wow-wow!" said Phippsy.

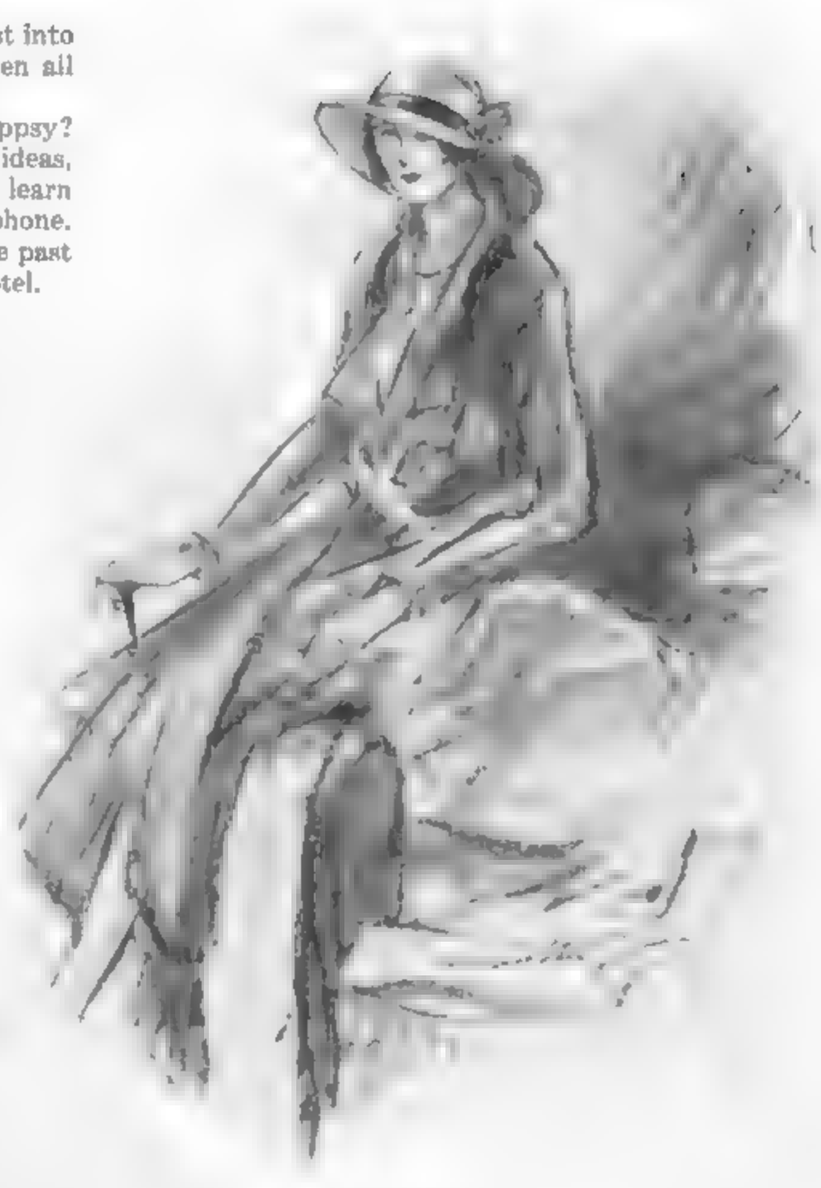
On my way back to Santa Barbara I speculated freely on what was at the bottom of Phippsy's bark for help.

Had Myrtle arrived? Had he been bunkered by that female golfing pirate he'd been so enthusiastic about, and did he need me, the trusty old niblick, to get him out on the fairway again?

"Whatever it is," I thought, "one thing's certain—the dear lad is up against it. The board of strategy will have to sit—and sit hard."

As a matter of fact, I was prepared for almost any situation except the one that actually confronted me when I stepped off the train. Oh, yes, the situation was there—they were both at Santa Barbara.

"Well, well, well!" said Phippsy. "Here you are at last. We've all come down to meet you." And forthwith he presented me to Mrs. George Armstrong Winterton. "And, of course, you know Jane," he said. "What do you say we tootle out to the country club and have a dish of tea?"



Jane Robbins

It took me just one hour and fifty minutes to disentangle Phippsy from his feminine followers and get him where I could talk to him freely

"Now," I said, "will you kindly explain the mathematics of the situation? A triangle has only two legs and a base, but what you're involved in seems to be an exceedingly active parallelogram. When did Myrtle arrive?"

(Continued on Page 146)

"Oh, That's All Right," said Phippsy. "Lovely Day, Isn't It? Do You Like Playing Round Alone? Because if You Don't, We'd be Honored if You'd Join Us"

A CLOUD OF WITNESSES

THEY COME UP OUT OF EGYPT

ILLUSTRATED BY

NEARLY nineteen centuries ago eight men wrote the most important book in the world. Two of them gave first-hand accounts of the life of their Leader. Their names were Matthew and John. Two others set down similar biographies from the testimony of eyewitnesses. One of these was also a John, surnamed Marcus, or Mark. The other was Luke, a physician, who also described the early missionary efforts of that Leader's followers. There is a hypothetical document referred to by scholars as "Q" from which, as a concealed source, some of the recorded text has been apparently copied. Numerous letters of guidance, advice and inspiration were composed by these missionaries of a new faith. It is possible that many of them have been lost, but we possess three by John, the apostle, who wrote besides, in his old age, an allegory of strange and terrible imagery and baffling mysticism. Peter wrote two that are still extant. Jude and his brother James each contributed one. The eighth man, the most intelligent and commanding of the eight, penned many. He was a little man, but great of heart, bearded and bald, if one is to credit early Christian attempts at portraiture, with a mighty mind and a tongue like a sword. He was a tentmaker from Tarsus, Saul by name. After his conversion he called himself Paul.

Long after the authors died their writings, or part of their writings, were assembled in a single volume, the New Testament. Millions have accepted every word in this Book as the strong, authentic testimony of the mortal life and the teachings of God. Millions continue so to accept. Scientists have doubted and questioned. Year by year the volume of this doubt and criticism has grown until recently, when the discoveries of science refuted the skepticism of the scientist.

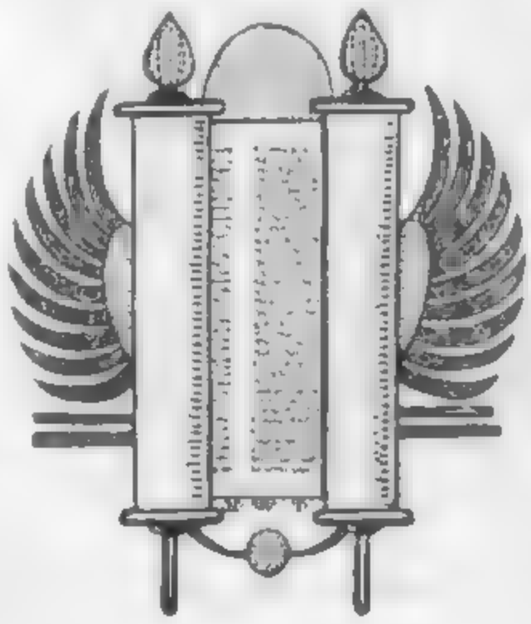
Science believed it discerned innumerable weaknesses and impossibilities in the eight authors' testimony. The higher critics gradually constructed an imposing edifice of indictments against its authenticity, against even its probability.

Then the science that had been skeptic was faced suddenly by a startling series of new discoveries, and in consequence the whole structure of higher criticism totters today and threatens collapse, while the writings of the eight authors of the New Testament have been justified and confirmed.

The Three Centuries of Silence

THESE authors were humble men. Luke, the physician, and Paul were the only ones with any scientific training. Of their lives, apart from their writings, we know little; of their deaths less. We have no knowledge of when they wrote, or how, save in the case of Paul. Of him at work we can catch a fairly clear glimpse—a little red-eyed man of fiery energy, striding to and fro in his chamber, dictating to Silvanus, called Silas, or perhaps to Luke, admonitions, instructions, reproofs and exhortations to the newly established churches, undaunted by the lifted arm of an irritated empire, believing that the faith he preached would at last conquer even that empire itself.

Yet even this picture of Paul, the author, is largely hypothetical. Of the other seven we have no such vision. We do not know certainly whether all the words ascribed to them truly were theirs. For almost nineteen centuries there stretched between the lifetime of the eight and the earliest copies of the writings ascribed to them 300 years of emptiness. No word they actually wrote has been recovered, no second or third or hundredth copy of their original manuscripts has been found. Three centuries have lain blank between them and the modern world's earliest contact with their writings.



Until the last generation, the oldest known transcriptions of the Gospels, Epistles, Acts and the Book of Revelation were contained in the Codex Sinaiticus and the Codex Vaticanus. The bulk of the former, an ancient parchment book, was found in the library of the Convent of Saint Catherine on Mount Sinai in 1859 and was presented to the Czar of Russia by its discoverer, Tischendorf. There was an earlier fragment, discovered years before. The whole of it contained the New Testament complete, and most of the Old. Scientists believe that it was written toward the middle or end of the fourth century.

Another perhaps slightly older Bible is the Codex Vaticanus, which has been the chief treasure of the Library of the Vatican for centuries. Portions of the Old Testament, as well as part of the Epistle to the Hebrews, all of Timothy, Titus, Philemon and Revelation were lost before we have any record of it.

These two great codices were volumes such as princes might have owned—great stiff pages of dark skin on which the text has been set down with exquisite care in inks of silver and gold with delicately wrought initials. As antiques they were well-nigh priceless; as source Bibles they are invaluable. They stand, two massive, broken monuments on the road back to Scriptural sources, and with them, for centuries, that road ended. Beyond was silence and surmise—a gap of 300 years stretching between these royal volumes and the humble folk who first set down their belief in the godhood of Christ and their stories of His life.

Scientists have attempted to bridge that abyss of silence with theory and hypothesis. They have attempted to fill it with the skepticism of the higher critics. The problem has been baffling. The three centuries of silence has been one enigma. The language in which the earliest known copies of the New Testament were written has been another, equally insoluble.

Greek, presumably, is the language in which the authors of the New Testament wrote, for Greek, in their era, was the common speech of the Roman world. In Asia, in Egypt, in Rome itself, culture had become Hellenic. Men who could write at all wrote in Greek. All except the lowest and most benighted spoke it. It was the nearest approach to a universal language the world has yet seen. Greek is the tongue in which the great codices were written.

But such Greek! Classical scholars have wrung their hands over it. Pericles and Socrates would have had enormous difficulty in understanding it. It was not the Attic tongue. Words unknown to the golden age of the Hellenes are included therein. The orthography is different. Even the grammar is strange. Frequently it is difficult for classicists to get any meaning at all from a passage. There are more than 500 words in the New Testament that, until a few years ago, Greek scholars were forced to guess at.

This strange distorted form of the Hellenic tongue received innumerable excuses and explanations. The scribes were blamed for carelessness in copying. It was set forth that, since most of the authors of the New Testament were Jews, they had permitted idiosyncrasies of the Hebrew tongue to creep in when they tried to write Greek. Other Bible students held that the strange dialect had a mystical significance. Some of the more skeptical claimed that the distorted tongue was proof positive against the Testament's antiquity. The story of the life of Christ, ascribed to Saint John, they declared solemnly, must have been written not earlier than 200 A.D., and the other Gospels must have been set down long after the time of Christ.

The Theory of the Critics

FURTHERMORE, the higher critics held, it was certain that the New Testament had undergone radical changes during the reign of Constantine. It is known that, after this emperor's conversion early in the fourth century, he set about revising the religion of his adoption with a Roman passion for order and system. Undoubtedly, skeptics asserted, he collected the writings of the founders of the church and edited them to his own satisfaction, amending, altering, adding and rejecting as he saw fit. Thus we knew nothing, critics claimed, concerning what the disciples and their co-authors actually wrote. What we had, even in the oldest manuscripts, so the theory ran, is what a strong-willed despot thought they wrote or wished they had written.

There the matter stood: Three hundred years of silence broken at last by the voices of the Codex Sinaiticus and the Codex Vaticanus, speaking a Greek that the scholars of the Hellenic tongue did not recognize, and added to this the suspicion that Constantine, rather than the men to whom the writings are ascribed, had fashioned the New Testament.

That is all modern civilization knew concerning those men who followed and believed in Christ, until recently science, which had doubted, was awed by new discoveries into the beginnings of belief.

Out of Egypt the child Christ returned to His native land. Out of Egypt, and not from the country of His birth and His later life, have come astounding confirmations of the writings that tell all we know of Him.

By Frederic F. Van de Water

TO SUPPORT THE BIBLE STORY

H. WESTON TAYLOR

In Palestine no trace of Him or of His followers has been found. Bethlehem tells us nothing of the Baby born there. Nazareth furnishes no record of His childhood. The Palestine Exploration Fund has combed the land from one end to the other. It has made notable discoveries, but these have been almost entirely geographical—sites of vanished towns and villages and the courses of dead streams and old highways mentioned in the Scriptures. Even Jerusalem itself, apart from remnants of Roman buildings, the location of the Temple and the problematical site of the Holy Sepulcher, has yielded nothing directly concerned with the life of Christ and His followers.

Innumerable invasions have plowed through Palestine. What these have not destroyed, the heavy rains, beating upon the unenduring Syrian rock, have erased. Palestine, by history and climate, has been unable to retain for 2000 years the secrets committed to its care, but Egypt can treasure them for 8000

The Ancient Papyrus Writings

ALONG the life-giving flow of the Nile there is an arid, preserving atmosphere. Rains there are none, and the slow, concealing and perpetuating drift of the brown sand covers and keeps. From Egypt the modern world obtained the Septuagint, our version of the Old Testament, written in classic and rather ponderous Greek by scribes of the Jewish colonies that settled there. From Egypt, more recently, has come an enormous and dramatic mass of testimony confirming the New Testament.

This testimony is not graven upon rock. It is written on papyrus, the ancestor of modern paper—flattened reeds fashioned into tough brown pages that endure in a dry climate beneath the cherishing sands with all the permanence of granite. The oldest papyrus writing yet discovered speaks to us across 4500 years and thus is only a copy of another papyrus 1000 years older.

The makers of ancient Egypt's writing fabric harvested vast quantities of the reeds that grow along the Nile, dried them and cut them into strips. A number of these strips were laid edge to edge vertically, and crosshatched with another series placed horizontally. The strips were then soaked in water, pressed and, when dried, rubbed to eliminate any roughness. The result was a sheet, usually about ten by five inches, which sold in the first century of our era for the equivalent of twenty-five cents. The ink used was a compound of charcoal, gum and water. Generally the writing was done across the horizontal strips, though notations often were made on the vertical-ribbed back of the document. If more than one page was required the second was pasted onto the bottom of the first, the third onto the bottom of the second, and so on. The completed manuscript had a stick affixed to either end and then was rolled into a scroll, tied and, if it were a letter, sealed and addressed.

Papyrus was the common writing material of the ancient world. It was cheap; it was plentiful. Under the Romans enormous quantities of it were used, for throughout the empire, and particularly in Egypt, only the lowest classes were without ability to write and there were scribes in plenty to help them

Thus in the early days of the Christian Era there was a vast circulation of manuscripts between friends and relatives, between business men, between government officials. Accounts were kept upon papyrus. Records were written, proclamations were issued, books were copied upon these durable tanned sheets. Undoubtedly all the writings later collected into the New Testament were set down originally upon papyrus. A total of 200 linear feet of material was required by the eight authors. Luke's Gospel needed a scroll thirty-one or two feet long. The Epistle to the Thessalonians took fifteen inches.

All letters of the period were rolled, tied, sealed and handed to a courier or traveler, who carried them to their destination. Since the delivery was to be personal, the address written on the scroll was nothing more than a memorandum—"To Romans."

This custom has caused Bible students much trouble. No one knows who the Jews were or where they were to whom was written the epistle addressed "To Hebrews." Similarly, it has never been and never can be determined whether the Galatians, to whom Paul wrote an epistle, were the Gauls of North Galatia or the folk of South Galatia, who dwelt in and about Antioch.

The whole life of the time was set down upon papyrus sheets. They were the voices and the spirit of the age, caught and made permanent, until the empire fell and the papyri went up in the fires kindled by barbarians or else vanished beneath the increeping Egyptian sands.

As the centuries marched past, plunderers or treasure seekers, digging into the tombs of old kings and prowling about the sand-covered ruins of ancient cities beside the Nile, came now and then upon sheets and rolls of tawny fabric, covered with incomprehensible scribblings in faded ink. These the marauders usually burned, for in Egypt fuel is scarce.

Flinders Petrie, the Egyptologist, was the first to pay heed to the possible significance of those dead leaves of an old civilization, scattered through the ruins of the land. His chief source of material was mummy cases, the tops of which are fashioned into rough effigies of the occupant. Under the plaster surfaces of these effigies he found stuffing of used papyrus. Thus hermetically sealed and preserved, this waste paper had become infinitely more precious than other treasures found with the dead. From the mummy cases Petrie obtained hundreds of examples of the records, correspondence and literature of Egypt under the Ptolemies and the Cæsars, written for the most part in the vernacular Greek of the time. When translated and published, they startled and thrilled the scientific world.

Varied Records of the Past

OUT of these erstwhile coverings of the dead came the living echoes of earlier centuries. A babel of voices arose, singing, crying grievances, making love, dunning for payment, appealing to higher authority, admonishing subordinates. Petrie, through his discoveries, cut a cross section through the rich life of a Roman province, baring all its fibers, nerves and veins, bringing to a half-forgotten epoch in history a strangely modern note.

All varieties of writing were included in the papyri, from imperial proclamations to a peevish note written by a retired farmer to his grandson, reproaching him bitterly for letting the two pigs die.

There were invitations to weddings, cast in a form almost identical with that of today. There were invitations to dinner as modern in tone as the following:

"Chaeremon requests your company at dinner at the table of the Lord Serapis in the Serapeum, tomorrow, the 15th, at 9 o'clock."

There were records of dental operations, market reports which reveal that 1 per cent a month was the usual interest rate, diplomas of membership in athletic clubs, recipes for toothpowder, receipted bills from livery-stable keepers, an address on preparedness, advice on how to avoid the income tax and a vast

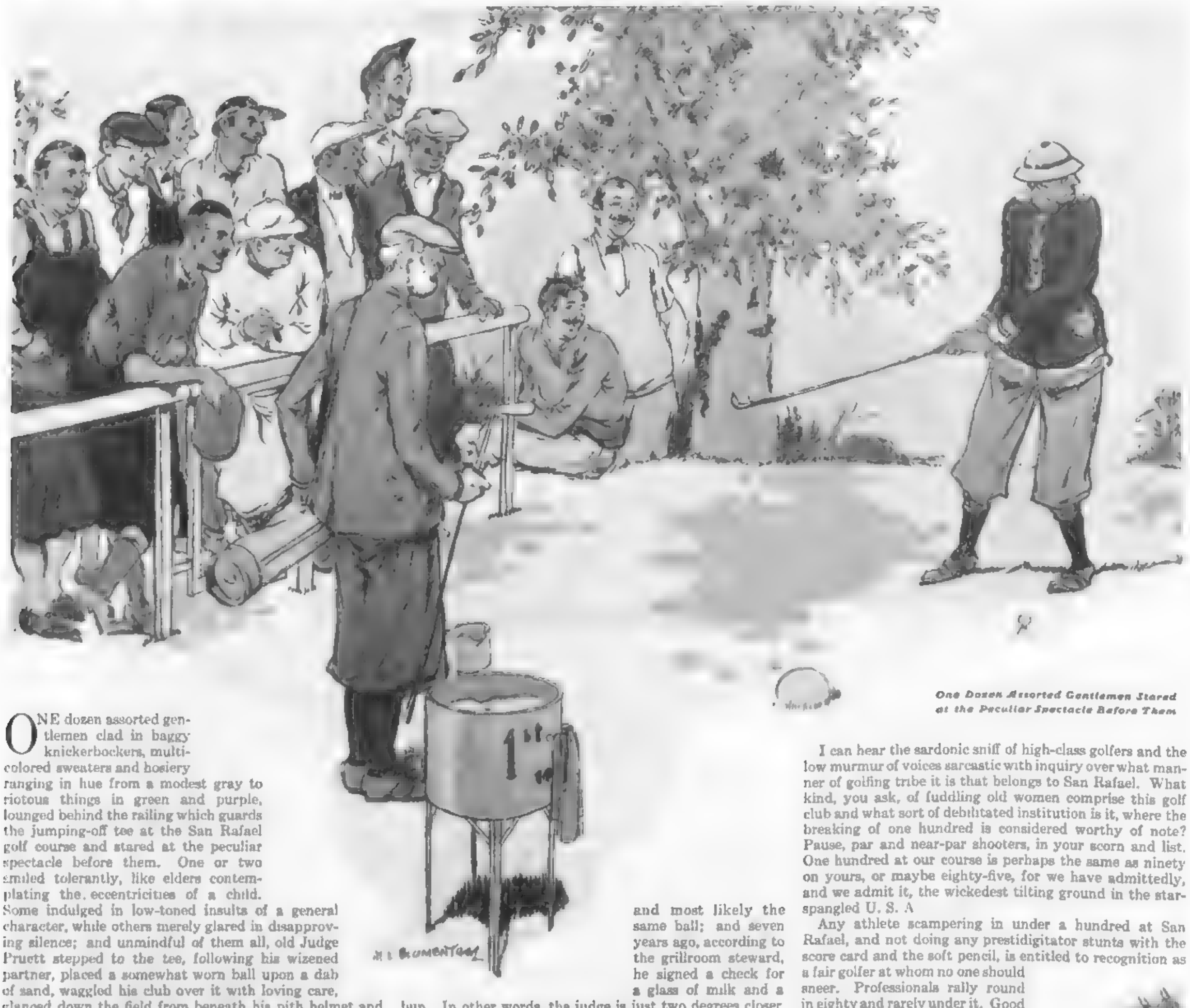
Continued on Page 161

We Have No Knowledge of When They Wrote, or How, Save in the Case of Paul. Of Him at Work We Can Catch a Fairly Clear Glimpse—a Little Red-Eyed Man of Fiery Energy, Striding to and Fro in His Chamber, Dictating to Silvanus

THE RED COAT

By FRANK CONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL



One Dozen Assorted Gentlemen Stared at the Peculiar Spectacle Before Them

ONE dozen assorted gentlemen clad in baggy knickerbockers, multicolored sweaters and hosiery ranging in hue from a modest gray to riotous things in green and purple, lounged behind the railing which guards the jumping-off tee at the San Rafael golf course and stared at the peculiar spectacle before them. One or two smiled tolerantly, like elders contemplating the eccentricities of a child. Some indulged in low-toned insults of a general character, while others merely glared in disapproving silence; and unmindful of them all, old Judge Pruett stepped to the tee, following his wizened partner, placed a somewhat worn ball upon a dab of sand, waggled his club over it with loving care, glanced down the field from beneath his pith helmet and swatted the ball with a clean, clicking impact. It rose in a tired, lopsided loop and the judge followed its flight with a cheerful eye.

"All of ninety yards," sneered Duke Marmion, who dislikes the judge.

"Never you mind," returned Andy Jones, of the Jones and Hoffman Iron Pipe Company. "The old wreck hits 'em faintly, but he hits 'em straight."

"I can kick a cuspidor further than he hits a new golf ball," murmured the Duke ungraciously. "That old man ought to be home counting the buttons of his coffin."

"Yes, and he can carry that same coffin on his back and beat you," informed Martin Gross, of the Gross and Philbin Chain Stores. "Matter with you, you're peevish because the doddering old scoundrel plays the game better than you do."

"Ten bucks," said the Duke.

The judge staggered down the field upon his ancient legs, carrying three clubs in his left hand, and the railbirds continued to voice ungenial sentiments. The legal gentleman is not, and never has been, a popular member of the San Rafael Country Club, though he has been a familiar figure since the days when they played the game in hobnailed shoes and long trousers. This unfortunate state of affairs has not worried him in the least. He has a million dollars, according to rumor, and he carries his three clubs because of the horrible cost of caddies. He has worn the same greasy pith helmet for ten years, used the same clubs and most likely the same ball; and seven years ago, according to the grillroom steward, he signed a check for a glass of milk and a bun. In other words, the judge is just two degrees closer than a fat man's garter on a hot day.

As the diffuser of legal justice marched off toward the first green, the afternoon sun descended upon him and fell back in confusion, for the judge looked like a one-man circus parade. Precious metals shone about him. Gold buttons flashed upon his sleeves and gold braid gleamed here and there as he swung at an iron shot. The true magnificence of his apparel was beyond question and his bearing was proud, because he was, for the first time in his life, wearing the red coat—Red Coat, I should say. It must go in capital letters, because that's the sort of coat it is.

On the day before he had broken one hundred, and by that I mean to say that the old reprobate had wallowed around the course in ninety-nine strokes; consequently the demonstration known officially as Wearing the Red Coat.

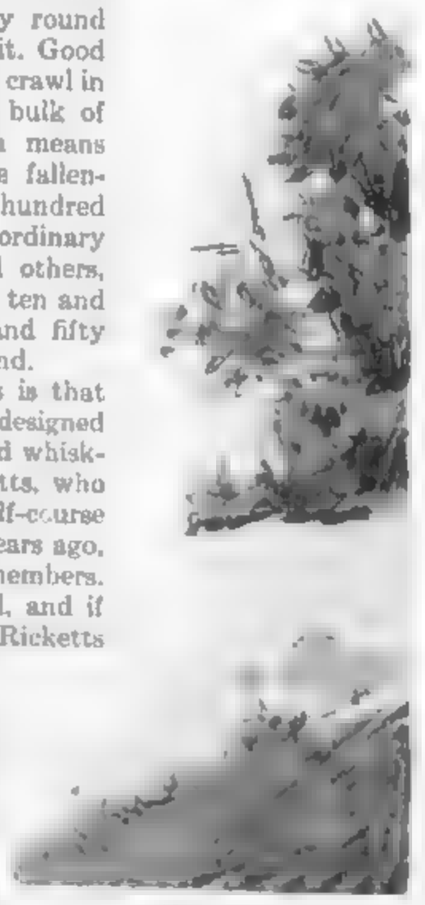
There is, at San Rafael, a ceremonial which enters the lives of men who break one hundred. It is a time-honored institution and is regarded with veneration by the members. After you have struggled with those bitter eighteen holes for years and have finally come in with a score of two figures instead of three, you are admitted to the Order of the Red Coat and you are allowed to wear that jolly blazer on your next time out.

You wear it once, officially. It is then reverently replaced within its rich glass crib in the grillroom, to wait again, mayhap for months, for some other lucky dub to crash through with a certified ninety-nine.

I can hear the sardonic sniff of high-class golfers and the low murmur of voices sarcastic with inquiry over what manner of golfing tribe it is that belongs to San Rafael. What kind, you ask, of fuddling old women comprise this golf club and what sort of debilitated institution is it, where the breaking of one hundred is considered worthy of note? Pause, par and near-par shooters, in your scorn and list. One hundred at our course is perhaps the same as ninety on yours, or maybe eighty-five, for we have admittedly, and we admit it, the wickedest tilting ground in the star-spangled U. S. A

Any athlete scampering in under a hundred at San Rafael, and not doing any prestidigitator stunts with the score card and the soft pencil, is entitled to recognition as a fair golfer at whom no one should sneer. Professionals rally round in eighty and rarely under it. Good run-of-the-mine amateurs crawl in around ninety; but the bulk of the golfing world, which means everybody, including the fallen-arch fraternity, is over a hundred and stays over it. The ordinary lads, San Rafaelites and others, start at one hundred and ten and go up to one hundred and fifty and the void spaces beyond.

The reason for all this is that our lovely golf yard was designed by a madman wearing red whiskers and known as Ricketts, who defined himself as a golf-course architect. It happened years ago, before most of us were members. Ricketts is now deceased, and if there is a hell for golfers, Ricketts is down there on roller skates, laying out traps, and arranging greens from which the ball will roll off of its own volition.



"Ha!" Said Elmer,

When the institution of the Red Coat came into being, there was nothing shameful about

breaking a hundred. It was, and is, considered a triumphant thing to do; and there are just two dozen members of the club who persistently and habitually shoot the course under the century mark. The remaining four hundred club wavers shoot above it, up to and including Vic Forsythe, who, though it is doubted, claims to have gone out recently in a hundred and come back in a hundred and four

Ricketts in life was probably a designer who had been denied or frustrated in his other jobs and had developed a golf complex. When they unleashed him and told him to go ahead and plan a course for San Rafael, and make it difficult, he did so with a glad cry. He filled the surface of the globe with bunkers, mounds and assorted traps, and placed the greens wherever he saw a precipitous hill.

Nature had been before Ricketts and he found ready for his hand a place of rivers, river beds, trees, caverns, barrancos, mountains, ravines, clefts, hollows, gorges, craters, burrows, fissures, chasms and general Paleozoic upheavals of the earth. These he took joyously and to them he added an intricate network of deep traps, and the result is a golf course that sears the soul.

Eastern golfers, with their calm, superior smiles, have come transcontinentaling out to California, bringing their clubs, and have indicated rather loftily that they would like to see what we have in the way of golf fields. They have eventually encountered our San Rafael; and after playing it once, or rather meandering feebly over the eighteen holes, these same gentry have been known to disappear from all human sight and be discovered later high in the bleak Sierras, wandering from oak to oak and giving off the pitiful moaning noise of the Australian skipjack. What I mean to say is that we have a place for scudding the gutty that presents moments of genuine difficulty.

Among the dozen San Rafael gentlemen who scornfully watched Judge Pruett drive off and trudge down the field, clad in magnificence and proud of his flaming garment, were four sneering souls, reading from right to left as follows: Doc Halstead, Tex Langdon, Elmer Grant, Tommy Schramm.

In the eyes of these four members, Judge Pruett was less than mud, yet coupled with their articulate scorn was inward envy, because in their years at San Rafael, not one of them had ever equaled the judge's feat, and great was their distress thereat.

They played together three times a week and were known in the club as the whispering chorus, because of their conversational habits during play. They wagered fiercely with one another and played dub golf steadily and profanely year after year, rarely shooting as low as one hundred and ten, but always hoping for brighter days.

"If that old man can smash a hundred," grumbled Doc Halstead, who is fat and fifty, "we ought to'

"You mean I ought to," admitted Elmer Grant, of the tire company bearing his name. "You'll never do it; first, because you're not a golfer and never were one; and second, because your mind has curdled from years of dissipation. This, coupled with the fact that you're a physical wreck, will always keep you where you are."

Doc Halstead glared at his comrade

"Another fifty," he said, adding a couple of four-letter words that mean gunfire in Kentucky

"Hooked," answered Elmer immediately, extracting a small book and writing down the wager

This occurred frequently, and Elmer had one page filled with such notations, the meaning being that Doc Halstead wagered fifty dollars at each outburst that he would break the hundred before Elmer Grant

For three years the whispering chorus had been playing as a foursome, and during that time a compact had sprung up amongst them. Their golf game developed into a contest to determine which man should first have the honor of wearing the red garment, and in addition there was a financial titbit to make it interesting.

Every New Year's afternoon, each of the gifted four chipped in the sum of fifty dollars to a fund, which was in charge of Ike Martin, the clubhouse manager, and this little pot had now mounted up to the respectable sum of six hundred dollars, which was to go to the hero who first came through with a score in the nineties. There were private wagers on the side, made during moments of exasperation, and the one thing above all else in life that Elmer craved was to wear the Red Coat before his opponents. He dreamed of it by night and talked of it by day, and each evening his long-suffering wife listened to a detailed statement of the afternoon foozles, missed putts and general hard luck

A detail of the arrangement was that the coveted figures should and must be achieved when the four men were playing together. There could be no outsiders in the compact, nor would any gentleman be permitted to sally forth upon the greensward and break the deadlock by himself, or in the company of strangers who might be charitably inclined. It was a one-for-all affair, this business of the Red Coat, with three lynx-eyed critics on the job.

On a famous afternoon, Doc Halstead almost did it. He played a miracle game and went through the first half in forty-nine strokes, and the first nine holes at San Rafael, it should be explained, are exactly twenty per cent more dismal than the second nine. The three prepared to see their comrade beat them out and draw down the six-hundred-dollar pot, and the doctor played a grim, earnest game, remaining perfectly silent and trying his level best to avoid the usual short circuits in the mental department.

Mrs. Luella Fate stepped in on the sixteenth hole, when Doc was at his best, and he went to pieces. He hit the first ball out of bounds, gave a hollow laugh, struck another one out of bounds, burst into song, smashed his driver against the tin bucket which holds the sand and called upon heaven to witness that luck like this had never before ruined a mortal man. He broke his mid-iron on that fatal hole, threatened his caddie and took eight strokes on a three par. He finished with one hundred and four, which remained as a record for Schramm, Langdon and Grant to shoot at

The club regarded its foursome with humorous affection and listened boredly to their oft-told tales of near-success. Pieces were published in the San Rafael newspapers, mentioning them, and outside wagers were laid, generally to the effect that one club member did hereby bet another club member that none of the whispering golfers would crash through the hundred for at least twenty years, by which time it was piously hoped they would all be dead and a gentleman could enjoy a quiet afternoon of golf.

Persons with normal ears could always hear the four musketeers anywhere on the course. If you happened to be playing thirteen hole, you could mark the progress of their match over on Number Three, which is far away and sheltered by a mountain. Young and single ladies were warned not to stray too near them in a downwind, but married ladies were left to their own devices.

Another fact that made the quartet interesting to the club was that they played virtually an even game. Schramm and Grant generally battled Halstead and Langdon, and this pairing had existed for the three years. They wagered upon every possible eventuality—who would have the

(Continued on Page 92)

Waving His Driver. "Just Try It! How You Going to Do It?"

THE OFFICE REFORM

By CALVIN BALL

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

"Where is Father?" I Inquired Quietly. "Went Into the Account Room to Cool Off, I Guess"

LIGHTING one of my personal brand initialed cigarettes, I stepped out of the file room where I had been brushing up before the mirror and, loitering for a moment near the door, looked over the employes of the general office. I felt that my poise was admirable. My apparel was the ultimate in good taste, correct to a detail, yet conservative and quiet. Blondes, brunettes and redheads lifted their eyes in swift admiring glances toward me.

As son of the owner, and a newcomer in the office of my father, I felt keenly the responsibility of my station. Father had already given me the position of office manager. I felt it imperative that I should exemplify for my commercial associates the modern personality of business—firm, unexcitable, calm, and yet with a sincere friendliness for each employe of the establishment. It was a part of the special theory I had worked out in college.

Conscious that the gaze of the entire office staff was centered curiously upon me, I took from my pocket the typewritten notice I had previously prepared, and walking to the office bulletin board I posted the paper conspicuously. This, I believed, would mark the beginning of a new era in father's business. Stepping back I read over the announcement with perhaps just a twinge of self-admiration. This was my own achievement. Father had not yet seen it.

NOTICE TO EMPLOYES

We are brothers! Anger, antagonism, harsh words and quarrels must be eliminated from the process of business. The harmony of office fellowship is essential to commercial success. As the new office manager I wish to assure you that I am a comrade and a friend to each of you. Bring your troubles to me. You are welcome in my office at all times. With democracy for all, and enmity for none, the time has arrived when harsh words must go, and the gulf between employer and employe must at last be effectually closed.

Signed, THE NEW OFFICE MGR.

During this first week at the office I had consistently striven to establish myself in the confidence of my coworkers, missing no opportunity to demonstrate in tactful ways that I was one of the office personnel, a friend and a good fellow with whom the others might associate on kindly terms of equality. I had not been ultra-radical in college, but I believed firmly in the universal brotherhood of man. Moreover, it was my conviction that the business world was overburdened with dissension, hot-headed arguments and pernicious discourtesy, and that the time for a thorough reformation was at hand. The crusade, I believed, was a worthy one.

As I stood there, aware that already throughout the room necks were craning and eyes straining to see the new notice I had posted, I heard father's voice resounding from the direction of his private office.

His tone under the stress of excitement had risen to a veritable boom. I could hear him violently pounding the desk, an outburst that was audible to others as well as to myself. Over the room, heads turned and nodded knowingly. The unseemly commotion of the outer office was rightly interpreted by all. Father was discharging another employe.

On such occasions he shouted. He blustered. He pounded. He abandoned himself to wrath. He violated every principle of my special theory. This was the vital matter on which I had determined to come to issues with father. I perceived that the moment was opportune.

By the time I had reached the door of the private office the discharged employe had emerged, browbeaten and humiliated. I was confident that there had been no necessity for the severe treatment father had accorded the man, any more than there would be need for cursing the chap who is being electrocuted. I accosted the fellow, and for a moment stopped to talk with him.

"Have a cigarette," I suggested, opening my silver case and offering the contents congenially.

He suspiciously extracted a cigarette.

"Thanks."

"What was the row about?" I inquired.

"I got canned."

I lighted a match and held it out while he obtained a light.

"What's your name?"

"Smith."

"I regret the circumstances of your discharge, Smith," said I frankly. "While father was unquestionably warranted in dismissing you, I nevertheless wish to apologize for his unpardonable arrogance. I want you to leave our employment with the assurance that we are still your friends."

Through the cigarette smoke he regarded me skeptically.

"Who's my friends'"

"We are."

"You are, eh? Ha!"

With a shrug of disbelief he walked away. Another permanent enemy, I reflected. Inexcusable.

I entered the office and found father's stenographer, Vi, alone in the room, and as usual busy at her typewriter. Vi was an excellent stenographer. In addition she was a young woman of exceptionally pleasing appearance, which quality, supplementing her ability, placed her in a uniquely secure position with our concern. She used a lipstick. The right-hand drawer in her desk sheltered a vanity case and a mirror, together with other adjuncts more properly belonging to the boudoir. Father had increased her salary several times.

"Where is father?" I inquired quietly.

"Went into the account room to cool off, I guess, after the riot! D'you hear it?"

"The entire office heard it, Vi; and I must say that I most emphatically disapprove. Will father return?"

"In a couple of minutes. He certainly gave that fellow a dressing down, and never gave him a chance to get a word in in return. Slick work."

"That is the very point, Vi," I pointed out. "His method is unfair. He should have permitted the man to tell his story. Talk it over. And then afterward sociably discharge him. The shouting was unnecessary."

Vi eyed me doubtfully.

"Sociably, eh?"

"Exactly."

"You're all right."

"During the week I have been here, Vi, I have become familiar with the lamentable brutality of business routine. I possess the remedy—a new spirit of friendliness between employer and employe. Modern business must recognize modern principles!"

"Yeh, but this fellow went far enough. Laying off half the time! You had to keep telling him! Mistakes ——"

"Then he was incompetent. Ending the matter with a quarrel is wrong. Discharge him in a friendly way. There is no cause for anger. We are all brothers, and I shall treat our employes as such at all times."

Vi seemed uncertain as to how to reply. It was several moments before she finally said, "Well, I must say that's lovely of you."

At this point father entered the room, and with a thumping stride walked to his desk. From his manner in jerking back his office chair and plumping himself into the seat I could see that he had not yet fully recovered from the recent emotional disturbance.

I walked to his desk, drew up a chair and sat down. Father was already busy snapping papers across his desk from one side to the other, giving them scowls of dissatisfaction as they passed beneath his eyes.

"What you want?" he inquired, looking up as I seated myself.

"Father," said I quietly but firmly, "I should like to discuss a matter with you."

"What matter?"

"Rather a personal matter."

"You want money again?"

"No; this is business."

"It is, eh? Well, go ahead."

Desiring to present my theory to father in a way that would appeal, I decided to illustrate first, and explain afterward. I did not wish to offend him, but I was determined that he should see the ridiculousness of his behavior. An apt analogy came to mind.

"In stopping your car to issue a summons for traffic violations, some officers are exceedingly boisterous," said I, hitching my chair forward confidently.

"You been getting another summons?"

"This is merely an example."

"Go ahead, then."

"The traffic officer shouts venomously, 'Where t'hell do you think you're going!'"

"I know he does," father conceded.

"And," I continued, "the violent raucous tone in which he orders you to draw up to the curb proves that he is in a temper. He has absurdly taken the incident to heart. He feels personally insulted."

Father gazed at me in skeptical silence

"On the other hand," said I, "there are some officers of reasonable intelligence who know that it is fully as effective to invite you gently and smilingly to draw to the curb. Such a one converses with you pleasantly while he makes out the summons. He is merely performing his duty. You have broken a rule, therefore he gives you a summons. He is not paid to feel insulted or to administer rebukes. There is nothing personal in the affair; nothing to be angry about. Smile and be pleasant—that is the edict of the newer era."

"A traffic cop?" asked father

"Yes. Why not?"

"Ha! Say, what you driving at anyhow?"

"Do you mean to say, father, that the moral is not clear?"

"What moral? What you talking about?"

"Look here, now!" I said firmly. "This is a special theory evolved in college. I am putting it into practice in this business. You have made me office manager, and you want me to use initiative. Ideas! The plan is to eliminate the emotional conflicts from business. We discharge employes because they are incompetent, and not because of a personal grievance. It is a mere business process, and it must be performed with courtesy, and not with spite and bullyragging!"

"So that's what you're beating around the bush about! Because I told Smith where to get off at, eh?"

"In this incident Smith is the victim," I agreed.

"Smith," said father in a tone of absolute conviction, "is the most worthless truck driver I ever employed, with the exception of one other!"

"And who is the one other?"

Father took out his watch and looked at the time.

"His name is Hogan, and he's due here in a very short time. I've sent for him. If ever a man got a blowing up Hogan'll get it today; and when I'm through I'll fire him quick, flat and handsome. These two have been needing a cleaning out for a month; and, by George, they're getting it today!"

There was the gloating satisfaction of the bully in father's manner. I stood up with resolution. Back of me I could hear Vi rattling paper at the typewriter, and I felt that she was approving.

Outside from the general office came the confused sound of scraping chairs and low excited voices. I realized that by this time the bulletin board on which I had pasted my notice was in all likelihood surrounded with eager interested readers. I faced father and gestured determinedly.

"I wish to request," said I, "that you permit me to discharge Mr. Hogan."

Father's eyes opened wide with surprise.

"You want to can him?"

"I do."

"What you want to butt in for?"

"I wish to demonstrate a new method, father."

"My method's good enough. He'll get a lacing he'll remember!"

"I have a better way, father; a way that will strike deeper to his heart than anything you can say."

Father at once looked interested, sitting up straight in his chair

"You have, eh? But the law don't allow you to beat 'em up. What way you got?"

"My way is better than beating."

"Better yet, eh?" Father's voice had taken on a note of curiosity. His face was lighting up pleasantly.

"My method, father, is to explain matters to him. To listen to his side of the story. Discuss it. Laugh with him. Discharge him. Be pleasant. Give him a cigar. Shake hands with him without anger and wish him luck."

For a moment father stared at me in silence, and then reaching to the drawer in his desk he pulled out a cigar. Lighting it he leaned back in his chair, his eyes fastened upon me wonderingly.

"Say, where'd you get a plan like that from?" he asked finally. "You want to shake hands with Hogan, fire him, and give him a cigar?"

"Precisely."

"You want to let him do part of the talking, eh?"

"Most assuredly."

"Then," said father, emphasizing his statement with the point of his finger on the desk, "he'll talk you deaf, dumb and blind! You hear it! Deaf, dumb and blind!"

The discussion with father lasted for some time, and at many points became rather warm. The habits of years were fastened upon him, his viewpoints were firmly set, and it was only with utmost difficulty that I could make him understand my theory as to the necessity for abolishing the brash, strict, superior attitude of the employer toward the man beneath

"You've got to have discipline," he asserted obstinately. "You've got to reprimand them!"

"As office manager," I replied, "I have worked out in detail the system we shall follow in giving reprimands."

"Well, what is the system?"

"When an employe is reprimanded for the first time we shall call him to the office, pleasantly greet him, hand him a red card marked 'First reprimand,' chat with him a while, and then cordially bid him good day."

"That's a reprimand, eh?"

"Yes."

"Well, I will say that that is some reprimand!"

"And the second reprimand," I explained, "is an exact repetition of the first, except that upon leaving, the employe is given a white card marked 'Second reprimand.'"

"He is!"

"And the third time he is summoned the matter is talked over in a friendly way, after which he is presented with a blue card marked 'Final.'

"This card is taken to the cashier, who at once gives him his final pay. No ill will. No cause for shouting. He leaves us as a friend."

Father obdurately scoffed at this plan, although I could not see why he should doubt its efficacy inasmuch as he had never given it a trial.

"Well, what's this brotherhood business you been talking about?" he asked finally.

In a convincing way I gave father the details of my plan, and in conclusion I informed him that I had already posted a notice. He received this news with marked interest.

"You've already posted a notice?" he asked quickly.

"Yes."

"When'd you do that?"

"A few minutes ago."

"Where?"

"Outside, on the office bulletin board."

"What'd you say on it?"

The copy of the notice which I handed father was read with startled expressions. When he finished, his eyes were opened wide.

"You posted one like that?"

"Yes."

Dropping the paper to his lap father looked at me keenly.

"Well, well," said he at last "Well, well."

"Very good, father," I replied "I thought you would approve." *Continued on Page 153*

I Slowly Got to My Feet and in a Dazed Way Looked Over the Wrecked Furniture of My Office

Wholesale and Retail Bond Selling

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

DURING the past two or three years, whenever I have asked which was the leading bond firm in the country, the counter question instantly followed, "Wholesale or retail?"

When I said wholesale, all agreed on J. P. Morgan & Co. There is no question about that firm's preëminence as an originating house.

But when I said retail, there was much disputing as to the exact scope of the term.

It is not the practice of reputable financial writers to make a specialty of accepting gossip or scandal as points to emphasize. Neither is it to be expected that decent men will speak ill of business competitors whose success has been extraordinary. One of the things you will discover, if you put questions to bond dealers, is the strength of what you might call the guild spirit among them. But in the course of conversations with bond specialists the same doubts crept in, and I consider it my plain duty to record them, because they bear on one of the few really strong points that can be made against the avalanche of bond issues now rolling down on American investors.

"Are any of the larger bond houses bringing out too many issues?" I asked several. The answers that follow represent very fairly 99 per cent of the replies.

"That is a matter of opinion. In a way, a house that sells what it has for sale is not selling too many."

"Are all the bond issues brought out by the reputable houses good?"

"That also is not a fair question. The word 'good' used that way is merely a relative term. Some houses use better judgment than others, not alone about the merit or value of the issues but about the time—that is, the propitiousness of market conditions. Carelessness cannot be the rule, for it would soon end the house's business; and bad judgment may be forgiven."

"Yes, if it is only bad judgment," I permitted myself to remark.

"When can you prove that it isn't bad judgment?" they came back.

"Circumstantial evidence may be strong enough for me and not regarded by you as facts," I said; "and what you fellows call facts are not necessarily more reliable than theories as to motives when corroborated by what to some people would be merely numerous but insignificant coincidences. But we don't get anywhere discussing generalities. I'll specify. Take a firm like Blank & Co. They are among the most successful bond dealers of this day."

"Well, what about them?"

"Would your firm sponsor all the issues they bring out?"

"That isn't fair. You have to consider ——"

"Answer yes or no, please."

Bankers' Errors and Investors' Losses

"YOU can't answer that way. I may not like spinach, or red meat may not agree with me; but that is no reason for my cutting them out of your diet."

"I gather from your words that Blank & Co. often do offer for sale bonds that you wouldn't recommend to your customers."

"That is true of almost any other house. We all have favorites; also theories born out of individual experience."

"Why wouldn't your firm bring out issues that Blank & Co. would and do?"

"I wouldn't dare. For one thing, Blank is braver than I. He has a splendid selling organization, the capital, the prestige of success; and so far as the primary distribution is concerned, he has had little to fear so far. He has succeeded; and success begets a following. The following helps to maintain the success."

"Well, it is plain that it is not what you'd call a conservative house."

"The times are not conservative times," one man said.

"We won't discuss that. No man who invests his money wants to lose it. But explain this: You believe that Blank's firm brings out issues that you wouldn't and also that, owing to his organization and prestige, his primary distribution is good. That means that you and other dealers who go into his selling syndicates aid and abet a business that you admit is not conservative. Why do you do it?"

"Well, Blank is very clever. His percentage of misses, considering the size of his business, is really nothing to be disturbed about. I cannot tell you how or why he does business the way he does. That he does so much may be due to his taking chances that other bankers wouldn't. But then other bankers may not have his vision, and so they cannot have what they call his audacity. We all have to admit that his successes overwhelmingly outnumber his failures. I know that he doesn't have to chase after business. It comes to him from corporations and governments. He may be impelled by circumstances to do a business that a house like ours wouldn't."

"The machine—that is, the selling organization—can become a monster that must be fed or it will destroy the originator of it. Is that what you mean?" I asked.

"Let me put it this way: Ours also is an originating house. We bring out entire issues on occasion. Before we do so, we investigate and study and consider every factor and every contingency. We look at it from the investor's side rather than from the merchandising point of view. Often our accountants and experts, technical, legal and financial, have reported favorably upon the deal, and the market outlook seems favorable to us and the historical background is satisfactory. We come to an agreement with our party and we duly bring out the issue. We have done this many times, so that I know the game and I know how much time it requires to do the investigating and studying properly. That is what I can't understand about the firm you selected."

"Meaning just what?"

"I know that Blank & Co. have some extremely able men in their organization, and of course they mean to do the right thing. But I don't believe it is humanly possible for an organization to be able to exercise the necessary care on so many issues as this firm brings out. I can't see how all their deals can be adequately studied and considered by any human organization even if it has a remarkable general staff. No man or group of men can stretch time so that their hours will consist of more than sixty minutes each. I don't mind admitting that what Blank would say to me if he heard me probably would be, 'What kind of a fool do you think I am to risk the money I have made and the position I have achieved by sponsoring securities concerning which I am not fully informed?' And that retort I would have to accept in silence, because I couldn't point to any significant failures of his, while he has had some magnificent successes."

Are Buyers Safe?

"I AM interested in foreign bonds. He has brought out several. Have they all turned out well, or do some show evidences of haste in his sponsoring of them?"

"Well, he has had some unsuccesses. I mean, the public paid high prices for bonds that afterward went down. There is a government that placed a loan through Blank & Co. of several million dollars. The bonds were brought out at 95 or better and bore 7 per cent. The price went down and has stayed down. For one thing, these bonds had to meet the competition of other foreign issues that paid a higher interest. My contention is that the bankers should have looked after their clients' interest even after all the bonds were sold. If a house can't look after all the issues they sponsor, they should have fewer issues. Yesterday we were informed that the life of a syndicate which underwrote a Slav state loan had been extended sixty days. That means the bonds were not sold. The unprotected American bond buyer apparently saw fit to keep his money in his own pocket. Can you blame Blank & Co? The answer is yes and no."

"I take it," I said, "that Blank & Co. are not the only house of which that criticism can be made—are they?"

"You impose on us an ungracious task."

I admitted it, and in order to save time and spare feelings I mentioned the name of another large originating house that I had been led to suspect was rather anxious to make commissions—Doe & Co. The first man I asked was an intimate friend. He answered:

"I'll tell you, though I shouldn't. I suppose you refer to that Balkan Consolidated. It was brought out at the wrong time at a wrong price by the wrong people. That loan was hawked around and shrewd bankers declined it with thanks. Then it was taken to Doe & Co. and they agreed to bring it out. The inducement was an exceptionally large commission. We were asked to go in and we declined. But Doe came over in person and I took a small

amount—not more than $100,000, I think. It was offered to the public at more than 95, though the price received by the Balkan government was much lower. I told Doe the American investors were not friendly to that particular borrower, and moreover the market situation was not to my liking. But the bankers went ahead. I think they were wise enough to demand a clause in their agreement by which they were able to return any part of the issue unsold at the end of the syndicate agreement.

"As I said before, conditions in the securities markets were not propitious and it was an unattractive loan anyhow. At any rate, Doe & Co. brought out the bonds. But the public didn't buy. Our own salesmen couldn't do anything with the bonds. As soon as the syndicate agreement expired and we were able to offer our share below the price of issue we did so—and took a loss of $40,000. Doe & Co. returned a part of the loan unsold to the Balkan government. The price went down to around 50. Of course, when the securities markets improved the price came up, but it has never come within seven points of the price at which the public was asked to buy. And yet the security for that loan was excellent. However, that fiasco gave a black eye to the foreign-bond business; at least to the bonds of the smaller nations.

"The public is not concerned with bankers' errors of judgment, but with the profit or loss shown by its investments. Of course these bonds have not defaulted. The Balkan government, I understand, was sore as blazes because it realized its credit had been hurt by the break in the price of its bonds, and nobody is happy unless it is some hardy speculator or other who bought the bonds near the bottom and took his profit later. This incident, I may add, was during the early stages of what you call the foreign-bond epidemic."

"How about any bonds defaulting?" I asked.

"Only one instance so far, and that was another case of the bankers being somewhat to blame. A city in South America issued bonds to refund an old loan and to pay for a bridge to connect it with the other side of the river. The public was assured the money was to be spent in the United States to pay for the bridge material. It was all true enough; but Brooklyn and Manhattan got along with ferries for decades after the population of the combined cities exceeded 1,000,000. Well, the bankers sold the bonds. Although the issue was secured by a lien on certain taxes, the other day we got the announcement that the bonds were in default. The price broke. Again it was bad judgment, insufficient study, too much anxiety to keep the salesmen occupied. I admit these things hurt the bankers, but I maintain that they form an insignificant percentage of the total. When all is said and done, we are using only a trifle more than a twentieth of our great savings in all these foreign bonds."

Other People's Sick Babies

"I AM less interested in such statistics than in the danger from overeager bond-selling firms. I refer to those prominent houses that made what you call errors of judgment. They are among the houses that the public would look to for sound methods and safe advice. How do such houses make such mistakes and survive?"

"My boy," answered my friend, "it is perfectly wonderful how many mistakes a banking house can make with impunity. It is nothing short of amazing."

I thought of the public—of the Americans who were smart enough to make and save money, our best brains, our thriftiest citizens; and I also thought of the great Barnum, who said that there was one born every minute. There must be millions of survivors if certain bond dealers can escape punishment indefinitely.

I was inclined to doubt it. I called on the head of a firm that is to be classed among the most successful bond retailers in the United States.

I put the question to him. He answered:

"Well, I think three errors like those you've mentioned are all that any house can permit itself—if it is to continue in business. Our bond buyers are not fools. Not long ago our firm promoted a company that went into a receiver's hands. We got on the job; and although the business was liquidated so that both the creditors and the stockholders received 100 cents on the dollar, I want to tell you that we felt the bad effects of the failure to such an extent that I have no hesitation in saying that another such

error of judgment would seriously cripple us, and two more would probably force us to go out of business.

"You know, if you have any knowledge, that we are fairly successful. It has put us under a very heavy expense. That overhead of ours would wipe us off the map unless we did a very large business, and we cannot do that big business if our name is associated with failures. Clients cease to be clients when they lose money through following our advice. Nobody is in business to make customers for other firms."

"Yes, but firms have made mistakes and are still doing business," I said. And then he showed me a private list of competitors' errors of judgment—all well-known houses, including two or three leading wholesalers and the best of the second rank of originating houses.

The list was headed, Other People's Sick Babies. It contained the names of twenty banking houses that had scored bad misses—that is, had sponsored issues, foreign and domestic, that no firm should have brought out. If the public fails to subscribe at once for an issue of bonds, all that may happen is an error of judgment on the part of the originating house and the loss is chiefly the banker's. But when the banker who buys makes a mistake as to the value of the issue and succeeds in selling it at a high price, the public loses money; and then the bankers lose prestige—and business. It is the worst of mistakes.

In the list of the invalids, twelve out of the twenty houses had each one such ailing infant to its debit; six had two; one had three, and one had six. The firm that had the half dozen was formerly one of the successful ones in Wall Street. It was founded by men who were energetic and competent and studied values carefully and intelligently. They developed a large and profitable following and had many successes to their credit. Today one seldom hears of the firm in connection with important deals. The misses were too frequent. Among the other firms were some of the best known and still successful houses. In the old days such firms consisted of individuals whose standing in the community was determined by their worth. Their word, their guaranties and their reputation were personal. Nowadays several of the old established houses have incorporated. Some of these investing or securities companies are adjuncts to banks that are not allowed by law to engage in certain highly profitable operations connected with the buying and selling of securities on a large scale.

It is pretty difficult to be both a wholesaler and retailer and not be an unfair competitor. As an originating house, such a concern may buy an entire issue which it and its fellow retailers will sell to the public. It gives the distributors the opportunity to subscribe for a certain amount of the issue on a certain date. But they can't begin to sell until they know the price and the amount of their allotment.

Jobber Competes With Retailer

A DEALER whose firm is so well established that he cannot be accused of envy or petty jealousy made no bones about saying for publication what all the others were willing to say in confidence:

"Time and again we have been made aware of the impossibility of getting a square deal from a jobber who also was a direct competitor. If this concern brings out an issue of the success of which it is in doubt, it waits till it sees the responses of the retailers before it allots. If the dealers' subscriptions prove that they are convinced the public will absorb it readily, their allotments are made small so that the concern's own salesmen will have more to sell. If, on the other hand, the dealers are shy about sending liberal subscriptions, then allotments are made in full or even exceeded. The opinions of a thousand experts, as reflected by their requests, are actually used to their detriment and to the profit of the originating concern. Then its salesmen know what is coming and they get a start of from two to forty-eight hours over their competitors, who also are clients.

"The other day a very large issue of bonds of one of our corporations was brought out. Several massive brass bands were employed to prepare the public for it days in advance. The date decided on for receiving subscriptions was a Saturday, which is a bad day for such an operation because it allows only two hours to do the selling in and a good start means much to the success of such a large offering.

"Now on Thursday the salesmen of the originating house began selling the new and still unannounced issue. Perhaps they were overzealous and the head of the concern knew nothing about it. On Friday they were going strong, while the evening papers said the offering would be made the next day and the great originating firm would have to sell almost a million a minute to make it a go. Then on Sunday the world at large knew that the colossal loan had been a sensational success.

"When we and our fellow retailers came to try to sell our much-cut-down allotments, we found that somebody had been there before us. Of course there was a howl, but not in the newspapers. We don't like to do our laundry work in public. What was the use of complaining about the underallotments? The company could tell us that they did the work and took the risk and it was their deal and they were entitled to the big profit. Weren't they?"

The originating syndicate's commission is about a third of the retailer's. Both commissions are earned by a concern which is interested in both the primary and the secondary distribution. Dealers assured me that a concern will often tell them that unless they take a big slice of the less easily vendible issues they need not expect to get much of an allotment of the good things that will come along in due time.

(Continued on Page 132)

THE KIND DUKE

By F. E. BAILY

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

FREDERICA looked up at him, in her glance all the strange wisdom of a girl concerning a man in whom she has aroused love. The duke stood at a little distance, folding her in impalpable arms, burning before her imperceptible incense, singing in his soul inaudible love songs, outwardly bereft of words.

"Forgive my occupying your own room," said Frederica, and her clear tones, like cool bright waves of the sea, caught, momentarily, his breath from him. "They asked me into your sitting room, but some woman's been there and I simply can't stand the reek of cheap scent. I shan't stay more than a minute. I dined out, I've come straight from the theater and I'm going on to dance at the Blue Moon."

"Not some woman, Frederica," answered Rollo earnestly. "I gave a dinner party for three girls. They are quite simple and charming, nice, happy, jolly, sensible creatures. True, they aren't rich, but I suppose the instinct for perfume is born in every woman and she simply uses what some man can afford to give her."

Frederica put aside the book, clasped white arms behind her head, and continued:

"My dear Rollo, you may ask one girl or three girls or thirty; but if you're going mad, I want everyone to understand clearly that it isn't my fault. I like you quite well; but because I don't choose to marry you, I simply won't be responsible for your actions."

"But, Frederica, who on earth would expect it of you?" inquired Rollo mildly, giving her a cigarette and taking one himself.

"Your mother, for one. Mind, I've nothing against the duchess. I think she's a stodgy Victorian sort of woman, and it's ridiculous of her to keep up a big house in Hertford Street that she can't afford, and live uncomfortably in state when she might wallow luxuriously in a very decent flat; but that's her own affair. I do object to her ringing me up and accusing me of driving you to the dogs, or wherever a man goes when he can't have what he wants."

"But I haven't seen my mother for at least a week."

"They exhibit an appalling instinct of self-preservation where their children are concerned. Besides, there is a man called Scrymgeour. The Scrymgeours appear to be the watchdogs of the Jermyns—jackals to the lions, pilot fish to the sharks, all that sort of thing. You have seen the man Scrymgeour. He called on your mother, full of woe. He said you were about to be entangled, principally with some typist of his and after that with any girl who would look at you. He said you were going to run through all your money endowing a home for girls in reduced circumstances, and personally he wouldn't be surprised if you were to marry some quite impossible person. Your mother rang me up this evening and asked what I had done."

"Why you in particular?"

Frederica smiled, and there were poison and death in her smile.

"Because my lord had looked with favor on his slave; because you contemplated throwing me the handkerchief, or whatever pretty metaphor old ladies of your mother's age use; because you were known to be an admirer of mine; because I'm a girl and she's a woman. If my remains had been found in the river, no one would have blamed you; but then women have a little sense and men are still imbeciles. They would have known I had some good reason for drowning myself; they expect you to be so irresponsible that a girl has to take the blame if you make a fool of yourself. It's called the equality of the sexes."

"I would rather die," declared Rollo with mournful pride, "than that a hair of your head ——"

"My maid and my hairdresser will take care of the hairs of my head, thank you," Frederica interrupted; "and you, or your mother, or both of you, or anyone on this green earth, including the woman with the cheap scent, can take care of your reputation; but I won't"

She rose and cast her cloak about her.

"Perhaps," she ended dangerously, "you would be kind enough to see me to my car."

"Oh, quite, quite! I must apologize for the inconvenience to you. It is due to a misapprehension I shall hasten to remove," returned Rollo, not un-Jermynlike in manner, so that Frederica paused briefly, her hazel eyes a shade wider. "Indeed, it's very good of you to come and tell me. I shall never forget your kindness. Topping night for a dance, if one felt like dancing."

He handed her to the crimson coupé with supreme care and it fussed away, screaming wildly on its intermediate gears. He went back into his quiet room and stood at gaze.

"There," murmured his broken heart, "she sat; against that chair she reclined; on that piece of carpet her feet rested; it was there she paused to receive her cloak."

His mind returned to the dinner party and its guests, and he sighed.

"They were perfect dears, but there it is; some of them were a little overdone and some a little underdone. In Frederica one sees perfection, but I'm in love with Frederica and I don't want to be in love with Peggy and Marta and Muriel." He wrinkled his nose half unconsciously. "Three curiously hideous names, though they can't help that, of course. Certainly Peggy's scent was oppressive. But then jolly, hearty people lack the finer sensibilities; and if I give Peggy better perfume, no doubt she will use it; and one's godchildren are a matter of destiny rather than design. Of course, this is all very stupid about my mother, but then life has a way of being stupid at times."

So saying, he wound up his watch, passed into pajamas and slept.

It was immediately after breakfast that General Barragan rang up; and although Rollo could not see the expression of craft and subtlety on that warrior's countenance, yet there had entered into the ducal psychology the same sense of shyness and avoidance which causes the wild bird to swerve from the snare, it knows not why.

"Come and lunch with me, my dear boy," purred General Barragan over the wire. "You mustn't mope around by yourself just now. What about a bite at the Ambassadors' at one-ish? I should be delighted."

"I'm rather too busy today, thank you. Some other time. Kind of you to bother."

"I'd almost counted on it," continued the purring voice. "I've got an important message for you from a lady."

"The lady will have to wait a bit, I fear."

"I don't think she will; she's not in the habit of waiting. As a matter of fact, it's not a message so much as a tip from the stable. I'm afraid the clouds are gathering about your head, and forewarned is forearmed."

"My dear man, what the devil is the mystery about? There's no good saying 'All is discovered, fly!' because my conscience is perfectly clear."

"I dined with your mother last night," sighed General Barragan, reaching the point at last. "I regret to say she is extremely anxious about you."

"Well, come and take potluck here. It's your turn to lunch with me. One o'clock. G'-by."

General Barragan had been known to admit, under pressure, that he was the best-dressed officer on the retired list; and leaving his perfect tweeds out of the question, the essential rightness of his shoes, spats and hat as he descended from his taxicab lingered in the mind. During luncheon he retailed with gusto the latest good story, the newest bit of scandal. Over a cigar and coffee he took on a paternal air.

"The eagles are gathering together in earnest," he began solemnly.

"Make a clean breast of it, eagles and all," besought his host, gazing moodily at the ceiling.

"I come into the affair as innocent as a babe unborn. Never forget that. The duchess spoke to me on the telephone yesterday evening and practically commanded me to dine with her in Hertford Street. I was engaged for dinner already, but casting aside three very old friends, wrecking a perfect bridge four, I obeyed. I found my hostess deeply distressed, and, I'm afraid, greatly annoyed. Pardon me, my dear boy, but you seem to have been just a little rash. Someone called Scrymgeour, your man of business apparently, had brought the duchess most alarming news. Not only did he suspect an entanglement between you and one of his typists, but you appeared, he said, to be mixing yourself up with all and sundry young

"My Maid and My Hairdresser Will Take Care of the Hairs of My Head, Thank You," Frederica Interrupted

women of the stage under some plea of welfare work. He considered you might even make the most unsuitable marriage at any moment. Your excuse, he alleged, was a broken heart. He implored your mother to use what influence she could with anyone who might conceivably have broken your heart, and left her a prey to the most profound anxiety."

"I will sue Scrymgeour for libel, or slander, or both," said the duke. "Go on."

"Come, come! Remember this is merely my impression of an account of someone else's story given me by a very agitated lady. You could hardly call it evidence. The duchess begged for my advice, which I'm afraid wasn't very helpful. I said the whole situation appeared to me vague. I repeated nothing of what you told me, for of course you spoke in confidence. She asked if I would have a little chat with you and I promised to do what I could. She was about to ring up a girl when I left who might throw light on the situation. There, as far as I know, the matter rests."

General Barragan paused and looked his host in the eye.

"My dear Jermyn, a typist in your own solicitor's office!" he repeated gravely. "She is no doubt a virtuous girl. Think of the scandal when your names are linked, as linked they will be! You are unhappy; granted. You propose to deaden your sorrows by seeking consolation elsewhere. It is not an uncommon remedy. But there are ways and ways of doing it, and some are expedient and some are not. Take a trip to Paris by all means. Beauty knows no frontiers. Go to the deuce if you like, but not here, not with a respectable young person intimately acquainted, as she must be, with your family and social standing. Remember in these days of Bolshevism our class has a certain standard to maintain."

"I can understand my mother jumping to conclusions because Scrymgeour has a mind like a sink," exclaimed Rollo, "but upon my soul you ought to know better—after all I confided in you, and you heard what I said to Dorian. Does a man whose most sacred emotions have been torn to shreds by the one girl who—well, let us leave that subject—does he start a vulgar flirtation at once with somebody else? Have a little sense, for heaven's sake!"

"I am a man of the world. I heard what you said to Dorian, but I declined to take it seriously; and as for a vulgar flirtation, if everyone gives you credit for it, how much better off will you be because, as you say, it doesn't exist?"

Fighting desperately for calm, the duke rose from his chair.

"I have adopted three girls as my godchildren," he asserted. "One is my own solicitor's typist, one is a chorus girl and one is some kind of artist. They all dined here last night. We were very happy and jolly and sensible, and we are going on being happy and jolly and sensible. There's no use your sitting there looking like a locked stable after the horse has been stolen, or a man who's bought a gold brick for fourpence and finds it really is gold; and I don't want to hear what you think, because there's only one thing the sort of person you are would think; and the answer is that three girls are too many for anything of that kind. And now I shall be glad if you will go, because I have a great deal to do."

II

IN THE days that followed, many an honest society mother gave way to despair, rocking herself to and fro in the ecstasy of her grief. Head waiters and manikins murmured among themselves that His Grace of Jermyn had gone mad. He was seen in a box at the Folly Theater with three young ladies of whom no one had ever heard, let alone knew by sight; he gave a party for them at the Ambassadors' Club, dancing with each in turn; people observed him at the Godown Park Race Meeting accompanied by the mysterious trio, dressed not altogether as damsels whom dukes ordinarily delight to honor array themselves. The climax arrived when one black Monday a pictorial daily reproduced a photograph accompanied by the explanation, Fashion's Church Parade: the Duke of Jermyn and Three Friends Walking in Hyde Park Yesterday

With startled eyes, the duchess gazed upon it. She beheld her son, silk hatted and morning coated, accompanied by Muriel, Peggy and Marta in all their radiance. Maintaining as best she might some semblance of composure, she instructed the butler to summon his grace instantly by telephone.

An hour later Rollo paused in the bleak splendor of the Hertford Street hall before pursuing slowly the faded path of the carpet to his mother's boudoir. She sat erect at one of those uncomfortable bureaus with no room for the knees, stately, white-haired, tyrannical, her Norman profile jutting out over her waisted figure like some bossy headland subduing the ineffectual waves.

"Good morning, mother," he said, and paused.

The cold blue eye of the duchess surveyed him from head to foot.

"My dear boy," she began, "I have been tactful long enough. When Scrymgeour came with a story I could scarcely believe, I contented myself with dropping a few hints. But now, with this before me, a photograph in a terrible newspaper, it is time to speak plainly. Who are these young women?"

Rollo sighed.

"They are Muriel, Peggy and Marta, and I have adopted them as sort of godchildren. I shall never marry, because the only girl I could love has refused me. It seemed a beautiful revenge to give a helping hand to other girls who happen to be hard up. We are awfully jolly and sensible and happy together, rather like brother and sisters. I'm sure you will quite understand, because they are good girls and you are a good woman. I think goodness in women is a great safeguard, don't you?"

"My son," replied the duchess, "'good' is only a relative term as regards women when there is a man in question. Good women are not good over men, at any rate not when young. I was not good myself. I can afford to admit it at my age. As a young girl, I was a scheming cat, like any other healthy female with the necessary looks, and what was the result? I married your poor father and became a duchess. In spite of my birth and training, I lured him into marriage, and you cannot expect more restraint from three young persons of no known ancestry. Each of your curious friends is already your wife in her own imagination."

"I am afraid you're a little prejudiced. You listen to people like Scrymgeour, who has a sordid outlook, and old Barragan, who has a scandalous mind. Peggy and Marta and Muriel are far too fond of one another to be rivals."

"Fiddlesticks, Rollo! All women are rivals, married or single, common or aristocratic, unless they happen to be feeble-minded. Men are our natural prey. You might as well expect cats to give up catching mice as suggest that three girls won't tear one another's eyes out to capture an eligible man."

"There is one girl at any rate who will tear no one's eyes out on my account," declared Rollo mournfully. "It is she, as a matter of fact, who has made me safe from pursuit even if there were any pursuit to be safe from. Really, you are distressing yourself without cause."

"I suppose you mean Frederica Lune. Of course, you've only yourself to blame in that direction. She's a spoiled, modern girl; she has money of her own which she makes in her ridiculous hat shop, and she thinks that because she can be independent, as she calls it, she's created a new heaven and a new earth. As long as you behave like a whipped puppy you'll never get her. I object to being the mother of a whipped puppy, but I simply will not tolerate this harem of yours, Rollo."

Continued on Page 98

"Well, I Met Him First. I Shall Never Forget It. He Was Such a Darling to Me," Declared Muriel

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 30, 1925

The Lords' Dilemma

UPPER chambers, it is often said, are a necessary evil, but the British House of Lords, as at present constituted, has the distinction of being unnecessary without any capacity for evil whatever. Since the crisis over the Lloyd George budget, when the power to interfere in money matters was taken away from them, the Lords have been little more than an august and rather dull debating society.

When the Lords threw out the Lloyd George budget in 1910, Premier Asquith made a demand on the throne for the creation of three hundred new peers, which would have raised the membership in the Lords to nearly one thousand and conveyed control of the house to the Liberals. Rather than risk this wholesale swamping of their order, the Lords consented to the Asquith Parliament Act of 1911, which took all voice in money matters from them by providing that the consent of the Lords would not be necessary to any money bill passed by the Commons in three consecutive sessions. Inasmuch as the power to decide what is a money bill was vested in the speaker of the House of Commons, the Upper Chamber has been impotent ever since on all points touching revenue and taxation. A socialistic or radical government could tax wealth to the vanishing point or institute a capital levy, and the House of Lords would not be able to raise a finger to prevent either step. Realizing this, my lords temporal and my lords spiritual are coming around grudgingly to the point where they may yield up their hollow sham of power to make way for a reformed body with less blue blood and more teeth.

The most advanced step in that direction was taken recently in the House of Lords itself when Lord Birkenhead, once the most vociferous of Die-hards, laid down a definite reform proposal. Birkenhead made it clear that the proposal was his own and not that of the Baldwin government, in which he holds portfolio as Secretary for India, but his move was manifestly the first shot of the campaign. It is understood, in fact, that the leaders of both the Conservative and the Liberal parties recognize the necessity for reform and are ready to support any practical measure. Birkenhead's proposal, in brief, was to cut the membership of the Lords from seven hundred to three hundred and to give at least one hundred and twenty seats to men of wide administrative or military experience. The remaining seats would be filled by hereditary peers selected from the present membership and by a certain number of temporary peers known as "Lords of Parliament" to be appointed by the Prime Minister of the day. He proposed also several radical departures in parliamentary procedure, including joint sessions of the two houses, the right of ministers to speak in both houses and, finally, the restoration of the Upper Chamber's right to a voice on money bills.

The Birkenhead plan, which clearly has been launched to inaugurate discussion, is not likely to find any very general measure of support. It would tear down the present structure and take the prized ermine robe from at least four-fifths of the present peerage, which may prove a more potent cup of hemlock than the aristocracy can be persuaded willingly to quaff. On the other hand, it is not at all likely that the Commons would share their control of money matters with an upper house that was still more than half hereditary. The reform will have to be more thorough before the Commons will yield their hard-won advantage. It seems reasonably certain, in fact, that the hereditary system will have to be abandoned before the financial veto will be ceded back to the Upper Chamber.

Popularly elected assemblages are prone to rush through ill-considered and undigestible legislation, which can be checked or toned down or even rejected through the calmer deliberations of a permanent or long-term upper body. But to be of any use the upper chamber must share power with the elective body. The reform of the House of Lords should have been put through in 1911. Instead of leaving it a hereditary house without a shred of real authority, the British would have been wise to put the Upper Chamber then on a basis where a division of power would have been possible.

Tariff Hands Across the Sea

THE history of the United States Tariff Commission is allied to political inconsistency. Pretending to believe in the so-called scientific determination of a tariff duty, we were not politically strong enough to make a test of it. Instead of establishing a nonpartisan commission we established a bipartisan commission. We finally adopted a so-called flexible tariff, a tariff with a sliding scale, the sliding being done by the President, after investigation of the circumstances surrounding the particular commodity by the tariff commission, on recommendation of the commission. The plan does not seem to work to the satisfaction of anyone, politics considered or disregarded, as illustrated in the cases of wheat and sugar. The reason for this, we opine, is largely due to the fact that it is very difficult, perhaps impossible, to determine the differences in costs of production of competing goods at home and abroad. But we took up the system as an aid in the administration of a frankly and definitely protective policy. It is now most interesting to learn that it is proposed in Great Britain to adopt a similar system in order to avoid a frank policy of protection.

The semi or pseudo protection plan of the Baldwin government is projected somewhat as follows: Whenever an industry desires an import tariff for the protection of its product it is to lodge an appeal with the Board of Trade. The appeal is to be submitted by the Board of Trade to a special committee of investigation. Hearings are to be held and the industry must pass a sort of admission examination. The findings of the committee of the Board of Trade must be accepted by the board, and must then be accepted by the Treasury. With the approval of the Board of Trade and the Treasury, the government will then propose an import duty to the House of Commons, before which each industry must stand on its own feet and fight its own case for protection. If the duty proposed is adopted, this will apply to all countries outside the United Kingdom; there seems to be no provision for discrimination in favor of the Dominions or any other nation. In the case of each commodity under discussion, the purpose of the tariff duty is scientifically to equalize competition, or, more specifically, such duties would be recommended as "would be reasonably sufficient to countervail unfair competition." The duties would be imposed for a limited period only, the position to be then subjected to fresh examination with new decision for continuance or repeal of the duty. No duty would be imposed on any food or drink; British brewers and distillers apparently have no claim to protection against unfair competition. And the provisions of the project are evidently framed with the view to safeguard the interests of labor, at least to take full cognizance of the political reactions of organized labor.

The industry seeking protection must offer a proposal that passes seven tests: 1. The industry must be one of importance, as judged by the nature of the product and volume of employment of labor. 2. By reason of importation of foreign goods, employment in the industry is "being or is likely to be seriously affected." 3. The foreign goods are being imported at prices below which domestic goods can be "profitably produced or manufactured in the United Kingdom." 4. Foreign goods are being imported, or stored, in excessive amounts, leading to danger of monopoly. 5. The foreign goods proceed from countries where the conditions in respect of working hours, rates of wage, depreciated currency, subsidies, bonuses, freight or fuel subventions or other artificial advantages operate to make competition unfair. 6. The home industry must make a reasonable showing of being efficient and well managed. 7. The tariff duty must not lead to curtailment of use of the product in question by other industries, with resultant depression of employment of labor.

Time will tell whether this is a sincere attempt to introduce protection to particular industries, largely with the view of relieving them of postwar embarrassments, or a political gesture designed to offer the semblance of protection while maintaining the substance of free trade. Obviously the administration of the proposed act would vary with the political complexion of Parliament and the existing cabinet.

Strictly considered, the idea is not so different from that of our present tariff, except that we have arrived at it from the opposite direction. In both cases the difficulty is identical—the enormous difficulty of determining and contrasting the costs of production in different countries.

Loafing Made Easy

THE dole system in Great Britain was begun as an emergency measure after the Armistice, when the soldiers had to be redistributed back into civil life and there were not jobs enough to go around. It has been continued ever since and is becoming a more serious problem all the time. The total paid out since 1918 has now passed the billion dollar mark.

The cost of maintaining the system is not its worst feature, however. A greater danger lies in the fact that the dole is becoming popular. A large proportion of the recipients are quite reconciled to their lot. Life on the dole list may not be a gay one, but it is easy. Why work when one may live on the government?

Still more pernicious is the effect of the system on the younger generation. Boys and girls on reaching the age when it becomes necessary to make a living for themselves do not now accept the inevitability of work as they once did. Ramsay MacDonald referred recently to what he termed the "unemployable mind" of the boys and girls just out of school, which indicates how serious the situation has become.

This socialistic and definitely disastrous experiment will end when trade revives, but it is not at all certain that the upward trend in conditions will come soon enough to prevent the inevitable deterioration in morale. In the meantime, British statesmen are seeking rather feverishly for temporary remedies. The only feasible suggestion to date is that advanced by Sir Alfred Mond, who believes that the dole money might be diverted to subsidize employers and thus create work for the idle. However, it seems quite certain that labor which accepts the dole in cash would reject it in the form of poorly paid employment. So John Bull goes on pauperizing his idle millions and waiting for the day when prosperity will dawn again.

All of which goes to prove that charity should not only begin but end at home. It is not a function of government.

THE LIMITATION OF NAVAL ARMAMENT

By CURTIS D. WILBUR
SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

IN CONSIDERING the protection afforded to the crew and to the vitals of a battleship, it should be remembered that the question of the effect of high explosives against armor is not a new one, and has been made the subject of frequent tests during the history of the Navy. Such a test was made in 1900 when Congress appropriated money to conduct tests with the Gathmann torpedo gun as compared with the 12-inch army-service rifle. This test was conducted at the Army Proving Ground at Sandy Hook.

This debate between guns, as it was called, was conducted by a joint board of officers of the Army and the Navy. In reporting the results to Congress the board said:

"By the Gathmann system it was proposed to detonate a large quantity of gun cotton against the side of an armored vessel without any attempt at penetrating the armor. It was claimed by the promoters of the system that the volume of gas produced by the explosion could be made to expend its force against the armor, and on the effect of this force the destructive energy of the system depended. *It was claimed* that a single shot would destroy a battleship.

"The method used in the 12-inch army-service rifle contemplated, first, penetration of the armor, and then the detonation of a high explosive contained in a thick-walled projectile. Thus there is involved the destruction of the armor, of the structure of the vessel, of the armament and interior mechanism, and of the personnel."

After the three rounds from both guns, the board reported its conclusions as follows:

"After a careful consideration of the effect of the various impacts on the respective targets of the Gathmann gun and the 12-inch army-service rifle, the board finds that none of the impacts from the Gathmann gun would have endangered a modern battleship; that the Gathmann system is not effective as a means of attacking armored vessels, and that any one of the shots from the 12-inch army-service rifle would have wrought serious injury to a modern battleship as regards its buoyancy, the interior mechanism, the armament and the personnel."

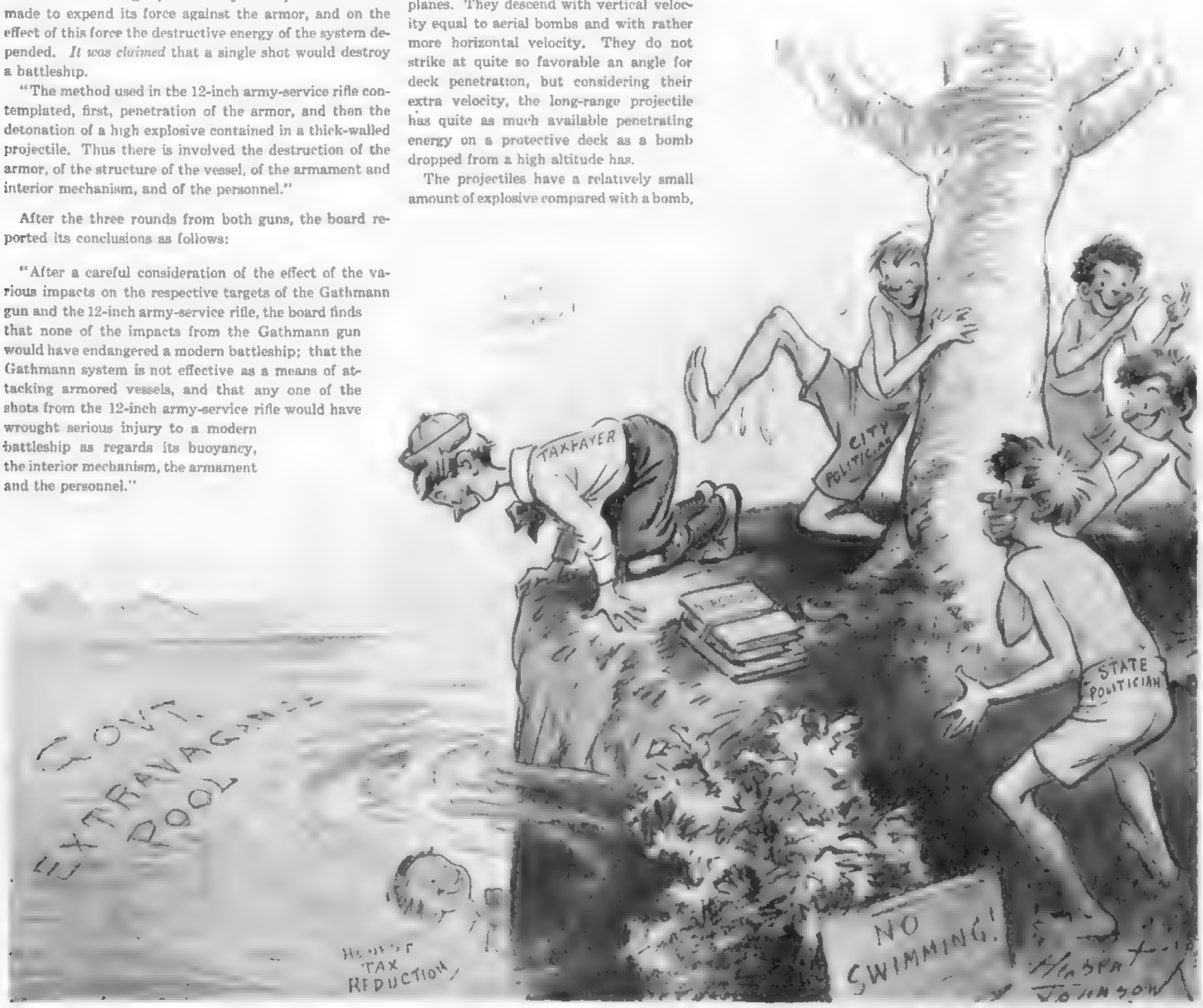
The significance of these tests as regards the aerial bomb lies in the fact that the projectile, or bomb, from the Gathmann gun contained an explosive charge about equivalent to that in an 800-pound aerial bomb, and the shell had about fourteen times the striking force of an aerial bomb—34,610 foot tons as against 2480 foot tons when dropped from an altitude of 8000 feet. It appears from these experiments, as from those upon the Ostfriesland twenty-two years later, that such explosions above and outside the armor are of local and negligible effect upon the armor and what is behind it.

Consequently a bomb dropped from an aeroplane, no matter how much or how little explosive it carries, must penetrate the protective deck or the turrets in order seriously to impair the fighting qualities of an armored battleship.

It should be remembered that owing to the high angle of fire when firing at extreme range, projectiles get to as great heights as bombing planes. They descend with vertical velocity equal to aerial bombs and with rather more horizontal velocity. They do not strike at quite so favorable an angle for deck penetration, but considering their extra velocity, the long-range projectile has quite as much available penetrating energy on a protective deck as a bomb dropped from a high altitude has.

The projectiles have a relatively small amount of explosive compared with a bomb, because they must be built very solid to penetrate thick decks without breaking up. Fairly satisfactory deck-piercing bombs can be designed for use by aircraft. Their use, however, is not generally favored, because hits with them in the water near the ship would be ineffective, and decks would not be penetrated if low-hanging clouds prevented the plane from reaching the necessary altitude. The main point, however, is that it is impossible to have deck-piercing qualities of aerial bombs in combination with the large explosive charges which they now carry. To get through the decks they need about as much metal in them as projectiles do, and when they are built for this purpose they can carry practically only the smaller amount of explosive now carried by projectiles of equal weight. Thus, present bombs are confined to explosive action above protective decks, and if it is attempted to modify

(Continued on Page 169)



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Beyond the seventh tee.

He set his treasurer to grub
The names from books and correspond
With each and every golfing dub,
Commanding him to join the club
And promptly buy a bond.

And as they put each sap on ice,
The treasurer expressed his views:
"We'ave an assessment round him thrice,
And later, Kahn, take my advice
And raise the Xanadues."

—Walter Trumbull.

What and How System Did for Me

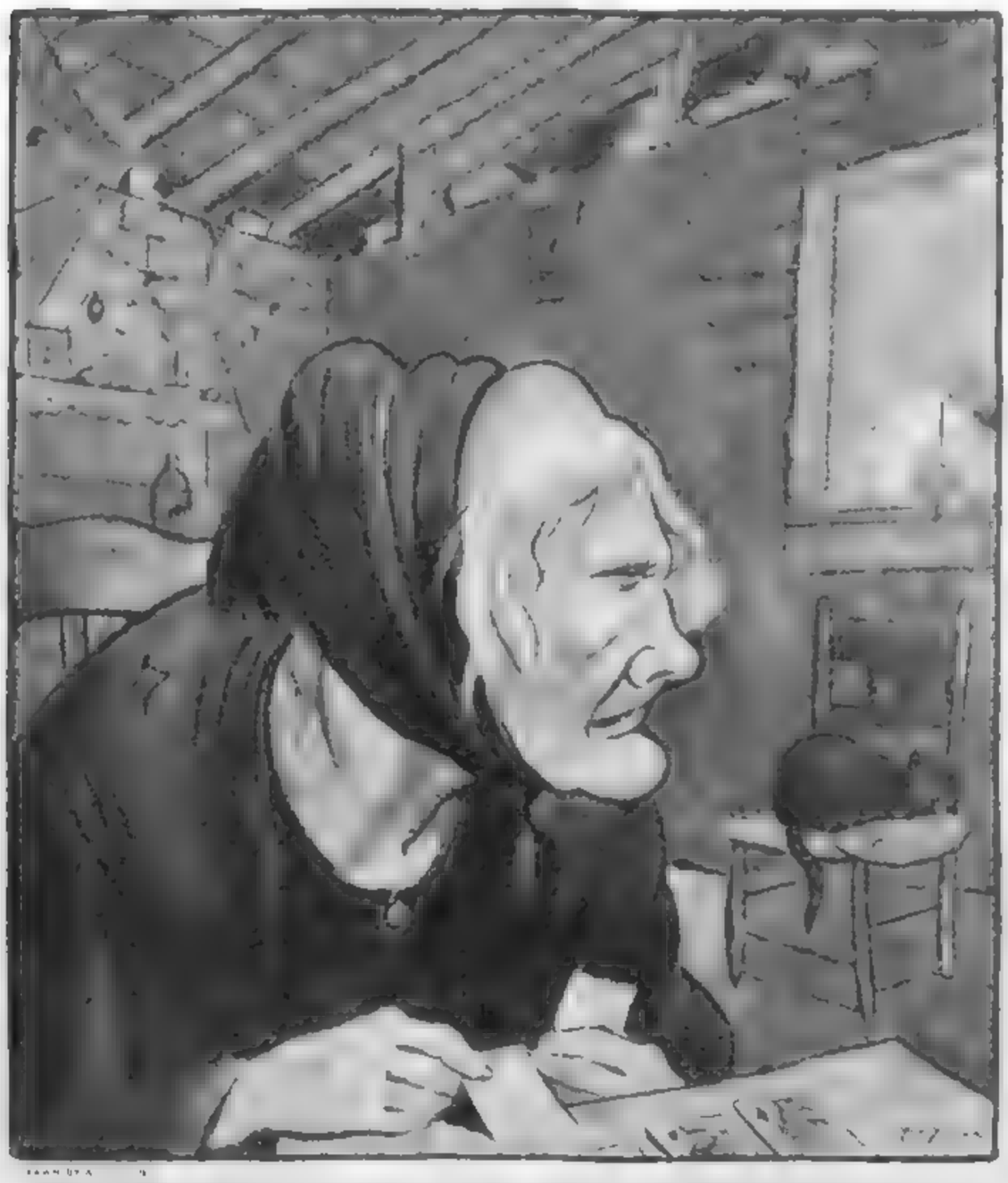
SUCCESS has come harder to me than to most men because I did not get the right kind of start. I did not come to America as a poor immigrant without a penny in my pocket. I never had a chance to peddle newspapers as a boy. I was not taken out of school at the age of twelve; I took a degree in the university, with a postgraduate course in business administration. I did not start at the bottom rung of the ladder and steal the ladder, as is customary among successful men. On the contrary, I inherited from my father a thriving diabolo manufactory, one of the largest and most prosperous diabolo manufactories in the diabolo world.

I found the business in a disgraceful condition. No system; no organization. All the rules of scientific production and marketing were disregarded; the plant was merely turning out diabolo sets and selling them as fast as possible.

I had been an A man in business management, and I knew the importance of correlations, coördinations, interdepartmental departmentalizations, extra-organizational

(Continued on Page 64)

Old Town Old Timers



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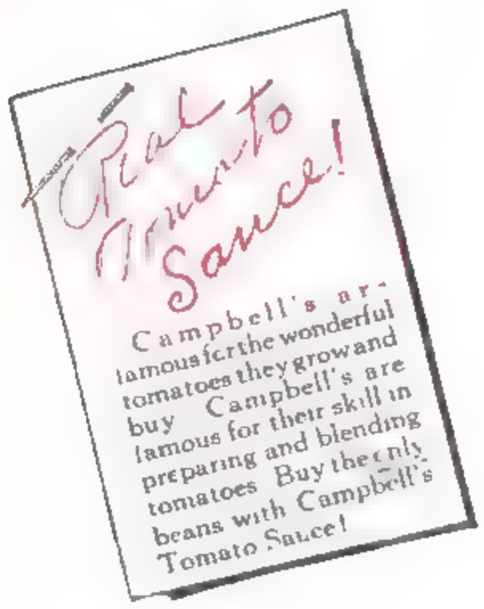
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AN IMPERFECT IMPOSTOR

VII

By Norman Venner

ILLUSTRATED BY MAT WILSON PRESTON

DIFFICULTIES began to crowd in upon Jeremy Laytree from the moment he tried to take the position of Lord Amlett. There were papers to sign, shoals of them, and he dodged signing them until they could be put off no longer. Then he threw discretion to the winds and signed hundreds.

"That's all right," said Olivia cheerfully. "When Arthur comes back, if he doesn't like your writing he can sign 'em all over again. Serves him right."

"You're not very helpful, really, you know," said Jeremy. "I suppose you know that in the strictly legal and asinine sense all those signatures are forgeries."

"Nonsense!" said Olivia. "You haven't done it for your own profit. You've made nothing out of it. It's not as though you were feathering your own nest."

"No," said Jeremy, "it isn't. I haven't really got a nest."

Then there were bills. It was really colossal, the heaps of bills presented to him by Wilkins, Lord Amlett's agent. Jeremy had refused to look at them. They had piled up for weeks after the death of Philip in the motor accident, and something would really have to be done about it soon. Ordinary current expenditure was all seen to by the agent through the general estate account, but these were special and urgent expenses.

"If I tell Wilkins to see to them he'll begin to smell a rat. If I let 'em hang over too long he'll think it queer. If I don't get some ready cash soon I'll be in Queer Street. Look here, Olivia, I believe we're reaching the end of our tether. I'll tell you what—let's run away, just you and I together; beat it now and put a notice in the papers to say that Lord Amlett has gone abroad. Then we could be married—just you and I."

"You are a dear," she answered, rumpling his hair. "But it won't do. You've got to see it through."

"Lady Dorothy and Aleck Thane and all that? Tell me, what about Aleck Thane?"

"Well, what about him?"

"Are you—fond of him?"

"Yes, a little. He's an old friend. But don't get ideas into your head. I'm not going to marry him. In fact, I've told him so. So that's that."

"Exit Mr. Thane?"

"Not exactly. I'm not quite clear in my mind about him. He's queer. When I told him he didn't seem surprised. He made vague hints. Has he given you any indication that he suspects anything?"

"Bags of them," said Jeremy. "He looks at me as though I owed him something. But I don't think he suspects who I am, really, unless he's been reading Alice in Wonderland. It's not the sort of thing that would strike one, exactly."

The conversation remained in his mind later as he wandered through the garden. Thane's attitude troubled him, but not so deeply perhaps as that of Lady Dorothy. He spent his days avoiding one or the other of them. He hated meeting them. He feared every moment he might give himself away. As he passed through the rose garden he fancied he caught a glimmer of moving color down by the sundial. He slipped out of the garden into the apple orchard, but his maneuver did not help him. Lady Dorothy was waiting for him, a striking figure in pale yellow that could not be overlooked.

"Ah," she said, "at last! I have been looking for you everywhere. Why have you not been to see me? I have expected you these past three days."

She led the way back to the rose garden. There they would be invisible from the castle.

"I have been up to the eyes in work," said Jeremy. "I am sorry."

"Since you would not come to me, I am come to you," she said, with a faint note of pathos.

"You See, Somewhere in the World There Is One Man Always for One Woman"

"I am not worth your trouble," said Jeremy lightly.

"Only I can judge of that."

"I don't know about that," he answered.

He could feel tension in the air. This was no chance meeting. There was a look of decision about Lady Dorothy, and he set himself to beat it, to parry all her thrusts, to forestall her attacks, to avoid committing himself and so to escape the evil hour when he must admit one more person into the secret he had already kept so badly.

"You see, worth is such a comparative term."

"It's not comparative when it's a personal matter," said Lady Dorothy. "I admit that everything is relative. But even so, I suppose I can be allowed to know the relative worth of my own feelings. Only I know from what they spring. Only I know where they lead. Do you know, since I have come back, I find you changed in some way."

"I'm just the same silly ass I always was."

"You're wrong there," she said, sitting down on the stone steps beneath the dial. "Look!" She pointed to the words on the sundial:

Time flies, and man with time.
Man changes, but not time with man.

"All things change. You with them. You're different—in yourself, I mean."

"How?" said Jeremy.

This was safe enough, anyway. He looked down at her as she sat there, her shining pale-yellow dress making a startling note of color on the old gray stone.

"You're more direct, for one thing," said Lady Dorothy. "You don't bend to my opinions any more. I come up against hard little decisive points; when you said 'Bilge' about that book, you know, and other times. I think"—she paused and plucked a stalk of lavender, crushing it in her palms, so that the fresh keen perfume drifted up—"I think that I like you better. But I am disappointed; because you have changed apart from me, I mean. We were very near in mind at one time, Arthur."

She looked up at him.

"Yes, I suppose we were," he answered miserably.

"I was afraid that when you quarreled with poor Philip, and went away, you might grow away from all this. I was right; you have. You're not the same as you used to be."

"No; I suppose you're right," he admitted, not without a secret twinge of amusement.

"Neither am I," said Lady Dorothy. "I want to tell you something about myself. You know most of it—at least I thought you knew. But you seem to have forgotten."

She looked up at him, questioning.

"I've a rotten memory, you know," he said stupidly.

"You'll make me angry in a little while," she said in a cold, almost hostile tone. "Listen! I've never spoken to any man as I have spoken to you today. But that's not all. You shall hear everything. You'd better know me as I am. You know what my life has been—what the life of any woman situated as I have been must be. I've been my own mistress since I was of age, absolutely with no reservation whatever. I've got everything. I've always had everything—materially, I mean. I lacked only brothers. But I've been restless, uneasy. I've felt that dreadful uneasiness any woman must feel when she sees she's got everything and knows she's got nothing. I've never known reality."

Her quick fingers twisted tiny crumbs of plaster from the chinks of the steps. She was making her confession of faith, sitting there before him, her great eyes veiled, save when she lifted them suddenly to him; and it disturbed him profoundly, because he knew the only answer he could give was in itself an affront.

"You laugh at me now for being ultramodern. You laugh at my books, my fashions, my whims, my room. I can't help being as I am. I'm what my century has made me. If you want me different, make me different! I'll go backward. I'll do anything you like. I'll let my hair grow. I'll go back to Milton; I'll be Victorian or anything you please. I don't care. Modernity is nothing to me. I'll always have my sense of humor; and if it helps me to get nearer to reality, then —— Arthur"—she put out a hand—"help me up!"

Jeremy put out his hand, bewildered, baffled by the conflicting changes of front. He couldn't fathom this woman. She began on one line of attack and switched off to another before he could breathe. She took his arm and they walked about the garden a little.

"Well," she said softly, "do you think I am a fool?"

"You don't expect me to answer that, do you?" said Jeremy. "Whether I say no or yes, it will not sound polite."

"Ah, there you are! Every time I put a direct question you avoid it. It doesn't matter what it is."

"A moment ago," said Jeremy, "you were telling me that I had achieved a more surprising directness of speech than ever you had known. I can't be the brusque outspoken man of few words and the elusive butterfly at one and the same time."

"But you shall answer," she said.

(Continued on Page 32)

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Premium Hams and Bacon

(Continued from Page 30

Her voice was low and soft, her great eyes shining. For Lady Dorothy had come to Pulldan with one idea in her mind—to bring matters to a head. She was not unintelligent, and she had been using her wits for all they were worth in the last few weeks. She had noticed a hundred odd details that Jeremy had hoped were unnoticed. She had seen his perplexity increase as the difficulties grew more insoluble. Now she intended to force the issue.

"Stop a moment," she said. They had reached the shade of a pergola of crimson ramblers at the far end of the garden. "Stop, I want to say something to you." She took her hand from his arm, came close to him. He could catch the faint fragrance of clove carnation as she bent toward him and then lifted her eyes. "Have your feelings changed toward me?" she asked at last.

"No," said Jeremy honestly. He could say that.

She put her other hand upon his shoulder.

"Tell me, when are we going to be married? Ah, I'm modern enough for that! It's the most vital thing in life, and I'm not going to be put off. Tell me, my dear one, tell me!"

The world swam round poor Jeremy. The rose trees seemed to be standing on their heads and the solid earth to wabble like a switchback. Then his brain cleared suddenly and he saw his course clear before him. Here was a decision with which he could not trifle. This touched rock-bottom reality. He removed her hand gently. Then he drew a deep breath and went in off the deep end:

"You had better know the truth now. I am not Lord Amlett."

It was out at last! The words which had seemed as though they would never be spoken had spoken themselves. He suddenly realized they were not the words he had intended to speak. He had meant to break off the engagement. That was the solution he had agreed upon with Olivia. But it was done now. The extraordinary, embarrassing conversation in the rose garden had driven him at last to a declaration of his own identity. Somehow he had been forced to cut clean through the mesh which surrounded him. Two short sentences and it was done.

"I never was Lord Amlett. I mean, I never was Arthur Arthurton. I'm somebody else. Don't you understand? I'm a cuckoo, a changeling, a sham antique. Heaven knows where Lord Amlett is; I don't. But I'm not he. It's all a spoof."

He glanced at her to see how she was taking it. He hardly knew what to expect.

He was not prepared for that unmoved, unemotional mask.

"Don't you understand? I admit it's a bit difficult to grasp. But I'm not Lord Amlett. That's the matter in a nutshell. What are you smiling about? I assure you it's nothing to smile about. It's a jolly serious business. I haven't been Lord Amlett ever since I came to Pulldan Castle. I mean, we changed places in London. And please, please believe me when I say I'd have given anything I possess to have spared you this. I tried to tell you before. I tried to tell you the first day I met you. I tried to make up my mind. But it wasn't easy. I was going away again. But all sorts of things began to happen. I'm sorry, deeply sorry. But it was not all my fault."

"Why are you apologizing?"

She was still smiling, a subtle smile, which seemed to come from deep within her brain.

"Why? But —— Dash it all —— I mean, Arthurton's a decent sort, and I hate ——"

"You are funny, you know. You look so rumpled when you are really upset and bothered. It was the first thing I liked about you, I think."

About this point Jeremy gave it up altogether. He would never fathom this woman. She was beyond him.

"I give it up," he said.

"You dear," she said softly. "Can't you understand? It's for me to apologize, and I do ask you to forgive me. I've known, if not quite from the first, at least for most of the time, that you were a fraud! It wasn't so very hard. There were all sorts of things. You couldn't possibly have been Arthur."

That slow, subtle smile persisted. He had gone in off the deep end right enough, but it did not seem to have done him very much good.

"Well," he said when his breath returned -"well, now you see, don't you?"

"But of course I don't see. What difference does it make? I'm not proposing to marry a title. I don't care whether you're Lord Amlett or just ordinary Tom Noddy."

"No, I'm not Tom Noddy; at least I don't think so. But, Dorothy—I suppose I'd better call you Lady Dorothy now ——"

"Why?"

"You see, I haven't known you very long."

She laughed at that, and then was serious. She began to realize that he was escaping the issue. He didn't want to marry her.

"Oh, don't think hardly of me," said Jeremy; "and keep the secret. Only a few people know it already, and the others suspect it. But keep it dark. I'm merely the *locum tenens*. Arthur beat it for the backwoods before his father died. And for goodness sake, have pity on me! I don't know whether I'm standing on my head or my heels."

He left an angry woman when he finally went on his way, for she had told him plainly as words could tell that she loved him, and he had told her as plainly as silence can tell that it was hopeless. She saw herself set on one side by an adventurer -she, who had pride and ancient lineage. He would have none of her. Then she thought of his halting attempts to quote and discuss poetry with her and her sense of humor came back so that she smiled. She stayed a long time alone in the rose garden, sitting on an old stone bench, until the shadows deepened and the bats came out, wheeling silently through the dusk. She rose and walked softly away, her pale-yellow dress showing across the darkened lawns like some errant and unhappy ghost.

Jeremy in the meantime had set off walking like a house on fire. Driven into a corner where he could no longer find any decent compromise, he had at last owned up. There was a sort of fierce satisfaction in that. He plunged his hands into his pockets to find a pipe. His hand came in contact with a small volume of poetry he had been reading at odd times. He pulled it out and flung it violently across the hedges.

"No more of that," he said, exulting.

He walked for miles, away across the hills into the dusk, trying to beat out some sensible solution of the problem. What if he just walked away now and never came back? What was there to stop him? There was Olivia; there was his word to the man whose place he had taken. That wouldn't do. Mile after mile he tramped, and then as darkness began to fall he retraced his steps, no nearer in his mind to any possible solution.

He found himself nearing the station. He was tired There might be a fly or a car down from the castle if the last train had not gone through. Yes, the station was lit up. That was fortunate. He went in, a bell rang, and a few minutes later the train came in.

Only one passenger got out—a man. Jeremy waited, but there was no sign of any fly or car. The one passenger seemed to be having an argument with old Milton, the station master. Obstinate old mule, Milton. Wonder what was the matter with the chap? Jeremy heard angry voices. The train had gone. He went into the office. The full light was upon him as he entered.

"Why, it's Mr. Laytree!" said the man. "He knows me. He'll answer for me, I'll be bound."

"That settles it," said the station master. "That's not Mr. Haytree, or any other tree; that's his lordship. My lord, this man says he's lost his ticket and I'm going to charge him with traveling with intent to defraud. Then you come in and he pretends to recognize you, begging your pardon, as a Mr. Haytree or something."

"But ——" began the man.

Jeremy silenced him with a look. Nothing could have been more unfortunate. He knew the man There was no doubt about that It was ex-Private Ballen, once his old army batman! What in the name of all that was wonderful he was doing there he couldn't think. Somehow he'd got to get out of the scrape. His mind worked swiftly.

"It's all right, Milton," he said. "As a matter of fact, I do know him. But why he should think my name is Maytree, I can't tell you. Shell shock, I expect. You ever been blown up by a shell?" he asked, hoping Ballan would tumble to it.

"No, sir," said Ballan.

"You idiot!" thought Jeremy. "Ever been buried

(Continued on Page 106)

"Thirteen Years Next Michaelmas, My Lord"

Why the Cadillac is the Most Desired of All Cars

WHY does the V-63 Cadillac stand out as one of the most desired motor cars in the world today? Clearly, it is because the Cadillac possesses a combination of beauty, comfort, power, smoothness of performance, safety and dependability which people are convinced is not duplicated by any other automobile.

But just what are the reasons why the Cadillac has attained to this quality?

One reason is that the Cadillac is the product of 7,000 skilled craftsmen, the majority of whom have been building quality into Cadillac cars for from five to twenty years.

Another reason is that these craftsmen have at their disposal a plant constructed expressly for the purposes of Cadillac manufacture with machine equipment and precision instruments not equalled by any other factory in the world devoted to the production of fine cars.

Still another reason is that these builders of the Cadillac are benefited not only by the vast resources of the Cadillac Motor Car Company, but also by the almost unlimited resources of the General Motors Corporation.

For more than 22 years, this great Cadillac organization has pursued a consistent, progressive program of building motor cars which would rank as Standard of the World.

And for the past ten years it has concentrated on the manufacture of the Cadillac V-Type Eight—building it better and better with each passing year, improving, refining and perfecting it, bringing it to a supreme state of development in the V-63—vibrationless at all engine speeds—powerful, durable, dependable—the climax of all automotive manufacture.

Here, in rapid review, you have the reasons why the V-63 Cadillac is endowed with special and unique quality, why it ranks as the most trusted and desired of all cars.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

The human desire to own the best suggests the CADILLAC

V63

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

The Market for Young Authors

FOR nearly twenty-five years I have earned my living writing, first for newspapers and later for magazines In that length of time I have learned in the school of experience a few things to do and many not to do, which may have value for younger writers. All my work has been nonfiction special articles, special departments, editorial matter, and the like. But it would be strange if the general principles involved did not apply to both classes of writing.

The great obstacle to success, as I see it, is the wrong approach. Thousands of young men and women go at it with a fundamentally erroneous attitude. It is sometimes said that many of those who are ambitious to write make the mistake of regarding it as play rather than work. This statement is true, but it doesn't go far enough. The real obstacle, the real error, it seems to me, is the failure of people at large to recognize that writing is a profession. They feel it is something anybody can do, and does not require the apprenticeship that all professions necessitate.

There are probably thousands of young men and women unknown to magazine editors, or to newspaper editors either, who are as bright and clever as, or perhaps much brighter and cleverer than the best-known authors, and who can turn out as good or better stuff, whether fiction or nonfiction. But most of them won't do it. Why? Because there is no market or because the editors won't pay any attention to them? Not at all. If they fail, the cause, in most cases, provided they have a certain fairly common minimum requirement of talent, will be their own unwillingness to face the hard facts of a professional career.

Medicine, law and engineering require long years of drudgery before there is much reward. Too many people think that all a fiction writer does is to spend his time at fashionable resorts or on outing trips, while all a special writer does is to make fascinating trips of investigation. The best hours of a writer's life must be close to his typewriter or notebook, the next best spent in the stimulating but exhausting work of running down facts, while the third best must be spent in general reading.

The market for young writers was never better than today, because of the enormous expansion in magazine and newspaper media. But the beginner cannot as a rule make the highest grades at the start, any more than the young medical student need expect to serve as consultant to Mrs. Millionbucks. There are exceptions to nearly all rules, and a few very young men and women make brilliant successes as writers, especially as novelists or short-story writers. But their numbers are few as compared with those who win out only after a long apprenticeship, training and experience, and I feel that more or less infant prodigies often pay dearly for success in extra hard work.

It has been well said that men sometimes raise apples more because they like apples than apple growing. It is the same with writing. Does the young man or woman burning with the zeal of authorship look forward with pleasure to year after year of grinding away at one's desk and everlasting reading, reading, reading? Is it the look and taste of the ruddy apple that appeals, or can they stand the tiresome labor of fertilizing, irrigating, spraying and pruning? Personally I think writing the finest game in the world, but I believe only tragedy awaits those who have not the grit to face the toil of everlasting organization, rearrangement, and revision of material.

Many young writers are too eager to put over their own ideas, regardless of the needs and policies of the medium they seek to work for. Loyalty to one's newspaper or magazine, even if it accepts only an occasional contribution, is an essential to success. Writers as a rule talk too much to editors, and write them too many letters. Editors are always busy, from the very nature of their work. What they want is writers who receive instructions or suggestions quickly, and without fuss perform a workmanlike job with reasonable regularity and promptness. Particularly with nonfiction the editor is more interested in dependability and sanity than in brilliance, albeit he likes both.

In the majority of cases, although exceptions are fairly numerous, the writer profits from a newspaper apprenticeship. It teaches him the tools of his trade, the technic, which is simple but absolutely essential. Thousands of unsuccessful amateurs, cleverer perhaps than the professionals, fall down because they never acquire technic. In every profession there are certain safeguards; the quack gets himself into trouble which the regular practitioner avoids. It is the same with writing.

The reporter learns to handle himself. Too many writers without such training are clever but erratic. Besides, newspaper work teaches the elements of the necessary marketing end of the writing profession. Then, too, it furnishes an income while the writer is making his magazine contacts. But those who are ambitious to become well-known writers must not look down upon a newspaper job; such an attitude is fatal. Enthusiasm is necessary at all stages of the writer's career.

I think singleness of purpose the most essential quality in a writer. I have known hundreds of young people who wanted to be writers, but they didn't want to reach that goal hard enough or enough of the time. Those with whom it is more than a passing phase are pretty likely to arrive provided they have some common sense. There is no mystery about it; but it does require eternal vigilance.

I do not speak from the editor's point of view at all, only from the writer's standpoint. I have found a market for my stuff for nearly twenty-five years, but I know there will be no market at all tomorrow without my everlastingly sticking on the job.

A Shopkeeper's Vision of Beauty

IN THE final analysis beauty is the greatest objective of the world. But we cannot teach spiritual truths effectively to starving people. One great way to make more beauty in this world is to make the obtaining of a living—the obtaining of the necessary food, clothing and shelter, and the necessary minimum of luxuries—so mechanical and so little time-consuming that we all shall have time for avocations—have time to work for and search for better things—to search for beauty. This can be accomplished by saving of waste, by more economic justice, by invention and better organization of production and distribution, by better training of workers and leaders.

—EDWARD A. FILENE.

Education and Success

THE relation of education to success has been covered in countless volumes of printed matter. But it will never be a dead subject. In entering upon a business career, or in its early stages, nearly all men and women of any ambition are sure to ask themselves of how much value their education is likely to prove. It may have covered the grammar school only, or high school, or college, or extensive university graduate work. Or perhaps it has been gained in other ways, through extension, evening or correspondence courses.

As business grows in complexity the technician and specialist find a larger place. There is more room, too, for the nontechnical college man. To a constantly increasing extent some sort of college education, or its equivalent, becomes necessary as a starter to those who hope to rise above the lowest rung of the business ladder.

Many of our best army officers never attended West Point, but in peacetimes we find that the majority of officers are graduates of that school. It is an easier way to get a commission, and though only a start, is a helpful one. It is the same with college training for business. As a start a college diploma is valuable; no assurance of success goes with a mere degree, but it opens the first of the doors.

Education is accessible these days to all, young and old. There are universities to suit every taste, and there are none which do not welcome the student who must work his way through. Most of these institutions carry on extension work by correspondence, and many have night courses in the larger cities. The Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations and organizations of clerks and bankers offer numerous courses. Anyone who wants to reach out a little can find all the education needful.

The school of experience is not to be belittled. It is just as valuable as formal education. But the two require combination. In everyday experience knowledge is gained by hard knocks, in scattered and unrelated doses. Formal education is a short cut, at times. More often, however, its value lies in the sense of satisfaction that comes from having mastered a subject in a broad orderly fashion, and later in confirming the principles learned in actual practice.

But the relation of education to business success is much broader than the precise, specific subject of the value of a college education. James J. Hill's saying that he could tell whether a young man was destined for advancement by his ability to save, has been repeated many times. Mr. Hill was further quoted as saying that if a man couldn't save he might as well give up the fight.

Without going into the pros and cons of thrift, it may be noted that the modern employer judges his juniors to a considerable extent on their ability to go through with a course of study. In other words it is not so much what a man learns as the fact that he is willing to make the sacrifice to go through with it. I am not questioning the importance of saving, or suggesting that Mr. Hill's test has been abandoned, but I suspect its value lies as much in the development of character as in the money accumulated. No man grows strong unless he fights something.

As a rule the clerk who is willing to complete a stiff course of night lectures and quizzes proves to the boss that he is in dead earnest. The temporary burst of good intentions and enthusiasm of those who subscribe to an expensive correspondence course, only to drop it, counts for very little. But the ability to adhere to a worthy purpose once started, despite the movies and dances missed, is something that impresses an employer.

—ALBERT W. ATWOOD.

This Bride is Cooking for the First Time, But Before Marriage She Had Several Years' Experience in the Advertising Business

My Half a Fortune

IT TOOK me a year and a half to save my first five hundred dollars, and a week and a half to lose it. However hard sledding the up side may be, people often grease the down side for you.

Figuring any savings out of the Spartan salary of a Chicago newspaper reporter seemed like a feat in trigonometry; but in leisure hours I could do various small chores in the writing line, and the chore money could go into the savings bank. The little bank balance climbed—not like light-footed Mercury tripping from peak to peak, but rather like a one-legged man, three sheets in the wind, ascending a rugged and pathless hill in the dark. At length it topped the 500 line.

Five hundred dollars was, obviously, Capital, needing investment. One of our eminent millionaires had assured me, for publication, that in the matter of making a fortune, getting the first thousand dollars was far the hardest part. I believed him. If anything was harder than getting the first half a thousand, nobody could do it. *(Continued on Page 56)*

$1545
F. O. B. Detroit, tax extra

Beautiful New Coach With Chrysler Results

The announcement of the new Chrysler Coach takes on a significance over and above the usual new-car advent.

What it really means is that the unprecedented Chrysler quality and results, and the wonderful Chrysler chassis with a beautiful closed body, are now made available to a far greater number of motorists, at a price almost as low as the open car.

Without question, the Chrysler Coach is being warmly welcomed by a host of people who have wanted the practical convenience and utility of a coach body, but with more of closed-car luxury and comfort—on a chassis as modern and unequaled as the Chrysler, in quality and in performance.

Here, finally, is such a car in the Chrysler Coach; a car designed, fitted and finished in a way calculated to please the most fastidious and exacting.

A distinct advancement in coach beauty and design, based on the characteristic dynamic symmetry which is successfully expressed by Chrysler alone.

Upholstery of the Fisher-built body is plush of beautiful and exclusive pastel blue and gray.

The unusually wide and convenient doors, the extreme accessibility and generous room, denote an entirely new trend in coach design.

Add such superiorities to the basic superiority of performance in which Chrysler stands alone, the finest of materials, and engineering and manufacturing of the highest character—and you have a faithful picture of the new Chrysler Coach.

Now ready for demonstration by Chrysler Dealers Everywhere

The New Coach, $1545; The Touring Car, $1395; The Phaeton, $1495; The Roadster, $1625; The Sedan, $1825; The Royal Coupe, $1895; The Brougham, $1965; The Imperial, $2065; The Crown-Imperial, $2195. All prices f. o. b. Detroit subject to current government tax. Bodies by Fisher on all Chrysler Six enclosed models. All models equipped with special design six-ply, high-speed balloon tires.
There are Chrysler dealers and superior Chrysler service everywhere. All dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

CHRYSLER SIX

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Horatio Winslow

PHOTOGRAPH BY [illegible]

Elizabeth Alexander

Dick Wick Hall

Horatio Winslow

ONE afternoon in May, 1896, the track team of the First Ward School of Madison, Wisconsin, everlastingly walloped the Fourth Ward. It was an event. That night the captain of the First Warders wrote a piece telling just what had happened, and at 8:45 P.M. slipped it under the front door of the Madison Democrat. Since those far times the cap has sold yarns to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, he has fought in one war, and he has observed another, but never has he experienced anything like the rich glow which came to him the May morning after the victory when he saw what he had written all printed out in type in the newspaper.

Luckily for literature the Fourth Ward was first on the schedule; because a week later on another field of battle the tough boys of the Third Ward ran up a score of eighty-three while the cap's team was painfully amassing six. He tried to write this up, too, but the words turned sour under his pen.

Nevertheless, the printer's ink had already seeped into the cap's blood, and ever since he has been hammering away.

It's a peculiar trade, this business of arranging words to tap a dream; but fortunately the satisfaction is not altogether in the money paid for the job. More or less directly one writes for all the rest of the human race. Personally I work with the idea that the product may be enjoyed by people in need of a spoonful or two of diversion: Lonely folk; shut-ins; invalids; the racked; the sorrowful; and the hopeless. And it is always a pleasure to fancy the story read aloud in an old-fashioned family with the reader stopping now and then to throw back his head and laugh. Maybe it doesn't happen, but it ought to.

And, speaking of the human race, in spite of the pessumism proper to a writer I believe in it. Like the pianist in the Western mining camp, it is doing the best it can and should not be shot up unnecessarily. Some people—including F. P. A., the New York colyumist—insist that it is trifling and no-account. Yet more than once in a limited personal experience I have watched its representatives—F. P. A. among 'em—going to a lot of avoidable trouble merely to help out a fellow being in distress.

The human race may be low, but it has its redeeming features, and when one tries to fathom its possibilities one gets the same way that Herbert Spencer got when he contemplated time and space—that is, all confused.

Elizabeth Alexander

"PAST enthusiasms," says Mr. Michael Arlen, "stare at you like condemned gargoyles." And certainly this is true of my one-time desire to become an actress. I suppose most girls have stage fever, but mine amounted to delirium. Finally I nagged my family into allowing me to come to New York, but with this stipulation—if I didn't get a theatrical engagement within a month I was to come back home.

Try to imagine a little provincial, without much talent or looks, no theatrical relatives or friends, no knowledge of stage life except from novels, so green that she had never even heard of theatrical agents, but believed that you went directly to managers and read Shakspere to them. A girl whose grandfather had been a Presbyterian minister, and whose grandmother believed all actresses to be—well! Try to picture her getting a theatrical engagement in New York City in a month.

But I did.

Ten lines in a one-act play in vaudeville. Naturally, the first thing that was offered; I couldn't be particular.

An evening gown got me a job at Fort Lee. And my argument with an astounded director over the absurdity of his scenario got me out of it.

Then I was given a few lines in a play on Broadway, and the chance to understudy. My chance came. I jumped into one of the parts at a moment's notice. And the play closed the next night.

By this time my stage fever was over. I still love the theater as unreasonably, blindly, devotedly as ever, but from in front of the footlights.

A play of mine—oh, yes! I am guilty too; I began writing plays at the age of ten—this play was accepted. Happy moment! Later the manager said he wouldn't produce it. Happier moment! I know this sounds contradictory; I can't explain it. I didn't get any money for the play, but then, to compensate, I didn't get the play back either.

I wrote a short story, my first, and sent it to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and it was accepted. Republished in the O. Henry Memorial Prize Stories.

I married an artist, Norbert Heermann, and I use my own name professionally, because it is simpler than his. But I am not a member of the Lucy Stone League, and I shouldn't get the slightest thrill out of signing myself Miss on a hotel register.

An Arizona Alibi

WRITING a sketch of one's Own Life—if one is modestly truthful or truthfully modest—ought to make one blush with elation or shame, but my sunburned hide just naturally refuses to Blush Unseen out here in the middle of the Desert, at Salome, Yumaresque County, Arizona. I have been lied about so much by others that I feel entitled to Lie a Little about myself, once in my life anyway, so here goes. This is not a True Confession; it is more in the nature of An Alibi or an Apology for Being On Earth and maybe In the Way. Quien Sabe?

Contrary to many published reports, I am Not a Millionaire, a Miner, a Lunger, an Author, a reformed Bad Man or a Lunatic, and I Do really live, exist and Get a Lot of Fun out of Life out here in the middle of the Desert, in, at and around a Town (?) called Salome—Where She Danced—and where I stay from choice, without any intention of Hiding from anybody or anything. The story of my Tame, Prosaic and Uneventful Life, as Mark Twain once said about his reported Death, has been often and greatly exaggerated.

I was born in Creston, Iowa, on March 20, 1877—the Coldest Day in the history of the World—even though March twentieth is supposed to be the first day of Spring, according to the Almanac. Spring must have been late that year, for I have been told by the Family Doctor and other interested parties that the thermometer hanging over the fireplace that day registered thirty-five degrees Below Zero. There was Lots of Excitement in Iowa that day, but I certainly got a Cold Reception into this world, which is one reason I have been Looking for a Warm Spot ever since. I think maybe I have found one, out here at Salome—in the Southwest Corner of Hell, as some Strangers sometimes call it.

A Lot of Good People come From Iowa. It seems to be a Good Place to be From. In the course of my wanderings I have met about a Million People From Iowa, all looking for Warm Spots and Easy Places for Tired Farmers to Retire; but I am Not one of These. I belong to the common or Garden Variety of Iowa Folks, having been raised on a Market Garden, where I acquired a lot of Early Piety crawling around on my hands and knees planting and weeding Onions and Cabbages and Celery and Beets and such stuff. After crawling far enough to get around the world and never getting outside of the garden fence, I decided it was time to Stand Up and travel and see the world and let the folks of Creston, Iowa, raise Their Own Green Stuff.

I was Theoretically educated in the public schools of Iowa and at the State University of Nebraska, at the time General Pershing was a Lieutenant, stationed there to make Farmer Boys look like Soldiers. We both got discouraged trying, but I quit first and went to Florida on an assignment catching Rattlesnakes in the Swamps at so much per Rattle. I caught more swamp fever than snakes. The unsophisticated newspaper man who furnished me with free transportation in return for my impressions of what I saw, absolutely and wisely refused to print what I wrote, so I returned home on the day the transportation expired, with two rattlesnakes and fifteen cents' worth of bananas. It is a good thing

(Continued on Page 64

A Quality Product since 1888

The name Nairn has always been an assurance of highest quality in linoleum

During the past 40 years the makers of Nairn Linoleum have devised processes that insure linoleum of highest quality and beauty of design. And manufacturing economies, resulting from large quantity production, make possible very low prices

Congoleum-Nairn Inc. are the largest manufacturers of Inlaid Linoleum in the world

In addition to the new and exclusive *Belflor* Inlaid, the company makes Straight Line and Moulded Inlaids, Battleship and Plain Linoleums, Cork Carpets, Printed Linoleums, etc

Whatever your floor problem, Nairn Linoleum will solve it

New beauty and economy in the famous Nairn Inlaids

WHEN she fitted out her own kitchen she didn't ask her mother what kind of refrigerator or cook-stove she had. Modern things are so much better. Yet she did want the same kind of linoleum. That Nairn Inlaid in her mother's home had worn for years.

But how much more lovely and colorful she found the modern Nairn patterns. Here was beauty that her mother never dreamed of seeing in a linoleum flooring. And what a pleasant surprise was the low price. New processes of manufacture bring Nairn Inlaids within everyone's reach

Two popular lines of Nairn Inlaids are *Belflor* and *Universal*. The new and exclusive *Belflor* is made in a variety of beautiful, prismatic patterns suitable for every room in the house *Universal* comes in "straight line" tile effects especially suitable for the kitchen, pantry and bathroom.

Send for folders showing many patterns in Nairn Linoleum including *Belflor* and *Universal* Inlaids.

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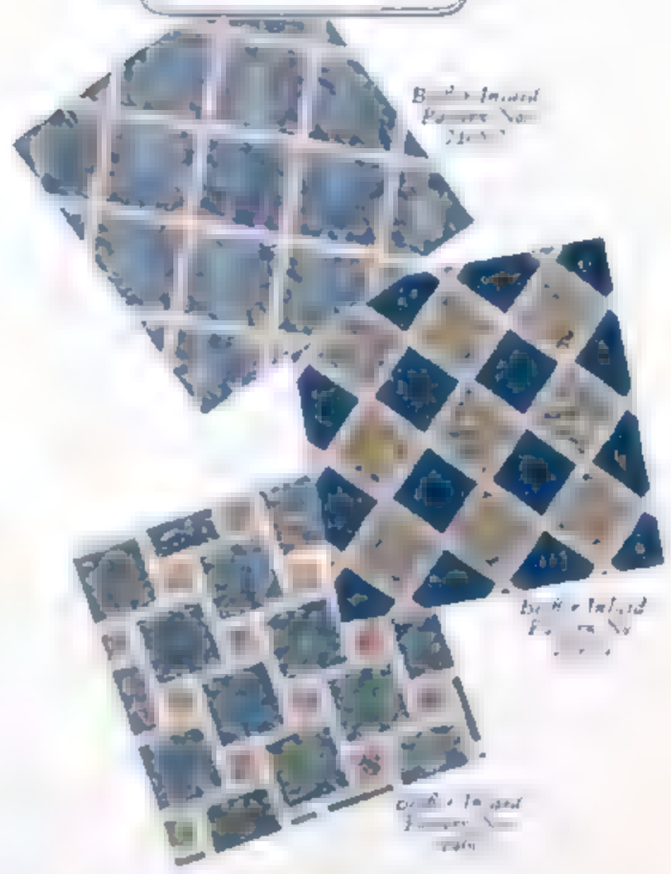

NAIRN INLAID LINOLEUM

To all men who have lived 35 years

"If I only had my life to live over again . . . ."

How often you have heard this wish expressed! How often you have thought it yourself! The things you would do differently!

Yet in one sense this isn't a vain wish. At 35, you *do* have your life to live over again. You can probably expect to live again as long a time as you have lived—and time is the essential element. Those mistakes you made—they are guiding signs for the new life you are entering. All that experience which you gained—it will illuminate your path from now on.

Instead of a weak, helpless, unthinking morsel of humanity, you are starting out in the fullness of strength and knowledge. And you have as much time left as you have used! What an opportunity!

Take it! Make the most of it! You can still do those important things you planned!

The pitfall you must avoid

There is one serious danger ahead of you—a pitfall which can be avoided, but which in your confidence and enthusiasm you may overlook. A plain-spoken physician would probably put it something like this:

"Until now, your physical powers have been on the increase. You have been riding on the flood tide of stamina. You have been able to do things which you knew weren't good for you, and throw off the effects. You have had Youth on your side—heedless and headstrong, but full of the ability to take punishment.

"But from now on your natural vitality will be on the ebb. You won't be able to throw off sickness and come back stronger than ever. You won't be able to absorb the slow, steady punishment of 'trivial' abuses, and maintain your vital organs unimpaired.

"Other men have thought they could eat anything which attracted their fancy. They have thought they could clip short their hours of rest, and go without exercise and fresh air. They have imagined they could load themselves with artificial stimulants, meal after meal, and get away with it. But they have been mistaken!

"Health statistics—both those kept by the Government, and by Life Insurance Companies—show how miserably they have failed. You have the knowledge of their mistakes to go on. Use it!"

Perhaps the most widespread offender among artificial stimulants is caffein. It contributes nothing in food value, yet it *seems* to give new energy. It does this by deadening the sense of fatigue, and robbing vital energy from the body's store of reserve strength.

There comes a time, just as surely as a man grows older, when he needs every ounce of reserve vitality. This vitality is his guardian against disease—his real *life* insurance in emergencies.

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Avoid caffein! You can do this without sacrificing the benefit and enjoyment of a hot drink at mealtime. Change to Postum! It was originated to give you a delightful drink without any drug stimulant.

Postum is made of whole wheat and bran, roasted to bring out the full rich flavor of the golden grain. It is not an imitation of any other drink, but a wonderful drink in its own right—with a taste which has made it the favorite in 2,000,000 homes! This is a drink you can enjoy every meal of the day, with no fear of the nervousness, sleeplessness, headache, and indigestion which so often are only the first and minor effects of caffein. Postum contributes to your health and well-being, instead of tearing down!

We give you an easy way of eliminating one recognized form of abuse—a way which has helped many a man to avoid the pitfalls which lie between 35 and 70. Accept the offer of Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator!

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want you to make a thirty-day test of Postum. I want to give you, free, your first week's supply, and my personal directions for preparing it—both in the usual way, for yourself, and with hot milk, for children. I will tell you how to make Iced Postum, too.

"Or if you wish to begin the test today, you can get Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less—only one-half cent a cup.

"For the week's free supply, please send me your name and address, and indicate whether you prefer Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich. S. E. P. 5-30-25

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, the first week's supply of

Instant Postum . . . . Check
Postum Cereal . . . . one you prefer

Name

Street

City State

In Canada, address Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front St., East, Toronto, Ontario

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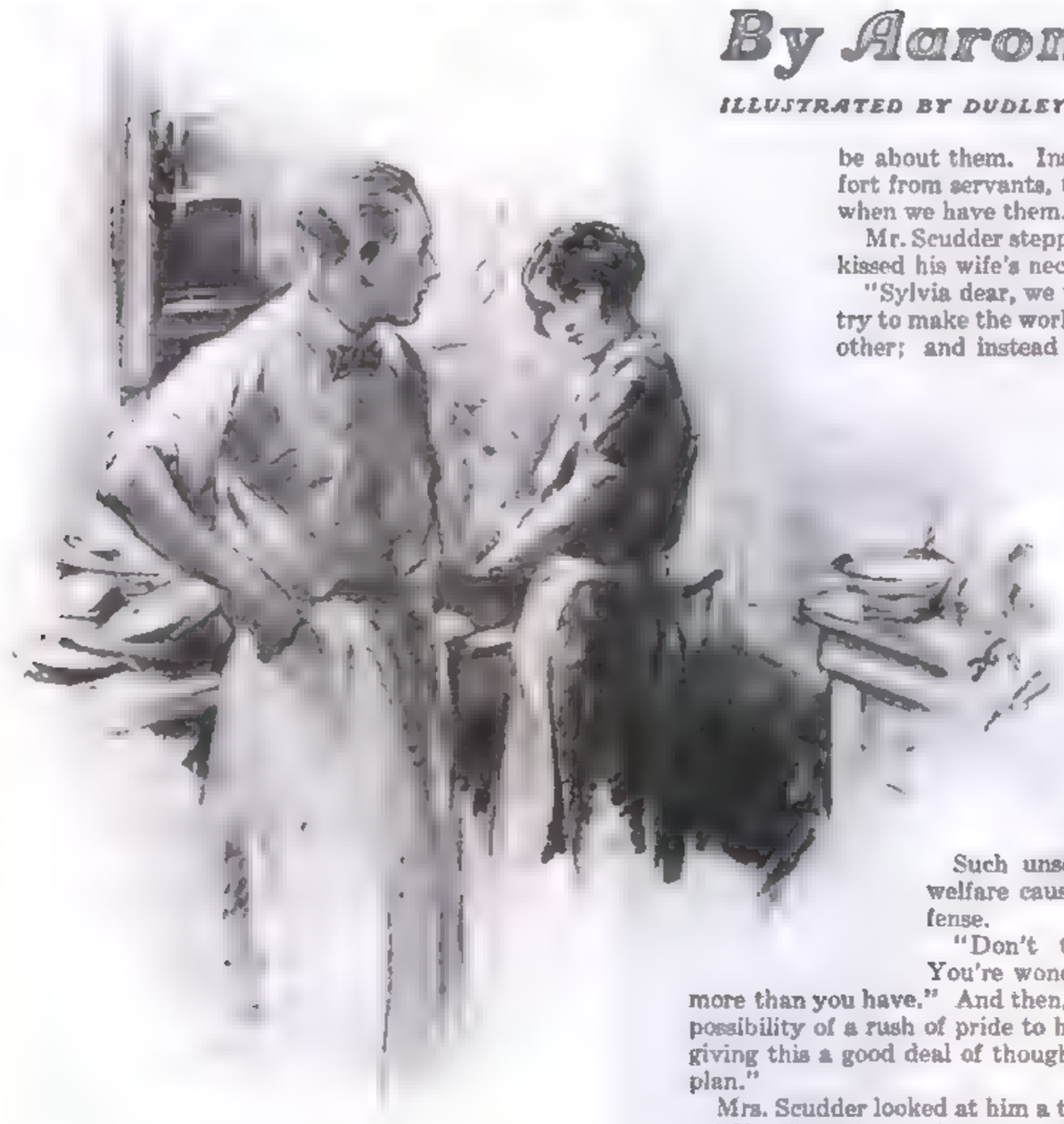
Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks to the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

By Aaron Davis

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS



"Don't Talk That Way, Sylvia. You're Wonderful"

WILLIAM H SCUDDER lifted up his voice in a blast of song that caused the family dog, bedded under the kitchen table, to eye him with the I-am-glad-to-suffer-if-you're-happy glance which strong, silent, blond heroes always employ when the misguided banker's daughter tells the world she will flee with the slick-haired charmer who loves her in spite of her wealth.

Mrs. Scudder popped her head around the pantry door.

"Sh-h-h, Bill, you'll wake the baby!"

"How," sighed Mr. Scudder, vastly patient—"how am I to cook if I can't sing?"

He plunged an opener into the sealed can of tomato soup and regretted his ferocity.

"Oh, my dearest," cried Mrs. Scudder, "how did you cut yourself?"

"Towel," moaned Bill, rubbing the concentrated nourishment into his eyes. "Towel! That soup jumped out and bit me."

Freed from the fear of a mortal wound, Sylvia Scudder became her practical self.

"Quick, Bill! Take off your vest and trousers. I'll put them right into cold water and perhaps they won't be ruined."

"That suit cost me seventy-five dollars," calculated Mr. Scudder, glad to find cause to return to their usual subject for talk. "The month's wages for one-half a couple of servants. I tell you, Sylvia, we can't afford to be without servants like this."

The preoccupation of his wife over his stained suit did not displease him as he draped his nether wear with a generous kitchen apron. He remembered with happiness the few opportunities he had had to do a monologue and welcomed this chance.

"You see, Sylvia, I know how hard it is to get servants, and I don't blame you, because I know you work yourself sick getting them and then trying to hold on to them. Yes, I realize that everyone has the same trouble. Mrs. Donald had seven cooks last month. I've heard that from others besides you." A constant series of muted woofs interrupted him. "What's the matter with that dog?"

"He doesn't like that apron, dear. Our last cook who wore it ate so much that he never got a scrap." Sylvia saw the chance to dig home one of her contentions. "The week she was here our food bill was just double what it should have been."

William H. Scudder held up a pleading hand.

"Let's not go into that again. I know it by heart. And it does seem a shame that our entire conversation should be about them. Instead of getting any comfort from servants, they rule us completely—when we have them."

Mr. Scudder stepped around to the sink and kissed his wife's neck.

"Sylvia dear, we were married so we could try to make the world a lovelier place for each other; and instead of that, we're just living on the edge of picayune quarrels all the time, and all because of cooks and things."

Mrs. Scudder turned her head quickly and rubbed his hand with her cheek. The glint of tears in her eyes made her look the other way.

"I know it, Bill, and I do feel so useless. I feel such a failure, because I can t even make your home comfortable."

Such unselfish solicitude over his welfare caused Bill to leap to her defense.

"Don't talk that way, Sylvia. You're wonderful! No one could do more than you have." And then, as though to temper any possibility of a rush of pride to her head—"But I've been giving this a good deal of thought, and I think I've got a plan."

Mrs. Scudder looked at him a trifle balefully.

"Yes," said he, as though challenged by her incredulity, "I've thought it all out. You see, Sylvia, no matter who we have, we are nice to them. Ordinary servants don't seem to appreciate that. Now my idea is to get ahold of nice people who know when people are nice to them."

"That's what I've been trying to do for three years," said Sylvia softly. "But, you see, Bill, we haven't enough money to pay the top wages, and yet we live in such a way that we need two people."

"No, you don't understand. I mean really nice people; people more or less of our own class, who are up against it and would be grateful for a good home, fair pay, and no more work than they have anyway. There must be a lot of such who would be willing to come for what we could afford to pay when they know how considerate and kind we are."

The concrete utterance of his purpose fired Bill to begin operations at once. He fished a paper bag from the kitchen incinerator and leaned over the table to write down his thoughts. He was mildly warmed by vague memories of the immortal literature which had been done against dire odds; great lines scratched by the tine of a fork on a slimy prison's wall; of ink concocted from blood and rust to limn the Jovian thoughts of some high philosopher. Bill regarded his pencil stub and paper bag as the proper tools for an inspired martyr and set to outdo himself.

"Well, I don't like to dampen your spirit, Bill; but you can't beat the game."

Bill held up a restraining hand.

"Listen, Sylvia, this has always been a woman's affair. No one has ever applied efficient business methods to this problem." He became suddenly so ponderous that his wife turned quickly to see whether there was a board of directors present, as his tone seemed to indicate. "One of the fundamental principles of commerce is this: If you want business, expose yourself to getting it. We must advertise."

"I think you men are wonderful," sighed Mrs. Scudder patiently.

Bill shook his head, seeming to hint that although her statement was just, it was unnecessarily obvious. He frowned heavily over his writing, while his wife quietly went on preparing the dinner which he boasted daily it was his privilege to get when they were servantless.

Just as the chops were done he raised his head and smiled deprecatively.

"Of course, my dear girl, with a new, up-to-date house and everything, we have much to offer. I'll just read what I've put down."

"But the chops!" pleaded Mrs. Scudder.

"Sylvia!" Bill was profoundly hurt. "Would you weigh the condition of a chop against our whole future happiness?"

Mrs. Scudder tried to recant gracefully.

"Well, Bill, they cost seventy-four cents a pound."

"What is seventy-four cents?" He smiled tenderly at her. He hoped she would recognize that her trials were almost at an end, now that he had taken the trouble in hand. "Listen, Sylvia. Here's an advertisement we'll run in the Sunday paper. See if you don't think it has considerable drawing power." He became magisterial once more. "I have headed it Home Makers. That is more dignified than 'cook or couple wanted.' Here we go.

"Home Makers: Are there a man and wife, or mother and daughter, or two friends, who believe in the dignity of home making and would like to make a home comfortable for a small family in the country near New York? One competent person could do the work required, but the family realizes that the type of helper they wish must have companionship of her own kind. Two bedrooms, bath and private sitting room at the disposal of the people chosen. Fair wages. Ordinary domestic servants need not apply."

Bill smiled modestly.

"That last kicker is what will get them, Sylvia. 'Ordinary domestic servants need not apply.' Do you like it?"

Mrs. Scudder gulped.

"I think everything you do is wonderful, Bill, I just hope ——"

"Good!" said Bill. "I'll call up the paper now so it'll be sure to be put in for Sunday."

The following Monday William H. Scudder took an unusually early train into the city from his suburban home. In spite of his assurances to Mrs. Scudder that many people would read and answer their insert, he felt a twinge of fear that perhaps they wouldn't. He leaned nonchalantly on the counter of the classified-advertisements department of the paper and inquired if by any chance there were communications for his number, S-118.

"No," replied the clerk, altogether interested in something beyond the door, as is the manner with such attendants.

"Would you mind looking?" suggested Bill.

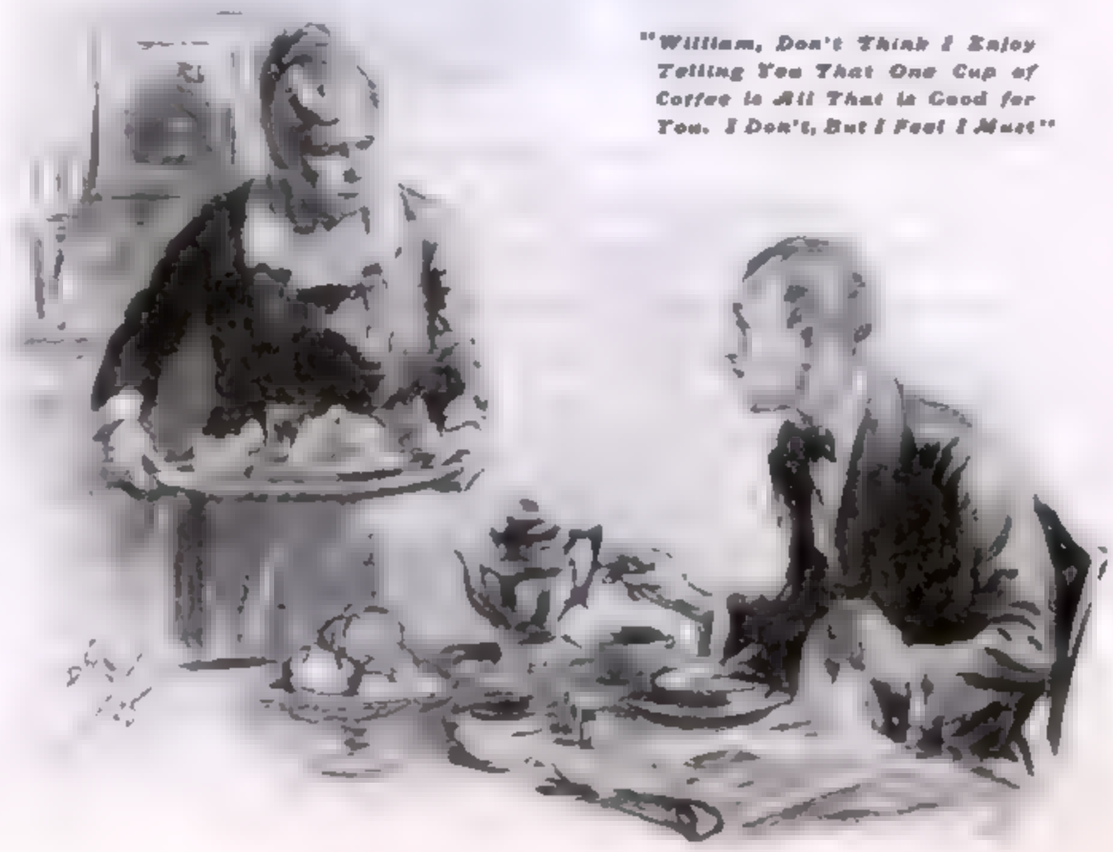
The clerk gave him a dirty look for this unreasonableness and drew a package from a nest of cubby-holes.

"S-118?" he asked.

"Yes," assured Bill.

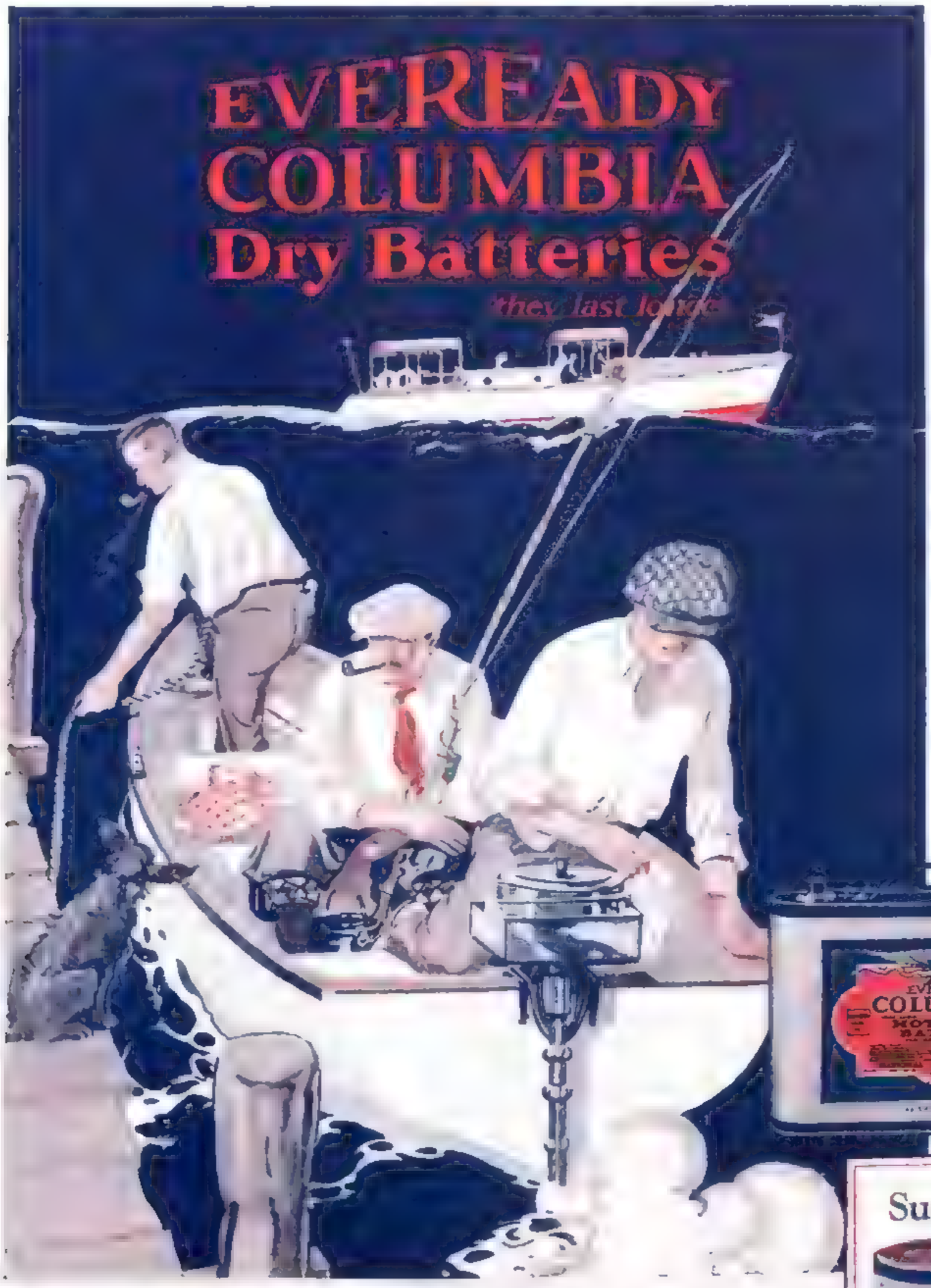
"Oh," answered the clerk, "I thought you said A-9. There is something for S-118." And he began tossing out

(Continued on Page 58



"William, Don't Think I Enjoy Telling You That One Cup of Coffee Is All That Is Good for You. I Don't, But I Feel I Must"

Chained lightning with a sure kick



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A DISARMAMENT PERISCOPE

By Wythe Williams

BROODING fears of nations, one of another, brought armaments finally to such size and perfection that almost the entire world went to war. The fabric of civilization might easily have been destroyed. Thanks to both miracles and blunders the war ended with the twentieth-century social system still standing, although groggy.

In the general rejoicings at deliverance, the disarmament dream flourished, but now, along with reparations and the payment of Allied debts, it has developed into one of the apparently insoluble problems.

Realization usually is far removed from the vision. Despite the Covenant of the League of Nations, the Washington Arms Conference, the Geneva Protocol for the Peaceful Settlement of International Disputes, and various pacts of guaranties, disarmament today remains nebulous. International jealousies, envies, antagonisms, hatreds, still smolder—at least in Europe. The world today stands armed, literally to the teeth. New weapons are taking the place of the recently scrapped capital ships, and the great social cancer that preceded the war—competitive armaments—seems to survive even super-major operations. The manufacture of new arms parallels the building of monuments to the war dead.

Idealists who dreamed that the tragedy of the World War might shock the world nearer a Utopian brotherhood of man, are now silent. The jealous fences of nationalism may possibly be weaker; the war-weary nations may now prefer to flaunt nationalism in battles of industry and commerce rather than by martial arms, but the fact remains that any question of political rights can still light national passions overnight. Doubt and fear are international today.

The great powers that talk much and loud about disarmament are sufficiently honest about it, provided there be neither doubt nor fear that great powers they remain. They want disarmament, provided they may then sleep secure at night. France—certainly as honest as any nation, and as peacefully inclined—would thankfully disarm—tomorrow—were she not so cynically certain that nightmares would haunt her. The latest proposed security pact is to include Germany; and for this reason, according to one statesman, "Europe may confidently expect security by August." Just why August is not quite clear, except that the Dawes Plan began to function last August. But ten years ago last August the war began. Meanwhile the shouting continues, the press fulminates, cabinets hold all-night sessions, new conferences are requested and denied. Armaments remain.

Through a smoke screen one gets only glimpses of distorted fact. To visualize realities, particularly concerning disarmament, it is necessary to escape from the confusion, and, figuratively, take a trip, say, in a submarine.

The New Line-Up of the Powers

ONCE below the surface of the water the submarine is tranquil. There may be disturbance at the top, but down about the hull there are no waves. The cabin is a bit hot, but one soon gets accustomed to that. Whatever the speed, there is no sensation of movement. One cannot get seasick in a submerged submarine, for it is as steady as a stationary automobile.

The long brass and mirrored tube pierces the cabin ceiling. As the periscope first peeps through the water, we see what seems to be gently falling snow. These flakes are tiny drops of spray flicked from wave tips. A little higher and everything is clear. We know even the color of the sky. If a tempest comes we sink to a lower depth, where, motionless and secure, we still turn our little glass in every direction, and see all that comes and goes—battles or regattas, and sunshine after storm.

Before the disarmament periscope the nations pass—big nations, little nations, honest nations and nations upon which doubts justly rest. First of all England comes within range.

From the fall of Napoleon until the Second Battle of the Marne, England was the strongest nation of the earth. She was—and remains—a nation decently honest, with great common sense, and trustworthy of power. When the deciding factor in the World War became finally evident, world leadership passed from England to the United States—another sensible nation, and one also that is not likely to abuse her power. After the United States, England remains the strongest nation, and were it not for her now less fortunate geographical position upon the map of the world, she might still challenge the American claim. Probably, indeed, she will never openly admit that claim; but secretly she knows how to read the new list of the powers. Also she knows where her own sheet anchor lies. From the west England is in no danger. War between the United States and England is surely the last possibility. The east is another matter. Napoleon once said that the possession of Antwerp meant having a pistol aimed at England's head. Napoleon knew, and the truth has since changed only for the worse. Nowadays Antwerp in enemy hands means a Big Bertha aimed at England's heart. This applies, also, not only to Antwerp, but to Dunkirk, Calais, Boulogne, and all the other Channel ports.

Germany, dazzled by the Junker vision of the Kaiser dining in Paris, really lost the war at the First Battle of the Marne. Had she grabbed the Channel ports, which were easily grabbable—there was nothing to defend them—Germany would have won the war in 1914 before the autumn leaves were red. This is practically the unanimous military opinion today. Both England and Germany know, and know that the other knows, that the same mistake will never be made again. The French Government possesses information that "in case of a new war" the offensive strategy of the present German General Staff is to drive again through Luxemburg and Belgium, but instead of in mass formations, this time in parallel columns, protected by great air fleets, with the immediate object of seizing every Channel port from Antwerp down.

Economy Versus Militarism

AFTER the periscope gets above the spray of press jingoism and political oratory, we see the new British attitude that England is just as vulnerable today as France, and that the frontier of her security is no longer the Channel but the Rhine. The French fear an alliance of British and German industry; but the British Government realizes that the prewar dream of Mittel-Europa may even yet become a fact, that the new German Empire may include all Central Europe, taking in the Balkans as far as the Ægean Sea.

At the recent thirty-third session of the Council of the League of Nations, held at Geneva, the British Foreign Minister, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, in collaboration with the Earl of Balfour, formulated such a destructive analysis of the League's famous Protocol for the Peaceful Settlement of International Disputes that as an aid to general disarmament the League itself is now counted out. The British argument, while admitting the world's obvious hesitancy to disarm, pointed out that the protocol imposed limitations upon state sovereignty, such as, for example, kept the United States out of the League at the beginning. The council program called only for an exchange of views. Monsieur Briand, framer of the protocol, held to his thesis that the preservation of peace calls for the organization of war, while Mr. Chamberlain practically settled matters by his declaration that the League had altered the spirit of its covenant, and that the protocol multiplied offenses while doing nothing to strengthen remedies. Monsieur Briand, then speaking undoubtedly in accord with and for the present French Government, and while admitting the death of the protocol, declared that now the question of disarmament may not be raised either at Geneva or elsewhere—that France will stand strictly for the enforcement of the Versailles Treaty.

Mr. Chamberlain, naturally, was the mouthpiece of the cabinet of ministers that makes up His Majesty's government. Also he was the mouthpiece of the British Isles. And he was more than all that. He was mouthpiece for the British Empire, those far-flung possessions upon which the sun never sets, which lately have been doing considerable talking to the motherland. Since the war there have been councils of empire where it has been set forth that the government cabinet sitting in Downing Street may not always act upon what Downing Street alone thinks. In the protocol discussions, the Japanese clause on emigration that caused such disturbance in the United States, aroused far greater commotion in Melbourne and Sydney. In Australia the Japanese question is more bitter even than in California. It was pointed out that if England supported the protocol a case might arise when the British fleet would be compelled to act against a British possession.

At the outbreak of the war Mr. Winston Churchill was First Lord of the British Admiralty. He ordered grand maneuvers in the North Sea in July, 1914, a proceeding that caused England's battle fleet to be on the job at the strategic moment, rather than scattered over the seven seas. In those days it was natural that Mr. Churchill should seek increases in the navy budget. But now Mr. Churchill is Chancellor of the Exchequer and he seeks to decrease the navy budget. How does he reconcile this position with that of former years? Why, by pointing out that in those former years Mr. Lloyd George had the job of cutting the budget.

A long time ago Britain began taxing herself to pay for the war. She actually collects these taxes. The Briton does not get off. He pays. Therefore a budget discussion in the House of Commons is followed by the British public with all the naïve enthusiasm of children at a Christmas party, watching Santa Claus take toys off the tree. Mr. Winston Churchill, like all successful politicians and cabinet ministers, knew what it was up to him to do. He had to play Santa Claus. Sixpence in taxes off the pound is a great gift to an overtaxed and burdened people. If the Chancellor of the Exchequer of this Conservative government could lop off sufficient millions from the budget, navy or otherwise, he could then decrease the taxes that wonderful sixpence on the pound.

When President Harding issued his call for the Washington Arms Conference, Great Britain cheerfully accepted the invitation. She hoped for the best in any program that would mean real limitation of armaments linked with real security. She accepted the conference decisions and lived up to them with as great alacrity as even the United States. Without murmur she scrapped the required number of capital ships.

The Washington agreement concerned only the destruction of capital ships, and the last letter of the law was observed. Anyway it is now a question as to whether the superdreadnought is still the supernaval arm. Many naval authorities believe that other naval craft, not taken into strict account at Washington, may take a more decisive rôle than battleships in future naval engagements. In Britain, shipbuilding has always been considered, like charity, to begin at home; therefore the British are not restricting their building program in other classes of navy ships. They have fifty new cruisers under construction. Also her air force, both for land and sea, is being increased enormously. The army is keeping up recruiting by all manner of inducements. The general staff is increasingly alive to the problems of a possible war, and openly worried at the dwindling man power of France. England might like very much indeed to have no more political concern with Continental Europe than has the United States, but even her politicians now admit, privately, that the people must be made to understand that the Rhine is now indeed the frontier, that France must remain the chief ally, and that for the present England cannot afford to disarm.

Paying for Christmas Candy

WHAT, then, about a new Washington Conference? What about the new European security pact, in which Germany is to join? President Coolidge would probably not deny to anyone that another Washington arms parley is something dear to his heart. However it resulted, the invitation alone would be a step taken in the right direction. But after the Harding Conference, it is not certain that the President would want another one to be tagged with his name, unless there are reasonable assurances that it also be tagged with the label of success.

The American Ambassador at the Court of St. James's is naturally free to throw out feelers from time to time, or indulge in unofficial discussions on any subject with the British Government. What could be more natural than that Mr. Winston Churchill, with that sixpence-off-the-pound motive for economy, should suggest either to Mr. Chamberlain or Earl Balfour that unofficial disarmament soundings might also be taken in the neighborhood of the American Embassy. A new conference at Washington might be good dinner-table talk or even golf-course dialogue. The pros and cons could be gone over and lots of things could be imagined, for better or worse. Nothing official, of course, and nothing for the newspapers. Then the newspapers might get rumors, not clear or well defined, but still sufficient for cable date lines. That's just about all that did happen, one dismal winter afternoon in London, after Mr. Winston Churchill had been thinking a long time, shut up all alone. The American Ambassador at that time is now the American Secretary of State.

The pious hope of the Chancellor of the Exchequer was that, with the idea of a new Washington Conference for the further limitation of armaments in the air, further navy credits might be abandoned, at least until he had performed the rôle of Santa Claus and clipped that sixpence tax off the pound. The public servant and politician must always make things look bright to keep the job secure. Meanwhile with the suggested new conference still remaining in the air, the British Government remains between the devil and the sea, the public is enjoying its Christmas candy, and armament goes on.

Turn the periscope on France. Here the smoke screen is thinner, and sunlight filters through more clearly than perhaps over any other nation. France has never camouflaged in the slightest degree the fact that for her the entire problem of disarmament is coupled with her security vis-à-vis Germany. France does not trust Germany. She insists that she knows Germany much better than anyone

else, and that she never expects to trust her. The internal political battle is already raging as result of the new security pact suggested by Mr. Chamberlain, and which it is proposed shall include Germany. What is the use of a new German signature in face of what has happened with previous German signatures on the same subject, demands ex-Premier Poincaré. The fate of the future according to the French nationalists lies just as much upon the Vistula as upon the Rhine. France as a result of the report of the Allied Control Mission on the strength of the new German Army, already previsions a German attack upon Poland. And just as Sadowa prepared for Sedan, so France sees in what would certainly be an easy victory over Poland, the preliminary to an attack upon herself. Even the recent words of the British labor disciple, Ramsay MacDonald, defending the Geneva protocol, are now used in the nationalist outcry, "Germany would not join in the new pact with a good heart, but merely as a measure of expediency." The election of Von Hindenburg to the presidency was, as might have been expected, not exactly a sedative to the French nation.

An Upholder of the League

THEREFORE France, though she will politely accept any call from Washington, now openly thinks that such a conference in the near future would be inopportune. The disturbance that she raised at the Harding Conference on the question of the big ships, was only a matter of *amour propre*, her dislike to be considered of less importance than Japan in the concert of powers. In capital ships of themselves she had not and has not the slightest interest. She has neither the inclination nor the money to build them. The only enemy that she can see is Germany. The next naval war may or may not be fought in the Mediterranean. All that France deems necessary is to have sufficient smaller craft to insure the safe passage of her land recruits from Africa. Land and air armaments alone interest her.

France is both the cynic and the fatalist among nations. She does not want another war. In her soul she is not militarist. She would try desperately to avoid war, except that she is convinced that sooner or later it is bound to come. There always have been wars. There always will be wars, she believes, until civilization is wiped out.

France belongs to the League of Nations and upholds it vigorously. She is the only great power that has accepted the Geneva protocol, and she upholds that vigorously. She does all this upholding chiefly for her own sake. Certainly she would support the protocol, even in case of difficulty arising in the South Seas that concerned her not at all. She might do it half-heartedly, or with the left hand, but she would do it. It is the French way to abide by any agreement that she has actually signed. But war, real war, as she understands it, could have to do only with herself, directed against her own safety. Therefore other signatories to these agreements must come to the aid of France.

The man power of the French Army is decreasing. Over eight hundred thousand before the war, it is scarcely more than half that size today. There are two reasons for this; first, the shortening of the term of military service; second, the falling birth rate. Today the annual conscript class of the army is under two hundred thousand men, and probably faces a further fall in figures between the years 1930 and 1940, unless there is a protracted revival of the two years' service during that time. An army like the French, relying so much on machines and all the super-complicated paraphernalia of modern war, and which is indeed almost an army of specialists, cannot be trained to high efficiency with one year's service.

The French View of Cain and Abel

THE French corps of officers has also suffered. Much has been done for state functionaries and practically nothing for army officers, although the cost of living has risen tremendously since the war. The annual number of candidates for the École Speciale Militaire, which was formerly two thousand, has fallen to seven hundred. The number of noncommissioned officers now in officers' training schools has shrunk by 30 per cent. As for the covering force on the German frontier, no indications have yet been given as to what is intended.

The French cynically, fatalistically feel that American enthusiasm concerning disarmament is naïve. The American idea, as the French see it, is that Cain killed Abel with a club, which he might have been persuaded to throw away or which someone might have tactfully removed. Abel would then have enjoyed his full span of years. The French feel that Abel's number was up in any case, and had Cain found himself without a club he would have achieved the same result with a handy bowlder. The French are convinced that Germany may be counted upon to attack France, if not with one weapon, then with another. France will not disarm.

Shift the periscope down to Italy. When the war ended there was a common saying to the effect that neither British Tommies nor American doughboys would ever again chance the bad luck of crossing water to fight, either on Flanders' mournful plain or elsewhere. That may apply to the fortunate citizens of the still more or less geographically isolated United States. But the British must fight again if it comes to that—because it will be the same proposition of fighting for their existence—not for the sake of poor little Belgium or poor little anybody. The question of fighting again applied to Italy, is not Will she fight? but Whom will she fight? Once a member of the Triple Alliance, with Germany and Austria, a few months after the war began she decided to abandon her allies and make up the Quadruple Entente. But after all, Austria was a natural enemy and the Adriatic had become an unnatural Teutonic lake. It was in many ways vital that Italy should come to the aid of the ultimate victors, although it has often been argued, unjustly, that she did not then feel that she was taking risks. The Allied press, particularly the French, has always been unfair on that point. It has been almost forgotten that Italy supplied one of the finest fighting armies that appeared on any battlefield, and that her particular zone of operations was the most difficult of the entire front. It is only hinted that the Battle of Vittorio Veneto, that spelled débacle for Austria, was the real beginning of the end of the war. It has been largely overlooked that the death roll of Italy is almost as long as that of England.

Nations often have their own private feuds. Before the war Prussians and Bavarians so thoroughly detested each other that one wonders they were ever able to fight side by side. The two great Latin nations, France and Italy, have for a long time been decidedly antipathetic one to the other. Italy resents the patronizing and general belittling of her war efforts accorded by her larger and more powerful neighbor. The general feeling of the Italian people has become anti-French. Austria-Hungary no longer exists, and no fears exist relative to the new state of Jugo-Slavia. Before the war German capital and German influence were powerful in Italy. Since the war German capital has gone back, also great hordes of German tourists, who squander lavishly, and who have made the Italian resort of San Remo almost as glitteringly prosperous as Monte Carlo.

Italy's New Power

SINCE the war Italy has gone resolutely to work. Today she is an industrious and increasingly strong nation, with a more or less benevolent tyrant at her head. Mussolini has already flung one bomb into the camp of European powers by his contempt shown for the League of Nations in the Corfu affair of 1923, and he may be counted upon for any sort of future surprise. Italy, too, intends to have her place in the sun, and it is scarcely to be assumed that she will do anything original in the way of disarmament.

Next, Germany. The cause and effect of it all—both of armament and the present failure of disarmament—is Germany. She has been and remains the center of the web of world trouble. She does not pay. She may never pay—voluntarily—in full. She does not disarm—a recently proved fact—and she may never disarm, voluntarily. She waits, watches and prepares. Apparently she will cheerfully sign any Allied document that is presented. She does not want war. She prays for peace, but her prayer, now, is pitched in exactly the same key as the prayers of the Allies—not a whit more humble. Therefore it may be assumed that what Germany will do is based on what the Allies do—either to her or for her. She has intelligence and courage. Despair has fallen from her and she has risen from bended knees. And she is sixty million strong. She still needs a little time to put her house in complete order, and then she may again look entire Europe in the eyes—challengingly, if need be. Von Hindenburg's election further heightened the uncertainties that already existed.

Germany regards the Treaty of Versailles not only as a treaty among the Allies but as a treaty with Germany. Under the occupation clauses, Germany is given rights for her own security. The Allies expect disarmament. Germany expects evacuation. Germany at Versailles signed away parts of her territory. She expects her sovereignty of the remainder to have the protection of the treaty. She now claims that the Allies have discussed certain recent proposals as though there were no treaty at all, that they have suggested, with apparent indifference to obligations, that even Treaty Germany should now be dismembered, either by arbitrary occupation, for which the Versailles document does not provide, or establishing Allied control over territory indisputably German.

And beyond that corridor to the east, taken from Germany by the Allies, out beyond the despised Poland, lies Russia. It needs a great sweep of the periscope to take in the vastness of Russia. But there, rather than in Germany, we may yet find the greatest menace to world peace.

In 1915 the Putiloff arms works at Petrograd were reorganized, the French now sorrowfully admit, by French engineers. On French machines the Russians are turning out the same kind of cannon, large and small caliber, that are manufactured at the Creusot works in France. In the last few months it is reported that sixty guns, all over eight-inch caliber, have been turned over to the army. It is further reported that tanks are now being constructed in these same works, while at Sebastopol factories are working at full speed on the construction of submarines. Aeroplanes are being constructed near Moscow. Air lines are now being prepared between Moscow and Petrograd, Moscow and Tiflis, Tiflis and Baku, Baku to Teheran. Originally all the pilots were Germans, but little by little and this applies also to the staff officers—Russians have taken their places. Today there are few Germans connected with the Russian military organization.

A Gigantic Program

HAVING learned what she could from the Germans, Russia is now developing military tactics and an offensive military plan that she considers especially adapted to her own needs in view of the great distances that her army is forced to cover. In the far east her army is training for swift campaigns, a war of movement, cavalry, light artillery, supported by aeroplanes. Her heavy guns and slower-moving troops are reserved for whatever may happen with the more powerful opponents on the west. At present the attacking plans of the general staff are divided into three parts: First, in case of trouble with England, Russia will launch a swift attack, through Persia, against Armenia and Mesopotamia, with the Mosul oil fields as immediate goal. Second, in case trouble comes by way of Italy or the Mediterranean and Adriatic, she will attack, with an equally large army, through Rumania, Hungary to Croatia. Third, if it is later deemed advisable to form a combination with Germany, Russia plans to hurl shock troops and tanks against Lithuania, Latvia and Poland.

How near Russia is ready to put such a gigantic program into operation is still a matter of guesswork. It is scarcely probable that her great army is yet fully equipped or that her supply services are yet organized for long and hazardous campaigns. But these are her plans, and it is quite clear that she is outside the category of nations that intend or even wish to disarm.

Japan is the last nation under periscopic observation, until we give the instrument the final twist and turn it upon the United States. Japan, despite her own assurances—often supported by proofs—that she is a pacific nation, still is numbered in the list of the doubtful.

Following the Washington Arms Conference, Japan, along with Britain and the United States, scrapped the prescribed number of capital ships. Since then she has laid down thirty cruisers of all classes, and since the war has built eighty-three thousand tons of submarines. She is rapidly recovering from the economical devastation of her earthquake, and although economists and even military experts give many reasons why she would avoid war, she yet maintains an army that has successful war traditions behind it.

Moves in the Right Direction

THE United States has without any doubt made greater attempt to brighten the gloomy spectacle of world armaments than any other nation. The great moves in the right direction—The Hague Tribunal, the League of Nations, the World Court and the Arms Conference—have all emanated from Washington. Much criticism can be leveled at the results of the Arms Conference, and yet it achieved one outstanding success, the effect of which cannot be overestimated, quite aside from the mere scrapping of battleships. It laid down the principle that the armament of one nation is not solely its affair, but that its friends and even possibly its enemies have a right to be consulted.

Our American statesmen realized, quite as well as statesmen anywhere, that in this epoch of world history the limitation of armaments is all that can be hoped, that complete disarmament is quite outside present possibilities. But the public at large, in its passion for the ideal, has gone beyond this conception; the word "disarmament" in the United States has come to mean practically the scrapping of all weapons, all over the world, with the exception of bird guns and sling shots.

But quite aside from any idealistic hopes that may have existed elsewhere, prior to the Harding Conference, the general invitation was then accepted with such alacrity because the slogan of the United States at the end of the war was "We will now build us a navy that shall be second to none." With America's power and money, even England foresaw that, once Uncle Sam got started, not even she could keep control of the seas. On the other hand, in going on a parity with the United States she had nothing to fear. The two nations would remain friends. No other navy could compete with her own, and whatever navy remained to her could still fulfill its chief duty of policing her trade routes on every sea. So she agreed with America to cut down rather than compete. But naval competition has now taken renewed form in the building of what formerly were considered auxiliary ships. In this, also, America has the means to participate on any scale desired, so it is entirely unlikely that an invitation sent out by President Coolidge to have another parley, with further limitations in mind, would meet with rebuff from Britain or Japan.

61

How to End Most Carburetor Troubles

Take this dirt and water *out of gasoline*

Do you ever wonder why your car runs perfectly for days—then suddenly and mysteriously balks and loses power—even quits, for no reason at all? But there *is* a reason, and it's not in your car. It's the varying condition of your gas—till now unavoidable.

Dirt and water. These are the causes of 90% of all carburetor troubles, according to actual service station records.

Serious Engine Trouble, Too

Here also is the almost universal cause of improper carburetion. Improper carburetion, which, engineers agree, is the underlying cause of over half your serious engine troubles. Carbon. Pitted valves. Diluted oil. Scored cylinders and worn bearings.

Purifies Gasoline

The Alemite Gas-Co-Lator gives you a practical way to cleanse your gasoline—as you drive. Protect your carburetor and your engine from all foreign matter—and the trouble it causes. Try this 30 days at our risk and see.

You attach the Gas-Co-Lator to your vacuum tank. It's done in a few minutes with wrench or pliers.

The Gas-Co-Lator filters every drop of gasoline *upward* through 20 sq. inches of selected chamois, just before entering your vacuum tank. Dirt and water are stopped in a heavy glass trap bowl. It cannot clog up the way the screens in your gas line do. Yet it is 100 times finer than the finest screen. It stops water as well as the finest dust particles.

The Gas-Co-Lator purifies your gas — *as you drive*

30 DAYS FREE PROOF *on your car*

Don't Touch Your Carburetor

Your carburetor is the most delicately adjusted part of your engine. (That's why every motor instruction book warns you to *let it alone*.) Even a tiny bubble of water or speck of dirt can affect its action.

When this happens your engine sputters and loses power. You open the choke—or change the needle valve. And this, engineers state, is the beginning of most serious motor troubles and repairs. For raw gasoline enters the cylinders. Carbon forms, valves pit. Oil is diluted. A frequent cause of scored cylinders and burned out bearings. Filtered gas will eliminate these risks.

Why You Need This

Repair men know how important clean gasoline is. By actual check, 15 to 20% of *all work* done in service stations, recently investigated, was the one job of cleaning carburetors and fuel systems. Even if every drop of gas were clean when it *entered* your tank you would still have this to contend with. For water condenses from the air inside your tank. Chemical action flakes tiny particles from the lining of your tank. Dust seeps in through air vents. Bits of fibre slough off of filling hose. The Gas-Co-Lator keeps all this out of your carburetor and vacuum tank.

A 10-day collection in your trap bowl will amaze you. It will show you why filtered gas improves the action of your engine so much. Here is a practical test that you owe it to your car to make.

30 Days FREE PROOF —Ask Your Dealer

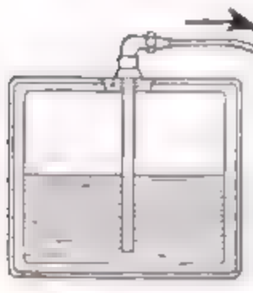
Have your car dealer install a Gas-Co-Lator on your car. If he hasn't one in stock he can easily get it for you. Drive with it 30 days. See for yourself what it does. If for *any* reason you don't want to keep it, just have your dealer take it off. He is authorized to refund the full purchase price without question. The Gas-Co-Lator is made and unconditionally guaranteed by the makers of the Alemite high pressure lubricating system. Over 300,000 motorists have made this test. And not one has ever been willing to part with the Gas-Co-Lator after trying it.

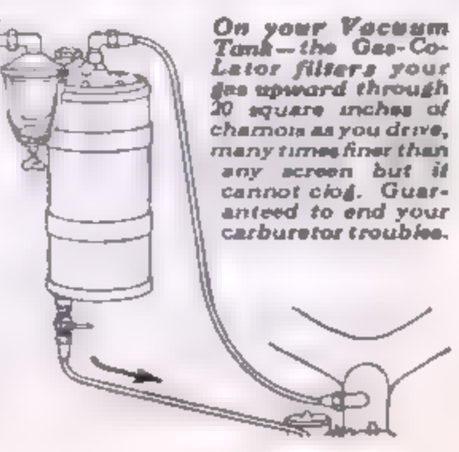
THE BASSICK MANUFACTURING CO.
3660 North Crawford Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Canadian Factory: Alemite Products Co. of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ont.

Screens in your gas line clog up easily. The Gas-Co-Lator simply cannot clog. Yet is many times finer than any screen. Complete protection of the vital parts of your fuel system.

ALEMITE
"Reg. U. S. Pat. Off."

Gas-co-lator





On your Vacuum Tank—the Gas-Co-Lator filters your gas upward through 20 square inches of chamois as you drive, many times finer than any screen but it cannot clog. Guaranteed to end your carburetor troubles.

filters your gas—as you drive

Ideal hosiery service for the bride

REAL SILK HOSIERY SERVICE to the bride is practically indispensable. The Costume Color Harmony Charts, sent FREE on request, enable her to select her trousseau colorings in conformity with the latest fashion decrees.

Then when gowns, hats, shoes and lingerie are purchased, the Real Silk Representative calls at her home. There, with her whole wondrous new wardrobe before her, she selects her hosiery in just the right tints and textures to match each stunning costume. Fifty fascinating shades are hers to choose from.

Besides, in buying Real Silk Hosiery direct from the mills at mill prices, she enjoys an unparalleled saving which only the Real Silk Representative can offer.

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THE SECRET GODDESS

By Thomas Beer

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

THE porter shoved his white sleeve through the curtains and said, as Peter grunted, "Halfy hour, boss," and the engine whistled somewhere ahead of this rolling distress. Peter swung out of the berth and beheld his mother in the door of her stateroom, against its inner light, with her hat already pinned. She had a slim, refreshed look that maddened him, and he stalked sulkily at her, pulling his jacket together.

"Poor lamb!"

Peter said, "Anyhow, it cools off in the desert at night," and went groping down the polished alley to the smoke room, hauling the drenched linen from his shoulders. The smoke room blazed, and a gigantic man in a green silk dressing gown stared at him over the lavender binding of a French magazine.

"Pretty bad night."

"Bad!" said Peter. "And then they talk about the climate of Africa!"

He slung his jacket at one of the hooks, missed it and had to pick the limp thing up from a litter of broken paper cups below the sweating tank. A torn cup stuck to a button, and Peter stepped back to shake the soaked garment. He stepped on a moving, dry coil and his soul was rigid among his woven muscles for a caught breath before he dared to look down at the black cord of the giant's dressing gown. He mumbled "Oh," and three mirrors showed to him the blood sliding back into his face and the tall man's eyes greenly watchful on each side of a hawk nose, above a pointed beard.

"You're getting off?"

"Y-yes," said Peter, turning water loose in a basin.

"Congratulations. Eventually," the long stranger drawled, "someone'll discover that men of my height travel in sleeping cars and provision will be made. But I shall have died before that time and it won't do me the least good, you know." He switched back the evil cord of his gown and drew its length between his fingers, slowly speaking. Then he said, "How old were you when you walked on the snake with your bare foot?"

Peter splashed water on his neck and wondered whether the blush trickled on his white back between the brown points of his shoulders. This man knew, though, and Peter said, "Seven."

"Bite you?"

"Oh, hell, no! Garter snake."

In a mirror, the bearded man turned a page of the Mercure de France and his drawl soothed.

"The other kids laughed at you and you were sore for days about it. Still makes you angry thirteen years afterward."

"Fourteen!"

"Still makes you lose your temper fourteen years afterward. I'm always in a bad temper for hours after a thunderstorm, myself, because I'm deadly afraid of lightning."

Peter put his head into the basin, to blush, and speculated about apologies. But if this man went around shoving his brain into a stranger's body, he must be used to sharp answers, and the face had an odd kindness marked about the eyes.

The mouth opened and the tall man said, "You're just back from Egypt?"

Carefully scrubbing his left flank with a wet towel, Peter asked, "What makes you think that?"

As if She Heard His Order, She Did Not Look at Wally, and Her Hands Sank Again to the Long Bleached Grass About Her Doubled Knees

"Your mother was wearing a string of outrageous Egyptian beads in the dining car and watching you eat as if she'd just got you back from somewhere. No woman of her caste would take those beads," said the oracle, "save from the hand of love. They'll be lost pretty soon. You're getting off at Carberry too. And your feet aren't tanned, so you didn't broil your arms in swimming. You just now defended the climate of Africa, and Robert Seely's preface to his Myths of Ancient Thebes is dated from Carberry. I assume that you're his son."

"I never met an American who'd heard of dad!"

"Nonsense! You've met hundreds and there are thousands. But they don't know that Robert Seely's an American. Americans never read title pages and prefaces. Eventually some Englishman will write an article on your father and the cerebrals will hear of him. Then, if he's dead, a society of schoolma'ams will raise a fund to put an ugly monument on his grave. Such is the reward of scholarship. So Doctor Seely's raked up a new temple of Maritsakro at Thebes?"

"No, sir. It's just a tablet with a hunk of her tail on it and one of her names."

"Names? What were her other names and why did she have a tail?"

"She was a snake. Some of her names were Lady of the Summits and Friend of Silence and Queen of the West."

The giant nodded, "The west was the Egyptian land of the dead. Friend of Silence is awfully good for a snake goddess. If snakes barked and whinnied, you know, they wouldn't be so unpopular. But they're so noiseless; and in the end, Mr. Seely, we like noises. Maritsakro's a good word for a snake too. It wiggles up and down. And what was Maritsakro's specialty?"

"She haunted people. Then they brought her snakes to heal people who thought they were goin' west. I'd as soon croak as have a snake doctor me."

The wise man laid aside his magazine and lighted a cigarette. He said, "You wouldn't have. You were an Egyptian peasant, and you went barefoot and were afraid of snakes because they nabbed your toes. So you had a bellyache after a hearty Sunday dinner of roast crocodile, and, of course, that was Maritsakro spooking you. So you sent little Tutenkhamun to the temple with some cash, and Yip, the second assistant priest, brought one of the holy snakes to look you over, and made voodoo. Then you felt better and were more scared of Maritsakro than ever, or you died and it didn't matter. The temple had the cash. We worship what we fear, and don't reject the platitude, Mr. Seely. The duties of my profession largly consist in telling patients that enough is as good as a feast—money, love, food. We also tell them that they had better enjoy today and not fret about tomorrow. Wisdom of the Egyptians, you know. Good-by."

Peter trod on his fallen belt beside the berth and grinned, after he had winced. But he was sticky, trashing with clothes in the mist of curtains, and he seemed to burst from the car into actual air, not hot, that blew along the dark unchanging platform of Carberry's station.

"Poor angel!" said his mother. "Our heat's so wet after Egypt! Whistle! There's Bryan with the machine. No, it's Wally. . . . Oh, Pete, do be careful not to say anything!"

"Say? What's the matter with Wally?"

Mrs. Seely's voice sank with the movement of a long youth through the light of the station's ten globes. She said "Sh-h-h!" and then very gently told Walter Bryan, "Here we are, Wally. How well you look, and"—she ended in a stricken gulp—"here's Pete."

Peter shook hands wildly, and the gardener's son muttered that his hair had got bleached in Egypt, then gripped the suitcases and said to Mrs. Seely, "Hey, thank y' for lettin' pop bring the machine up Sat'day. We had a fine ride down."

Having formally stated so much, he turned and began a thunderous march over the planks toward the motor's sheen beyond the station. Rubber soles didn't diminish the thump of his large feet; he was a compact army.

"Mother, what in time? Mrs. Bryan hasn't died or something?"

"Oh, sh-h-h! They let him out of the—the reformatory on Saturday."

Peter said, "Out of the —— What d'you mean?"

"Please, Peter! He'll hear you! He nearly killed Andy Dunster, in March, and there was a trial and the judge sent him to the reformatory for six months; but he was so good that they let him out on Saturday."

"But ——" An appalled grievance spouted in Peter; they had done something when his back was turned; this was nonsense and treacherous. He grunted, "But—why, he's only a kid! But—reformatory—why, he's only twenty! Why on earth didn't you write me?"

He sat silent in the car and studied the back of Wally's illumined neck when lamps made it pink between cropped

dark hair and the regional blue shirt. Andrew Dunster was a thing of mud, from a family gone to seed near the bridge of the river below the Seely lawns. The Bryans, really, were cousins of Peter's father in a fourth, ungrammatical degree, and Wally went fishing up the stream with Peter in brotherly seclusions that might last a week if weather was fine. This was awful rot!

"Got y' post cards, Pete," Wally said, slinging the profile of his jaw against the last light of the small city. "Only but they wouldn't let us write none from the reform'tory but to our folks, see? Hey, they had a kid up there from N'York that'd got married with three girls in one year an' swiped their joolry and got 'rested in Albany for stealin' postage stamps. Wasn't but sixteen an' didn't weigh more'n a hundred-thirty with his clothes on. Hey, the chaplain gimme a piece out the paper about the pr'fessor findin' a thing in Egypt. I got it," Wally mentioned, "in my pants."

Mrs. Seely's teeth chattered in an effort not to laugh.

Peter sank from wrath to amusement, and said, "I guess your heart isn't broken, Wally."

Wally steered the car downhill slowly, and the river's known smell pushed at Peter in the sliding wind from this shallow bowl of fields and woods that were twisting streaks. The moon collapsed in a tuft of clouds at the farther edge of the world and water was a gray straggle of mystery, splitting the depth of night. Dawn would come soon. A window was lemon in some house beside the bridge.

"Hey," said Wally, "Andy Dunster's gettin' up early. Hey, he tried to shake hands with me 'smornin'. Only but I give him a slat on the nose an' he went off home. Hey," the loud bass reflected, "one the guards to the reform'tory give us boxin' lessons. Nex' time I clean up a guy I'm gonna stick to his belly an' ribs. Then it ain't but 'sault'n' batt'ry an' twenty days in jail."

"Walter," Mrs. Seely said, "you're not to touch Andy Dunster again!"

"Yes'm. Hey, I chased his wife off of the v'randa 'saf-ternoon again. She was lookin' inter the dinin' room. I says, 'Clear on out of this an' go home an' wash Andy's clothes some, 'cause God knows they need it!' I says, 'Y'ain't any business here an' y'know y'aint!' I says, 'Nex' time y'come flat-footin' round here I'm gonna load in some buckshot to ——'"

"Walter!"

"Yes'm. 'N'then she went home."

Peter stood up to look over the stone bridge's white-washed parapet at curly points in the river, teased by rocks.

He asked, "What did Andy Dunster get to marry him?"

"Some kind of Eytalian. Who else would?"

"She's a Sicilian girl from the factory," said Mrs. Seely, and the car jolted from the bridge to plain earth again, with the Dunster homestead huddling pale houses down on either side of the road, with a scent of slovenly barnyards coming sharply and the lighted window plain in the stretch of a tousled orchard.

"Andy's got up early," Wally said, "so's to swipe some milk off somebody other's cows. His new teeth's better lookin'n them I binged out of ——"

The loud voice stopped; the car stopped; Peter's hands unclasped slowly after the shock of that searing noise.

His mother panted, "It wasn't a woman," and a dog began to bark. Someone had dreadfully yelled, not far from their silence in the machine's halted safety.

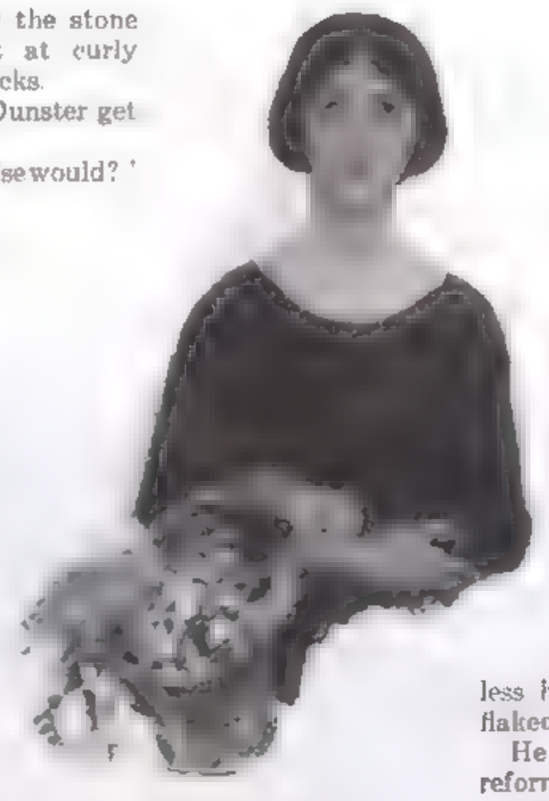
"Pop won't let me pack a gun," Walter said, and his feet hit the roadway.

The dog pattered on clay before the lamps and vanished under a fence's sagging line; Walter stood swinging an arm beside the car, and stared off at the house in the orchard with its yellow window.

Very soon a door creaked quickly and a boy's voice rippled in a long, nervous shout: "Hey, Andy! Whatsamatter?"

All the Dunsters must be roused. Sounds grew everywhere and flowered as the cluck of women before a man's feet came clattering toward the great barn's echo.

Andy Dunster said, fifty yards from the road, "Aw, what y' think? Walked onto a garty snake in the kitchen, gettin' up!"



"She's a Good-Lookin' Jane if You Like 'Em Black-Headed"

He would be snapping lean fingers against the bulge of a thigh and blinking his surly eyes. But Peter felt a gratitude for that graceless howl and confession: nobody liked snakes underfoot.

"Huh!" Wally called immensely, to the night. "If his wife kep' a clean kitchen, th' snakes'd stay out!"

"Wally," said Mrs. Seely, "get back in the car!"

"Yes'm. Any woman that'd marry a Dunster when she could get her a Polack or an ——"

"Walter!"

"Yes'm," Walter said regretfully, and got into his seat, but flung out another bellow: "There's snakes I'd so soon marry as a Dago. Hey, Pete, ain't the air tough round down here?"

"Shut up and get ahead," said Peter.

A man was striding down to the fence and women were squeaking in the shapeless houses. Wally drove uphill and the noise flaked from Peter's hearing in the engine's mumble.

He chuckled, "You'll find yourself back in the reformatory if ——"

"G'on!" said his relative, swinging under the gates. "Nex' time I'm gonna let him hit me first. . . . See where th' oak blew down las' month? . . . Hey, y'been away just nine months, huh? . . . Gimme the bags, out."

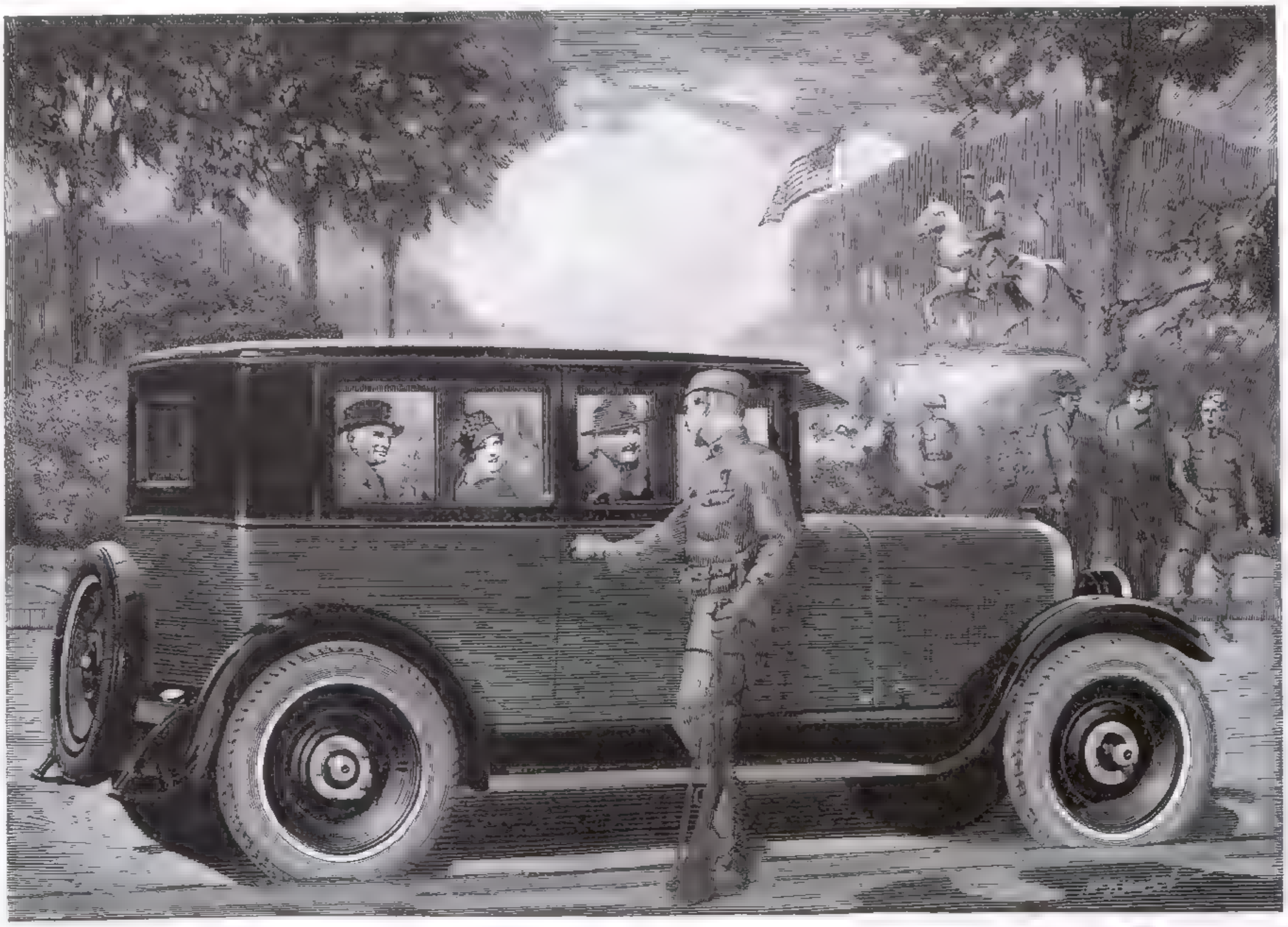
He marched up the stairs through the hall's known charm of soft paint and faded silks. His soles resounded above, and Peter heard a door kicked wide before a suitcase hammered a floor.

Mrs. Seely leaned on the newel and wailed, "He's so pleased with himself! I was afraid he'd be sulky! See if the maids left any sandwiches for us, and give them to him. The poor lamb's been up all night. He'll tell you his side of it. But Wally was in the wrong, Pete. You should scold him. He's your property. He's so pleased with himself! Boys are simply atrocious."

Peter lighted the dining room and stood with a sandwich in hand to admire its creamy paint spread over the walnut panels reared by his grandfather, who had so sensibly

(Continued on Page 48)

"She Was Diggin' Up Somethin', and I Says, 'G'on Home, Y'big Dago!'"



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Watch This Column

REGINALD DENNY

It is a big thing to say of any star that every picture he has made has been a success, yet it's true of REGINALD DENNY—from *"Leather Pusher"* days to the present time. I believe his great popularity is largely due to the fact that he typifies young American manhood and because he is clean-cut, wholesome, daring, natural and full of life and fun. What do you gather from the fact that he is just as popular in Universal's foreign market as he is in our own country?

DENNY was universally commended in the *"Leather Pushers,"* in *"The Reckless Age," "Sporting Youth," "Fast Worker"* and *"Oh, Doctor,"* and I am confident he is due for more fine compliments in his newest picture, *"I'll Show You the Town,"* adapted from Elmer Davis' splendid novel. The associating cast is unusually good, and Harry Pollard, who directed DENNY in all but one of his pictures, held the directing reins in this one. Your opinion of this young man and his talents will be welcome.

Some critics have complained that some exhibitors, taking advantage of the fact that they are always sure of a good crowd on Saturday, put on "cheap pictures" on that day. I don't know how true it is, but I do know that any exhibitor can play safe by showing Universals. We do not make "Saturday Night Pictures."

Every year there is always one picture that stands out over its fellows. This year, in my estimation, it will be Universal's magnificent spectacle, *"The Phantom of the Opera,"* founded on the mystery of the Paris Opera House, and in which the celebrated character-actor, LON CHANEY, stars as "The Phantom," assisted by MARY PHILBIN and NORMAN KERRY, and 5,000 others.

Universal successes commended to you: *"Smoldering Fires,"* with PAULINE FREDERICK and LAURA LA PLANTE. *"The Saddle Hawk,"* starring HOOT GIBSON; HOUSE PETERS in *"Raffles, The Amateur Cracksman"*; HERBERT RAWLINSON and MADGE BELLAMY in *"The Man in Blue"*; MARY PHILBIN and NORMAN KERRY in *"Fifth Avenue Models"*; and Virginia Valli in *"Up the Ladder."*

Carl Laemmle

(To be continued next week) *President*

Send for the beautifully illustrated "White List" booklet, which comes without cost to you.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 46)

changed himself from a small farmer to a rich maker of shoes. The oval chamber had deep cabinets set in the walls, and veins of fine wire glimmered in the heavy glass. The cells were shadows until Peter pressed the switch of higher globes and Maritsakro glowed on black velvet, alone in the cabinet beside the long windows. Here was the thin red plate of slippery stone, and a crack that crossed the viper's crowned, human head had not widened in these months. The three folds of the snake's tail seemed to leap forward as Peter fired his cigarette, and he held the match near the shield of glass. She was austere and loathsome; a thing made by man's mind gravely in honor of a lie; the worship of a fear. Who had called her that?

He could read only one symbol of the inscribed twelve above the writhing tail, the little mark that meant, to Egypt, "Beautiful." But he knew the sentence: "I, Pebhakkamen, a soldier, was made well by the beautiful Maritsakro, the Lady of the West." And perhaps three thousand years ago this fool had given some sculptor pay to make this offering, and ten years ago Peter's father had lifted it from rubble and orange sand of the Necropolis to a changed world.

"Hey," said Wally, thumping in, "y'mamma ain't oughta give none ——"

"Here! Talk English!"

"G'on! Y'mamma give a party for all them janes in th' shoe fact'ry on Washin'ton's Birthday. This bunch of garlic that's married with Andy Dunster came out too. They was all over the place, lookin' at the stachwary an' joolry an' stuff. Y'mamma'll wake up some morning' an' them Pharaoh's crowns and all'll be gone. I don't put it past Andy's woman to come in here some night and swipe th' silver. She packs a knife to her garter, anyways."

"Nonsense! That's what all you idiots say about any foreigner. Who says she has a knife in her garter?"

"I seen it, didn't I? Las' evenin' I was chasin' her off of the p'tato patch an' she was gettin' across the fence an' here was this knife. You mightn't call it a garter, neither," he mused, astride a chair, "'cause she goes barefooted. Only but, Petie, y'mamma oughtn't give these parties for them skirts out the shoe fact'ry. Who's their folks? Y'gotta be careful who y' have into this house. Y'mamma don't know who those there women are 'cept they're poor and she's good-hearted on 'em."

"You're a peasant," Peter snapped.

"One of those in the movies with wooden shoes on? Get out!"

"You are," said Peter, and soared on a theory. "You've got a peasant mind. You're suspicious of foreigners. You can't understand them, so you're scared of them."

"Cert'nly I am," Walter nodded, ravaging the sandwiches with thick, long fingers. "Who's their folks in Poland and them dumps? Y'gotta know who a person's folks is before y' get dem'cratic with 'em. Might have come out of jail."

"You big snob!"

Wally grinned. Scolding washed from his hard pink surface uselessly. He was always to Peter a sort of young Pharaoh who mysteriously chose to wear blue shirts and yellow canvas breeches. There was something stiff and regal in his squared composure against any argument, and no joke ever had a meaning to his ears.

He sat and spoke, "This here woman of Andy's, she come ——"

"Came!"

"—— came over inter the field when I was plowin' back in March 'cause it was all thawed out. She was diggin' up somethin', and I says, 'G'on home, y'big Dago!' I says, 'Y' come round here rootin' like y' was a pig, an' that's all y'are too!' I says, 'Go home and stay, an' tell Andy to buy a chain for you!' I says ——"

"You were mighty tactful and polite, weren't you?"

"'N' then she went home an' Andy he come up the road with some more Dunsters an' give me a lot of stuff 'cross the fence about insultin' his wife. I says, 'I and pop farm this place for the pr'fessor, an' we don't need no woman of yours diggin' up roots in here, neither!' I says, 'You chain her up nor don't let her come sneakin' up an' lookin' in the windows at the joolry!' I says, 'Go an' buy her some more of them glass bracelets like she wears, an' tell her to keep her feet off this place!' It ain't so, like he said to the judge, that I used no obscene language about her, 'cause I didn't. All I said was she looked like one of them things the pr'fessor digs up in this Egypt out of coffins, and that she must of buried bones, 'cause she was always diggin' under the bushes. 'N' then he let me hit him first, and a lot of Dunsters seen me bing his teeth in, y'see?"

"I see. Dirty trick of Andy's to squeal to the judge. But you always hit so damned hard, Wally! And you mustn't bawl out Andy's wife."

"G'on! Y'ain't seen her, Petie. She ain't a lady," said Walter, "or I'd act like I was."

"You would in a hurry if she wasn't ugly!"

"Who says she's ugly? Naw, she's a good-lookin' jane if you like 'em black-headed Got a good shape, too, but kinda stiff up the back. Naw, she's fixed all right for looks. But I'd so soon kiss a gatepost. She just ain't," he brooded, "'tractive to anybody that likes women. She's kinda—sorta ——" Then he abandoned definitions and ordered, "G'on to bed now. I'll be done weedin' by two an' we'll go swimmin'. Then, y'gotta take me to the film at the new place on Ir'quois Street. It's a film about Paris. Y'oughta feel right at home with it. Fetch back any of those cigarettes with gold ends on 'em? In y' trunk? I'll send pop down for it early. Go to bed, kid."

He thundered through a window and his feet ground the tiles of the veranda, then thumped gravel as he stalked down to his father's cottage by the greenhouse and garage. Egypt and Paris were confused in his mind, if any real confusion could exist there. Peter brought him cigarettes from one place and vehement neckties from the other. He asked no questions about Thebes; that was a folly of the professor's, and took Peter off in ships across the ocean which he had seen from Atlantic City and didn't much approve, because its salt got into his brown eyes. Peter grinned on the last thud of soles, and a rooster grew wakeful in the world somewhere. Cocks answered up the valley and a mirror of the sideboard showed torpid stars receding in the sky, a pale expanse of glory hung on fragrant trees where free birds sang suddenly in full chorus. Egypt had no such birds. He dropped his head back on the velvet chair and listened.

"*Ecco, signorino!*"

Peter looked at her without movement, and the chair was hard rock beneath him. She stood under the beating lamps and stared, a real thing, a woman.

She said, "You go to sleep. I see the light an' think robbers have got in. I come up by the road. You are asleep."

"No, no," he said; "I wasn't asleep."

But a feeling of sleep was on him, and a powerless fright. She was there without any noise, and the red flowers printed in her black cheap dress made no difference. She did not breathe, but stood with a woven basket in one yellow hand and smiled.

"I see the light. I think there are robbers. I come up."

"Yes, yes. It's all right."

She had been standing there with a knife under the black, stolid skirt, and she could have killed him with his eyes closed. Killed him! But now she was smiling, and the stare washed his body with cold wind. She was some carved woman out of a tomb in Egypt, with wooden folds of blackness masking a yellow, painted breast. They had dug her up and brought her here to smile at him with eyes of white-and-black enamel and a mouth daubed vermilion by some slave in a workshop of the Necropolis. For all this time she had been staring in the darkness of a vault, buried in sand, and the glass bracelets of her wrists had not stirred or tinkled. But she was Andy Dunster's wife.

"You're Sicilian, aren't you?"

"*Si, signorino.* I am living in Girgenti once. You come back from Egypta?"

"Yes—er—nice weather."

"*Si.* I go now. Because," she said, very s'owly, "I see the lights and think there are robbers, so I come up. Now I go."

Her yellow feet moved on the rug, and she was going, as he rose, through the wet grass of the lawn. But the black skirt had no motion and the body's ripe curves did not waver in her walk. The basket filled with wild-grape leaves took color in the first stab of the sun, and trees shadowed her vanishing among columnar, tawny trunks. She had gone back into Egypt. No, into the Yankee woods to dig up dandelion roots, you fool! Peter bit his lips and grunted. But he was still asleep; the sunbeams passed over his hands as he put out the lamps of the white room, and Maritsakro faded suddenly to brown in her shrine of velvets. The chintz and lacquer of his own chamber welcomed him and he found his fingers snapping home the key, then swore in a frantic shame. But she might have killed him, he still thought, with sheets cool on his body and the pillow soft about his head. She could have killed him, bound in sleep, and the hot sun when he woke had not crushed this dream of chilly dawn.

"I insist," said his mother, beside the bed, "that you get up and spank Wally Bryan. His idiotic father only says, 'Now, boy!' and his mother only chirps at him when he does something atrocious. He chased the Dunster woman out of the roses. I think he threw a clod at her. He knows there's no such thing as trespass here except in apple time, and he's courting trouble."

"Well, let her keep out of here! You've done Sicily, haven't you? Yes, when I was at Andover. Well, what's Girgenti?"

"It's some adorable ruins and a few fishermen. I had neuralgia very badly there, and your dad got excited because the thief who drove us looked like Thutmys Third or Amenhotep Second, or perhaps it was Akhnaton. I think he should try to leave Egyptians in Egypt. You weren't along that time on the steamer when he tried to work out an Egyptian family tree for some people from Chicago named De Long because their son had a Pharaonic eye or a Twelfth Dynasty nose or something of the kind. It was dreadfully embarrassing. But get up and spank Wally. He must be scolded."

Wally knelt among the roses and was quite unmoved by Peter's oaths. He said, "Go'n' tell it to the fish! What good's rosebushes when that bag of stuff's been rootin' for worms in 'em? Hey, I says, 'Y'folks must of been squirrels in this Sic'ly by how you go on.' I says, 'Quit fishin' for bugs an' go along home to that big stiff y'married!' I says, 'Gettahell out of this or I'll bing a bunk of mud at you!' Say, she was pretty near standin' on a garty snake while I was bawlin' her out. So I slung a piece of dirt at it and she went off home. Set down while I get done with this an' we'll go swimmin'."

There was Egyptian blood in Sicily. All the races had dimly fought there. Peter had learned Latin and Greek from those texts useful to historians, sitting in the noise of Cairo with his father when rain fell on Egypt. Some ancestor had sent down to her that level stare and the bands of tightened hair that lay in angles over the forehead s blankness, its yellow calm. Her mothers had sat at feasts in the harem and tittered together in long lines while the drunken negroes danced to please some smiling lord under ceilings enameled with blue and orange stars. They had set out lamps and salt to celebrate the feast of the buried dead and wailed behind the mummy of their master on a boat that swam from living Thebes to the summit of the west. Egypt had made her dark and wonderful, dreadful.

"Th'other Dunster women won't have nothin' to do with this wop. Freddy—the

(Continued on Page 50)

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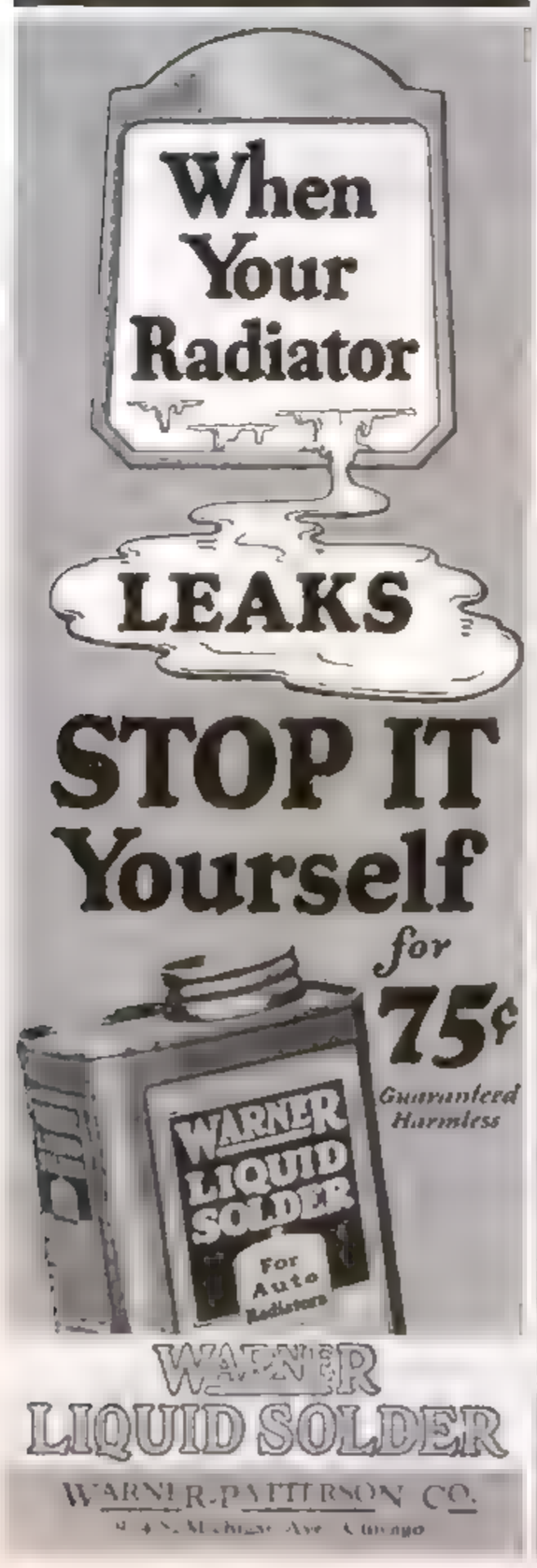

(Continued from Page 48)

kid that ain't had time t'get a mean disp'sition yet—he says she can't even cook good."

"Oh, shut up about her! Come on!"

"Gotta get these weeded b'fore t'morrow. Fourth of July. Y'mamma's givin' a party at the fact'ry."

"Oh, Lord! We'll all have to go in and watch them eat ice cream!" Peter fretted with the beginning of a headache, wrinkling up his brows. He hated these festivals; the round manager of the factory would drip ceremonious comments on his own efficiency and might try to show Peter new models of the Seely Shoe; the band would clatter in the meadow behind the building, and two hundred gallons of ice cream would slake foreign throats. Now that he thought of it, he saw the Sicilian woman's stare fixed on him from a muddle of cheap frocks. His headache would be bad tomorrow, certainly.

"You say she came out to mother's Washington's Birthday show?"

"Uh-huh. She gummed round and looked at all the joolry and stachwary, an' y'mamma took two of them crown things out a case and let some the janes handle 'em. Y'mamma ain't careful with them kind of people. This here wop'd steal a dead carrot if she seen it loose in a garbage can. She ——"

"When did Andy Dunster marry her?"

"Right after Washin'ton's Birthday. He give her a lif' back to town from y'mamma's party 'n' they was hitched nex' day. He dunno nothin' about women, an' any girl that wanted could get him for nothin'. She can't cook none, Freddy Dunster says; 'n' now it's hot weather, all she does is go out in the woods and root up things. Come on now. I'm through."

The woods thickened toward the river and Wally's feet made less noise on mossed rocks that cropped through the brush in larger plates, while he spoke with sober contentment of the reformatory. Twelve girls had written to him while he languished, and a thirteenth had made satisfactory explanations for her disloyalty and had been forgiven yesterday. And it had been fun to watch the prisoners from cities struggle with agriculture when the reformatory's attached farm was planted. And no one of fame in Carberry had ever been in a reformatory.

"You'd find something to be pleased about if you were sitting in the electric chair, waiting for them to turn the current on! You're the most conceited animal I ever met!"

"They had us wrastlin'," said Wally, "'n' I threw a guy that weighed a hundred-eighty and was in for bustin' his pop on the head with a pitcher. The rest of the —— Hey! You get clean out of these woods an' g' home! This here's private property and "

Peter said, "Oh, shut it off, Wally! Let her alone," and turned his eyes from the darkness crouched among the brush against a triangle of rock.

As if she heard his order, she did not look at Wally, and her hands sank again to the long bleached grass about her doubled knees. Peter saw, staring elsewhere, the sleek, glazed indifference of her smile and the hair's bands above the yellow face. He was hurrying from her in strides and she was printed by one glance.

"They always sit like that!"

"All who?"

"In the wall paintings. I mean the Egyptian women. She looks like one in the tombs at ——"

"G'on! Them women in y' dad's book? Why, she's dressed clean to her neck! They ain't nothin' on only but a skirt! What's y'hurry? The river ain't gonna dry up."

The river filled Peter's left ear with troublesome fluid. He hopped on a baking plane of rock in the stream's middle and swore so tartly that Wally stared in admiration, holding to an edge of the granite island.

"Y'picked up some new ones to Egypt, Pete. Hey, look where them spruces was lightnin'-struck las' summer! Freddy Dunster's built himself a kinda hut in there. Told him I'd bust it down—only he's a kid."

"Let him keep it, for the love of murder! I don't see it."

"Swim over 'n' look."

They had to shove aside withered boughs of the smashed spruce and a twig was round under Peter's sole for a second. His muscles curled, but he stamped after Wally's pink shoulders into the presence of Freddy Dunster, who smoked a cigarette in the doorway of his hut, a really ambitious business and almost as tall as its maker.

"Pete says y' can keep this here, kid," said Wally, "only but if the woods take fire any time I'll chuck y'over the bridge, see?"

The youngest Dunster retorted, in soprano and bass mingled, "Aw, go to hell!" from principle, and then came to shake hands with Peter, saying shyly, "Gladseeyeh, Mist' Seely. It was you comin' las' night in the car when Andy'd stepped onter the garty snake, wasn't it? Hey, he cert'nly give a whoop, huh? Oughta be used to snakes."

"Why?"

"'Cause his wife keeps 'bout two hunderd dozen inter a coop, kinda, back of their place," Freddy said with an air of amused affection, his thumbs in his belt. "She caught a big feller yest'day. Guess it chased some th' little ones out."

"Quit givin' us any such stuff!" Wally commanded. "Catches snakes!"

Freddy looked at the long youth with the true contempt of one too small for thrashing, and said, "G'on, y' big mush! I keep tellin' you this. Go look in that canned-salmon box back of Andy's house. She's Eytalian," he told Peter, "an' they're all kinda crazy, an' got these vulcanoes around. I let out some of her snakes las' week—before you come back from jail, Wally—so's she'd pile onter Andy. 'Cause I was sore on him for tellin' mamma he seen me smokin', only but she seen me do it an' had Andy give me a wallop."

"Must be fun bein' a Dunster," Wally snorted.

"Prob'ly ain't so much fun as bein' servants to rich folks," the small Dunster said, swinging his legs. "Hey, Mist' Seely, gimme a ride inter the movies after supper?"

Peter, with iced feet, said, "All right. Was Andy's wife in a circus?"

"Naw. She jus' likes snakes. She'll set an' look at 'em like they was a movie. Says her mamma kep' a snake to Sic'ly name of ——"

"Y' lyin'," said Wally. "Snakes never don't have names."

"Neither does convicts. They just have numbers," Freddy remarked, and retired, on a motion of Wally's hand, into his hut. His voice came forth, stating, "Her mamma kep' a snake name of Lisa that could talk an' tell fortunes onto a pack of cards. She says snakes is lucky. . . . I only got thirteen cents for a movie ticket, Mist' Seely. I s'pose y'ain't got two more?"

Peter's spine was crawling, and he swam back to his clothes with Wally pink and pensive in his wake. The sun had taken a veil of hot mist, and Wally drawled, "Be broilin' tomorrow. . . . Say, is the kid lyin', Pete?"

"No —— Ophiolatry, by gum'"

"Huh?"

"Snake worship."

Wally pulled on his socks and said, after pondering, "Well, women's fierce, ain't they? There ain't any poison snakes up here. It's too bad. . . . Hey, here's this piece out the paper about y' dad's thing he found to Egypt."

Peter smoothed a strip of newspaper and read some editor's jocose comments on the cult of Maritsakro. His father was mentioned as an English Egyptologist, of course.

"And yet," the editor concluded, "the adoration of the serpent has outlasted ancient Thebes. The Ophites of the second Christian century adored a serpent. The snake was the confidential friend of the medieval wizard, and as late as 1900 the police of Marseilles took in custody a Basque woman who had made herself rich by threatening poor folk of the sailors' quarter with the wrath of a serpent. Triangles of colored glass were supposed to avert the evil of a snake's eye in some of the Mediterranean countries, and in some of the less cultured United States it is lucky to avoid killing snakes, and the snake rings and bracelets on sale in jewelry stores have a lucky significance to the superstitious."

Wally tramped back through the woods in silence, and grunted, "Snakes! Well!" in the tone of a tidy housewife outraged by spilled dust on a clean carpet, by way of farewell. Peter winced from the sight of black coils following the boy as Wally dragged the hose toward the rose beds. He stared off at the Dunster homestead, and the little house in the orchard seemed to swell in this haze, threatening him. Behind his back at dinner he felt Maritsakro smiling and wriggling on the plate of red stone in her shrine.

"What are you scowling about?"

"Mother, what on earth do you wear black so much for?"

Mrs. Seely ate a salted nut and answered, "Your dad likes me in it. And I'm not so thin as I was. Being divorced in favor of Egypt for half the year gives me so much too little to worry about. And —— Yes, Blanche?"

"It's the big Dunster boy wantin' Mr. Peter," said the maid. "He's in the kitchen."

"I don't think Wally's had time to hurt him since six o'clock, Peter. He must have been calling his awful wife names."

"Oh, you think she's awful?"

"My dear," said his mother, "she's terrific!"

Peter walked through the deep kitchen and found Andrew Dunster on the porch, where a bulb showed freckles of honeysuckle among the vines. The oldest of the unkempt widow's sons was dusty to the knees of his overalls as if he had kicked the roadway coming along, and he swung a red handkerchief to and fro before his jaw, sayin', "Hot, ain't it, Mist' Seely?" in an agitated mumble that leaked oddly from his build.

"What's Wally done to you now?"

Dunster laughed and color ran under soiled crescents of his face. He said, "Aw, Wally ain't done nothin'. I'm sorry my folks told the judge 'on him. He won't shake hands."

"Oh, your family got him into trouble?"

"Well," said Dunster, scrubbing his chin, "my wife done it. She ran inter town and told Judge Edley. But I wanted to speak about another ——"

Peter waited. After a while he was sorry for the high-shouldered, raw young man who sank so visibly into vexed childhood, scuffling a boot and blinking. The Dunsters all had this fellow's lank and slack prettiness; some feeble strain was blended in their long bodies, and Andy was dull besides.

"Mist' Seely, she's got some kinda red business—one of them things the pr'fessor fetches out of Egypt. It's got a kinda snake on it, with a woman's head. Would you be willin' t'sell?"

"Oh," Peter said, "that's what Mrs. Dunster wants?"

The husband wound his handkerchief around a wrist and nodded. Then he swabbed his face again and looked with utter childishness at Peter. Meanwhile fresh sweat poured from his hair, and the annoyed pity in Peter changed to another mood. Here they stood in this cube of glow, and something had strongly pushed the farmer from a shadow to make his silly offer.

"My father's refused five thousand dollars for that Maritsakro. There's no other like it. It's what they call a votive miniature. We couldn't sell it, of course."

"I knew so. What you call it right then?"

"Maritsakro."

Dunster said, puzzled, "That ain't what she named it. She says, '*Regina bellissima.*'

(Continued on Page 52)

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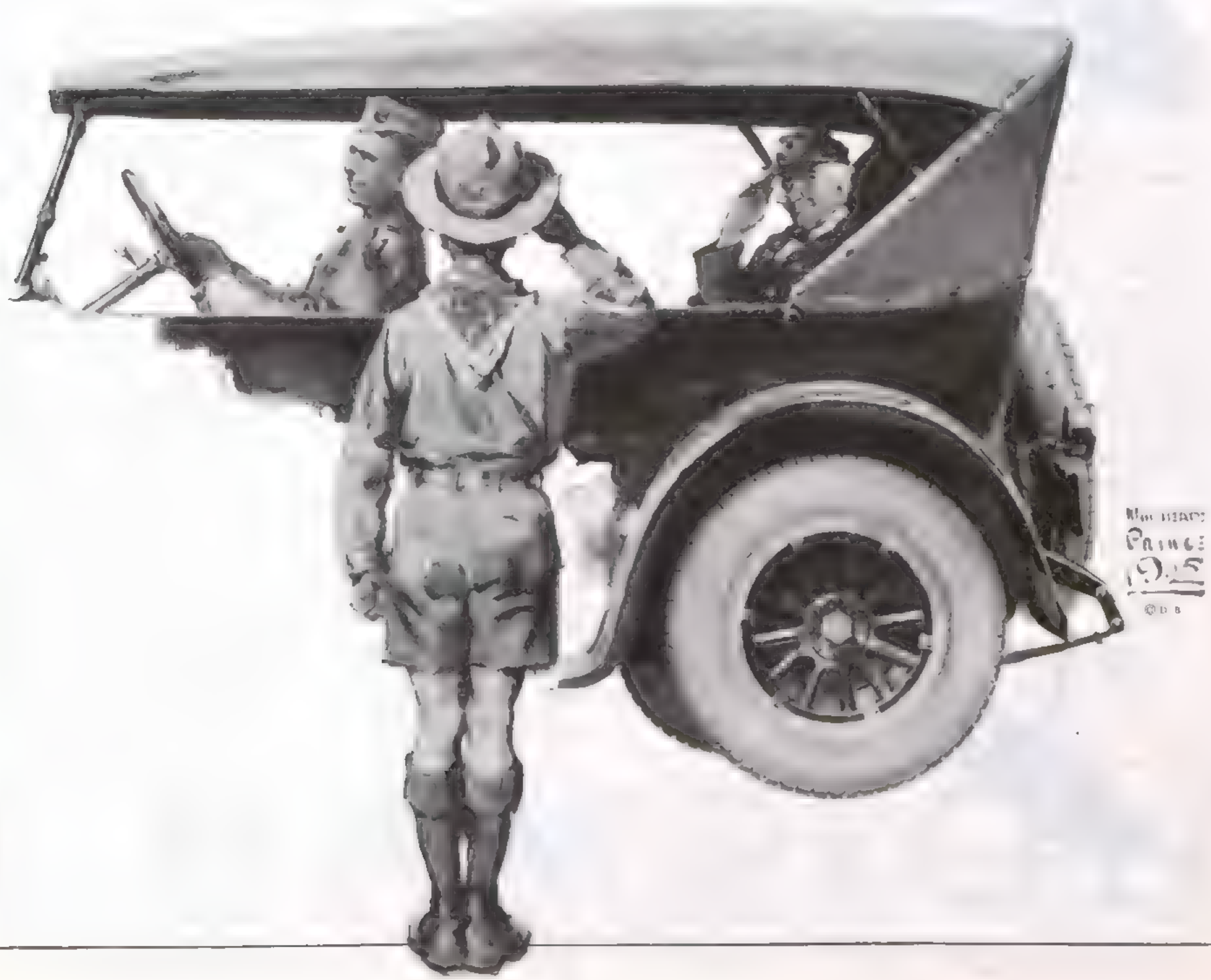

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(Continued from Page 50)

Only, I knew y' wouldn't sell. Only," he cried, "she keeps settin' an' sayin' she's jus' gotta have this here till I thought I'd come ask."

He turned very quickly and stared at the round shadows of the trim lilacs below the steps. Peter backed against the door and the voices of the maids in the kitchen dimmed, fell away from his sense. The night was poisonous beyond the globe's gift of brilliance; she must be there, waiting an answer.

"You tell your—tell Mrs. Dunster that it's impossible!"

The farmer twitched back his face and looked at Peter with his mouth wide. Then he said, "Ho! You're scared of her, too!" in a whine, and walked backward down the steps; but stopped between light and darkness, shuffling on the grass.

"*Regina bellissima*," Peter stammered, trying to get a cigarette from his case. "That's 'most beautiful queen' in Italian, isn't it?"

"I dunno. Only but she's been sayin' it at me so damn often that —— I've had mamma to talk to her about not bein' a fool, but they ain't friendly an'—she sets an' talks at me!"

She would sit and look at this poor peasant with the immovable eyes given to her by generations lost in sand, buried under crumbled and forgotten pyramids, and he would do anything that she demanded. She might be crouched behind the lilacs, hearing this, with her stare on some chosen spot of his white coat for the goal of her knife with its handle webbed in gold and bronze from her wrappings of the grave. No, this was nonsense, and her peasant husband was kicking the fallen handkerchief with a boot.

"Mist' Seely!"

"Well?"

"Us folks are honest. Wally's chased her off the porch here when she was lookin' in at this regina-b'lissima thing. She's sore on him. . . . An' you better keep that thing locked up good. I'm bein' honest."

"You can tell her, honestly, that a bell rings upstairs whenever the cases are opened."

"I'll cert'aly tell her so. Say," he gulped, "y' don't think I like all this here, do you?"

His arms heaved sideways in a stiff, heavy gesture, and the sob exploded before he turned and crashed through bushes with an oath that bubbled up in Peter's mind freshly all through the dreary fluctuation of gray nonsense on the screen of a moving-picture theater, while young Freddy chewed gum frantically and Walter somehow marked in the dimness the coming of ten of his loves to the show. He had seen a man weep with the shame of fear and it cut away other things from his attention. No logic would prevail against this dread. Snakes? Merely a quaint survival of old-fashioned animal shapes; Nature had not exhausted an experiment; science knew that they were stupid and cowardly creatures; if they barked like dogs or had fur, no one would mind a snake. His calves chilled, thinking of snakes in a canned-salmon box behind the little house in the orchard as Wally drove down to the bridge.

"I suppose Andy's very fond of his wife."

"Aw," said the youngest Dunster, "huh! Naw! Mamma nor Ed nor Ed's wife nor Jas nor his wife nor Sue nor me, we don't like her for nothin'. She's Eytalian an' she keeps snakes in a—I told you that. . . . Hey, Wally, slow down, woncha? I don't wanta jump out an' bust my leg!"

Walter slowed before the white fences, and Peter expected last night's howl again, while the sleepy boy struggled over his feet and down from the machine. Old Mrs. Dunster was wailing a hymn to one of her grandchildren in the biggest house and the baby squealed through the cadences.

"Y'mamma sings like a bullfrog," Wally said kindly, and Freddy told him to blow his nose, from the top of a fence as he crawled over its white height. But the car did not move forward swiftly. They watched the child into his mother's house and heard the hymn break down in a drawled question.

"They're stupid, Wally, but they're not bad people."

"Awful common," said the gardener's son, lighting a pipe. "They all marry trash too," he added loudly, although no voices came from verandas here, and Freddy was shouting to his mother above the baby's yelps.

"Signorino?"

Peter shifted from the side of the machine and glared at the shape that had risen from the road's dust. Moon rays caught in some tangled brightness on her joined palms and there was a tinkling of glass.

"All of these. I give the signora all of these. They make her ver' young. *Sempre bella*—all the time prettee. They ——"

"No—Wally, will you ——"

The car started. Peter looked back at the glitter of the glass bracelets on the palms and the figure lasted under moonlight until the moon was washed from heaven by a cloudy sponge. He heard Walter cursing slowly and rain dropped warm from the void without noise.

"Glass bracelets, Pete?"

"Yes. Here, Wally, keep your mouth shut, will you? Don't tell your people or mother. And remind me to go to the bank tomor—no, it's the Fourth. Well, day after tomorrow. I want to put something in the safety-deposit box."

"Y'better stick all them Egyptian crowns away, Pete."

"Oh," Peter said, without gratitude, "shut up!"

She had stood and made an offering with hands stretched as if she held out incense to Amun Ra or to any image of her past. Illusion did its worst for an hour, while Peter rolled in bed and heard the bell of the alarm commence a thousand times in the upper hall. She was a priestess of Maritsakro who had come for the holy tablet. It must go back to the dark goddess who was haunting him.

This was nonsense; the hysteria of newspapers and psychic women, and his mind snarled at his frightened body. But he ran downstairs in the morning to peer through the wired glass at the red plate, and a maid tittered at his pajamas.

"I dreamed that somebody'd stolen it, Maggie."

"God be with us! Whoever'd steal the like of that ugly thing, Mr. Pete?"

"Saint Patrick knew what he was doing," Peter chuckled, and then stepped on the trail of an electric cord across the cool floor.

His temples pounded and the headache steadied to a sullen pain that truly grew, while he shook hands in the hall of the factory with managers and foremen in early afternoon. The Fourth of July party roared around his discomfort, and boys played tricks on each other in the meadow behind the plant, and girls looked at him with complete disapproval, while his mother beamed and Walter stalked about, conquering women with a new French necktie and an air of weary gloom. The band smeared the festival with dancing melodies, and Peter hated everything so drastically that his mother bit her lips.

"I know it's a dreadful bore, darling."

"Bless grandfather for starting it! Half the county comes here to guzzle ice cream and soft drinks and load up on candy. I noticed all three of our maids and a few Dunsters. Freddy's just eaten another slab of ice cream."

"It's a party, and there's a lot of noise, dear," said Mrs. Seely, getting her Nile-green skirt from the passionate grasp of a small girl out of Russia; "Of course, I told Bryan to bring the maids in. They like it, and there's nothing else to do until the fireworks this evening. Go home and send Wally back with the car for me."

"I've had two hours of it," Peter coughed. "That's enough."

He took Wally from the sympathy of four girls who were hearing about the reformatory, and they drove into Carberry's main street, while Peter cleaned ice cream from white flannel breeches with a handkerchief.

"I was talkin' to a skirt out the shoe-polish department," Wally said. "It's where Andy's woman was workin'. She give this Edna one of her glass bracelets with a dingus hitched on it and says it'll keep away bad luck off her."

"A triangle?"

"Uh-huh. Like it said in that piece out the paper. But this Edna says she fell down a pair of stairs right after and bruised her behavior sumpn awful. Wanta go right home, Pete?"

The little city was drained. Peter raised his hat half a dozen times to people on verandas, and the beating of his head eased as the noise of his mother's kindness ebbed behind him and the dried heat bathed his face. Walter drove slowly, thinking of some girl or other, and chuckled when a gray horse balked under a maple beyond the town. A woman in the buggy lifted and let fall a whip with wild indirection, and Peter heard her voice screaming a hundred yards before they reached her.

"She dunno 'bout headin' a hoss by a car."

"Stop! Maybe the thing's scared," said Peter, and sat watching the hoofs planted on the dust. The horse came on again at a trot, tossing its head, and a blinder flapped. He yawned, "What idiot harnessed that? And ——"

"It's Andy's woman."

She was swaying on the seedy cushion of the seat and slapping reins on the old mare's back. Her tawdry hat of flowers and yellow straw swayed, too, and a cheap cloak dragged down one shoulder. She was nothing; the terror of her eyes was gone in the silly motion of her head, and abominable shoes with white velvet tops hid her feet. Peter breathed out a giggle of contempt. She could be common and slash a fat old mare with a whip, and her stare flashing for a moment toward him was nothing, so.

"Scared of the hoss," said Wally. "Hey, looky behind the seat! Say, she's took her snakes to y'mamma's party!"

The box was marked Snow Brand Salmon and its metal hinges bobbed in the buggy's rear.

Peter grinned and Walter stood up to yell after the driver, "Hi, lady! One of y' snakes is got out!" But she was going faster now, and the yell died out in the big lad's gurgle of laughter. He knelt on the seat and mused, "Goin' t' send some U. S. snakes home to her mamma in Sic'ly. Say, she ain't much when she's dolled up, is she? She dunno 'bout drivin', neither. Ain't they got hosses in Sic'ly? Say, where's she goin', though, with her snakes?"

He dropped into the seat and still watched the buggy jolting out of sight among little houses. Where was she going? Peter wondered, rubbing his forehead, careless of the slackening of pain and interest. If she always dressed so, in the tasteless stuff of a common foreign peasant, half her fantasy would be gone, and the mystery of her beauty would not deepen the shiver of her presence and her worship. He played with his watch's chain and idled on the hot cushions while Walter let the car roll down the hill, across the bridge. One of the Dunster dogs barked in the wilderness and no human showed on the porches of the untidy homestead. A red handkerchief was floating on a patch of grass near Andy Dunster's cottage in the orchard.

"What Andy oughta do is lam her some with a shovel an' tell her t' snap out of it."

"You're mighty chivalrous!"

"G'on! She's strong as a barb-wire fence! Anybody but you could see that," Wally said, his brows pulled together. "But where's she goin'? She'd oughta know th' eats at y'mamma's party'd be all over. 'N'with her snakes!"

He turned under the gates and the car puffed up the slope to the portico. Peter got down and stretched his arms. Carberry looked charming with a hundred flags as uneasy jewels above the houses. A train was majestic, sliding away from the forests

(Continued on Page 54)

Champion X

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Because of its great dependability, Champion has been standard equipment on Ford cars and trucks for more than 13 years and on Fordson tractors since they were introduced.

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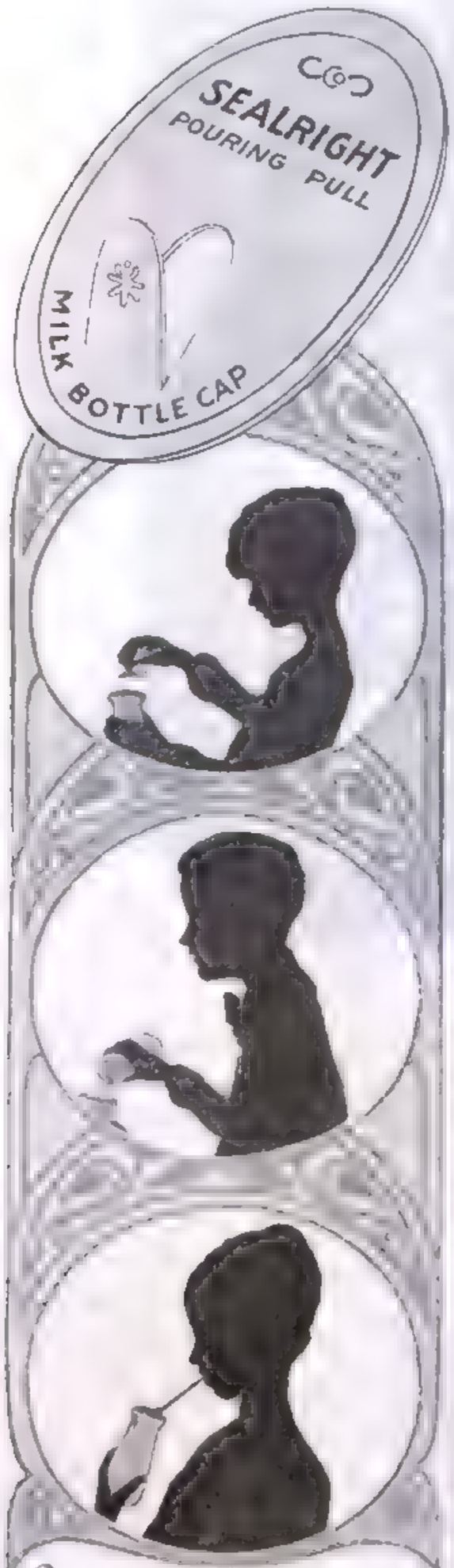

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(Continued from Page 52)

to the south and moving toward the town as it slowed. It would be in Canada tonight.

"We might run up to Montreal in the car some week-end. Mother's got a cousin there."

"Sure, let's. Hey, tel'phone's ringin', Pete."

Peter trotted through the portico and undid the door. But the bell chanted in a shrill, continuous peal and he yelled against its vigor. It was the alarm of the upper hall, wired to the cases of the dining room, and Peter screamed "Damn her!" as he jumped for the blowing silk of the arch. Glass smashed under his feet while he warred with the curtain and then glared at broken tendrils of steel still netted in the smashed shield of the case. She was strong to have ripped loose the fine strands. Maritsakro's velvet mat hung by a corner, but the gold crowns and charms yet sparkled in their shelf. He stood swearing, and stamped to colored powder a bracelet of white glass and its blue pendent triangle. Oh, she had crouched behind some bush and watched the whole house empty itself, and then how easy to crush in a window somewhere!

"Why," Walter said, "she ain't took but that ——"

"Telephone! Tell the police she's caught that train to Canad——"

The bell stopped above them, and then renewed its note in a sort of halting laughter while Wally shook the hook of the telephone. Peter snatched the machine from the table and chewed his tongue for anger. No one was listening in the office, and his father's chiefest treasure was gone in the breast of a low woman toward the border. He stuttered, "Oh, get in the car and——"

There was some other noise. Walter shot up his head to the height of his pink throat and the bell laughing in the hallway over them stopped. Someone was calling, far off, dreadfully.

"Hey, some feller's hurt! Hey, listen!"

The cry rose to peaks of sound and rippled down to silences cut by the barking of a dog. Walter lifted a fist as if by some stretch he could bring the howl to them.

"Pete! That is Andy Dunster!"

Peter ran out of the house, and the lawns romped on his eyes as he tried to see the cottage through its mask of trees. Walter leaped past him and they were racing down grass; the red brick of the gateposts made two marks of a goal and the dust of the roadway splashed about Wally's thudding feet. This dog ran, too, in circles of bewilderment toward the fence of the old orchard and back to the whitewashed square of the little dwelling. Some men were standing far up the hill beyond the bridge, and Peter saw the tan points of faces turned this way. She was gone with the treasure, but everything must turn to this new terror of a howl splitting heat and light with its anguish. Walter's blue coat soared over a white fence and tore with a flash of silk and a sound. The dog came dashing and snarling. Peter lurched on the soft old steps of the dreadful house. There were smashing sounds, and he saw the flare of a tilted pitcher spouting water as Walter brushed it. Doors, and another door, and the wild muss of a bedroom. Something reared over the foot of a bed.

Walter yelled, "Knifed him!" and jammed a palm on the mouth to stop its cry.

Opals came before Peter's eyes and something began to shake him. Walter was saying "Twist it! G'on!" and he was twisting a stick shoved through a rope that bit into the white flesh of a man's arm above a crack that shed no more blood at all. A colored print of the king of Italy hung sideways on a wall and a woman's stocking blew in the wind from a dresser. Meanwhile Peter clung to this stick, and Walter, washing stains from the man's heaving chest, said with admiration, "Gee, y'thought how to stop that quick, Pete!"

"I didn't!"

"You did, too!" Walter said, as if they were children quarreling in some game. "Hey, Andy, where else? Hey, Pete, look at his hands!"

Dunster's head rolled and he said in loud triumph, "I grabbed the knife right out of her fist, I did! M'hands ain't hurt bad. Yeh! Only but I couldn't stop my arm bleedin'! I woke up an' she was gettin' dressed. I says, 'Where y' goin'?' Then she put her hands onto her breast, kinda, and this plate was under her shirt and I ——"

"Don't talk, y'big fool!"

"Shut y' damn face, Wally Bryan! I was takin' a nap. I seen this plate thing und' her shirt an' says, 'Gimme that, y'thief!' An' she says, 'You would not get it for me, so I got it!' She says like that in Eytalian; but I knew what she was sayin', so I jumped fer her an' she knifed me. Only but I got it out of her dress an' kicked it under the bed, see? 'N' then she slung a chair at me and I heaved her out the room. I says, 'G'on to hell, y' snake! I'll put you in jail fer life,' an' threw her duds out 'n' locked the door. 'N' she went an' got her damn snakes. 'n' I couldn't yell no more, 'cause I was scared she'd come back when I was dead an' get it. Only I ain't dead!"

"Lie down," said Peter. "Wally ——"

"I'll get the police after her right off," Wally said, and spun toward the door; but the white man screeched and staggered to smash his hand in the boy's face.

"Don't y'dare fetch her back or I'll kill y'!"

Walter cried, "All right, Andy! Honest, I won't fetch her back. You keep still! Y'gotta have a doctor. You lie still."

Dunster sighed and collapsed into useless muscles that could be stretched on the wild bed. Men were sidling in—a hired man of some farm and a neighboring lad who ran to bring a doctor. Walter wiped his cut lip and looked respectfully at the splotched arms while he laved them with a soaked pillow cover. Dunster sighed and peered down once at a brown, scuffed shoe, mumbling, "They was new."

"Don't talk, Andy. Hey, Andy, 'm awful sorry I busted y' teeth back then."

She was racing toward Canada, Peter thought, his hands aching on the stick. His eyes found a shabby wallet flabby on the floor in a corner. She had plundered and gone. Walter tramped about the room and straightened things. Then the doctor was there, and a nurse wrinkled her nose at a single bracelet on the dresser before ether floated and white bandage was uncurling. Freddy Dunster came to peep under the arm of a taller brother and have his head cuffed.

The damaged man snorted in a dream and said "Y'can't even cook a meal!" in a strangled wistfulness of reproach. He had wanted a wife to cook for him and pet his idleness, and he had married horror, shadows.

"He'll be out of bed in two days," said the doctor, dropping the thick wrist and stooping for a fallen pair of scissors that slid from his fingers into the lint and dust under the bed. "Hello, what's this thing?"

"Maritsakro," Peter said. "I'll take her."

"Who was the old girl, back in Egypt?"

Peter stroked the human head and plucked some lint from the crack that had widened so that the goddess seemed to grin a little at some joke before her nose.

He answered, "She was the goddess of—of fear. You're sure he'll be all right?"

"Absolutely! He hasn't enough imagination to catch a fever. If this were your case, I'd send for three nurses and the police. Run along!"

Sunshine streamed on the red stone in his hands. Peter walked under the scented trees, with some dark thing running back in his brain. He was tired, and the formless shape fled from his thought. He had been scared and now he wasn't. He patted Maritsakro. Didn't his father say that the human head was a symbol, a jest of the sculptors in the Theban cemetery, that man's mind made him afraid of simple, conquerable things? Men dug up this wisdom out of the dust of an old land and saw the present in that past with its splendid terrors, and beauty made of darkness, and courage flaring up against the shadow like a brave cry in the night.

"Hey!"

"What?"

"Y'walked onter a snake right then," said Wally.

"Did I? I didn't notice. I was thinking about something else. Here," said Peter, "we've got time for a swim. Come along!"

Purple Lupin, Lake Arrowhead, California

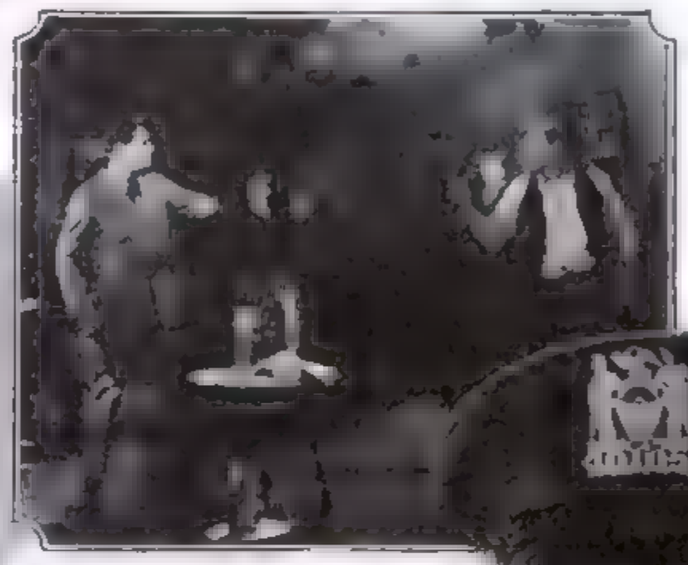
News of First National Pictures

Above—Dorothy Mackaill and John Bowers in "Chickie."

"Chickie"

ELENORE MEHERIN'S great serial, "Chickie," held hosts of readers in thrall to the last chapter. Now it's vividly picturized Dorothy Mackaill in the title rôle with Hobart Bosworth, John Bowers, Gladys Brockwell and Paul Nicholson

Chickie, at her typewriter, is invited to a millionaire's party because she is pretty. She is dazzled by this new world; but instead of finding her ideal in a wealthy man she falls in love with a poor young lawyer. The more her troubles grip your heart, the more will her ultimate triumph thrill you.



Above—A scene from "Chickie."

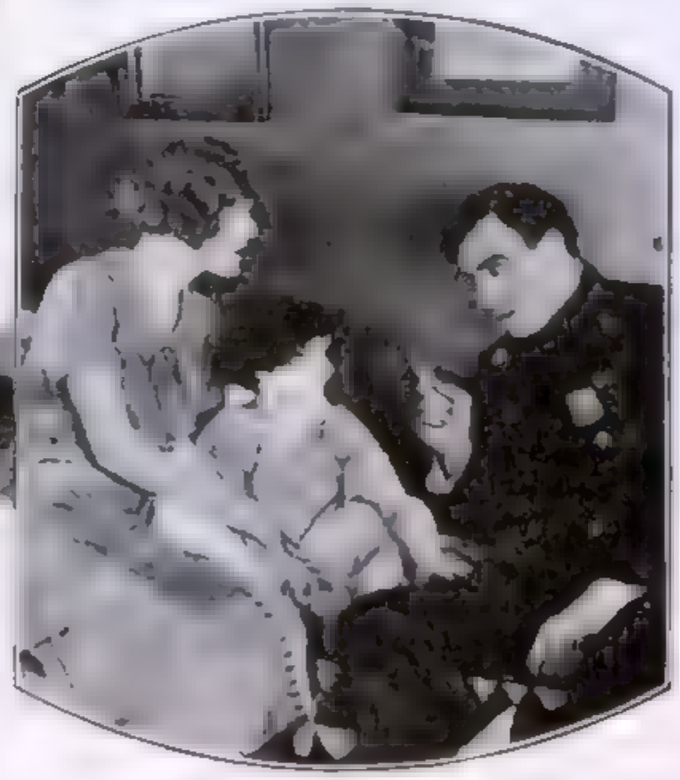
"The Talker"

ANNA Q. NILSSON, Lewis S. Stone, Shirley Mason and Ian Keith (appearing above) and another favorite, Tully Marshall, head the cast in this Alfred E. Green production presented by Sam E. Rork, Inc. It's written and adapted by Marion Fairfax.

The interesting tangle grows out of a wife's pretended belief in woman's "freedom"—without intending to, she infects her young sister-in-law with her radical ideas and that's where the trouble starts.

"The Necessary Evil"

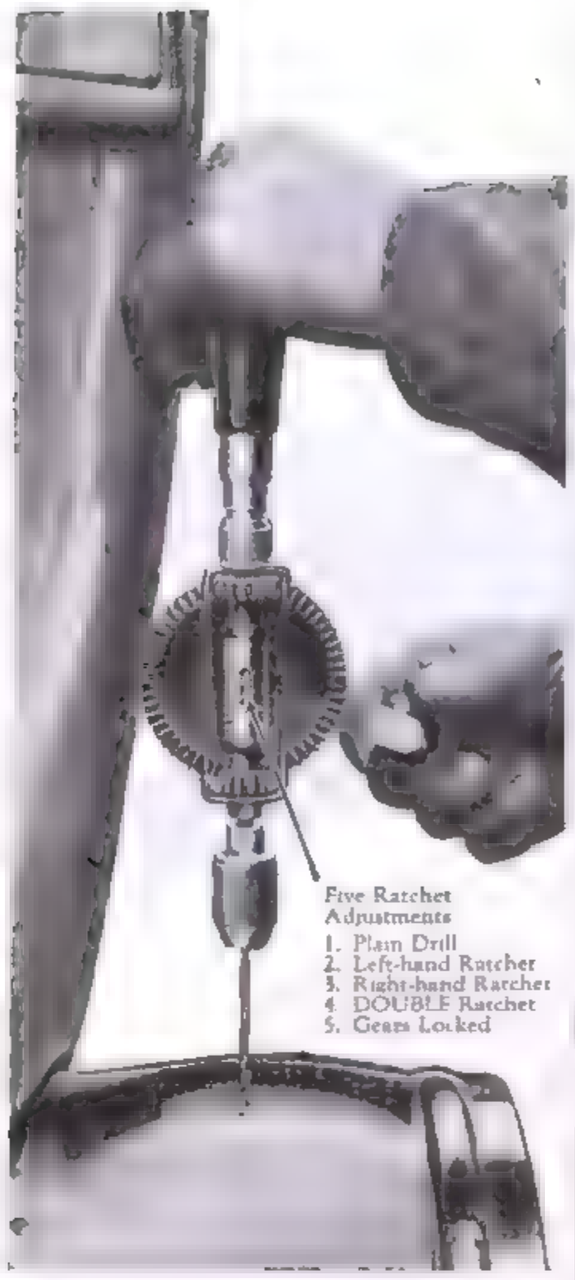
PLAYING the part of a high-spirited college boy who *will* have his fling at life, Ben Lyon will undoubtedly be more popular than ever. Above he is shown with Viola Dana and Thomas Holding in one of the tense scenes of this adaptation from "Uriah's Son." The drama moves for a while through picturesque settings in the tropics and leads to a great climax. George Archainbaud is the director and Earl Hudson supervised the production.



Milton Sills in "The Making of O'Malley"

IN THIS, Milton Sills' first starring picture, you will see him in the rôle of a gallant cop assigned to capture a gang of clever law-breakers—and many's the thrill you will have watching him do it. You see him smiling above—smile with him while you can because after he gets going it's all action.

Dorothy Mackaill enacts the wealthy girl who, tiring of the social whirl, turns school teacher. And incidentally she does a bit of polishing of that diamond in the rough, O'Malley. The story is by Gerald Beaumont, Lambert Hillyer is directing the picture and the production is under the supervision of Earl Hudson.



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"Yankee" Hand Drill No. 1530 is the biggest, little tool you can own.

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GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 34)

Half the real struggle was over then; I was ready for opportunity to knock at my door. Quite promptly and unmistakable the knock came.

In that benighted time there were many breweries in Chicago. The shares of a few of them were dealt in on the local stock exchange—and selling very low because the brewers were suffering acutely from an overproduction of saloons. If a man had twenty friends who could be depended upon to purchase their daily suds over his counter, a brewer would set him up in the saloon business, furnishing lease, fixtures and a large varnished portrait of the brewery to hang on the wall. Then, probably, some other brewer would come along and seduce the ungrateful wretch by offering to sell him beer half a dollar a barrel cheaper.

The poor brewers had often attempted to get up a combination that would end this unfortunate state of things. They made gentlemen's agreements, but were always forgetting their gentility in the face of an opportunity to appropriate a string of saloons that rightfully belonged to some fellow gentleman. Hence, meager profits and a low price for brewery stocks.

I had a friend in the brewing trade. One day he told me confidentially that the long-sighed-for combination had finally been achieved—practically, that is. Eminent legal talent had devised a form of combination that would be just a hair on the right side of the anti-trust laws and still powerful enough to hog-tie the members. As soon as a few perfunctory legal flourishes were made the price of beer would go up from three and a half dollars a barrel to six dollars—as I now recall the figures.

Hearing this thunderous knock of opportunity, I slid down to La Salle Street with the savings-bank balance in currency in my trousers pocket. The common stock of a certain brewery was selling at two and a half dollars a share. I bought two hundred shares—two hundred! I was a capitalist, an investor, a stockholder, a speculator all in one

For several days those merely perfunctory matters of redacting, engrossing and signing progressed in deep secrecy. Then, one memorable day toward the closing hour, I stepped into the broker's office and received a thrill of incalculable candle-power. The blackboard contained a long row of figures under the designation of my beer stock. Beginning at about 2¾, the quotations went up and up and up. Everybody in the trade, it seemed, was rushing to buy stock, and the secret of the combination was out.

To step overnight from comparative penury to comparative opulence is a great experience. I decided to sell my beer stock at ten dollars a share. That would multiply my capital by four, raising it from five hundred dollars to two thousand dollars. The next step, of course, was to discover the speculative fulcrum that would boost my two thousand dollars to eight thousand dollars. I concentrated on that. The following day and the following, beer common continued its upward flight. When the stock got to eight dollars a share, and again when it got to nine dollars, the broker—who was also my friend—cynically suggested that it wouldn't be a bad idea to grab the profit. I scarcely heard him—merely leaving an order to sell at 10. I was a regular speculator now, giving orders to a broker.

Beer common went to 9½. After that, for a couple of days, there was hardly a trade in it—naturally a little lull after the rush, to get its second wind. I didn't mind at all. In fact I was hardly thinking of beer, but concentrating on what to buy next. Then, one other day, I stepped into the broker's office and received a thrill as powerful as the first, but with a reverse current. Again there was a long ladder of chalked figures under the designation of my beer stock; but they were going in the wrong direction—from 9¼ down, down, down.

That day I couldn't get hold of my brewing friend, for he was going from one conference to another. When I did see him he looked downcast and told me that at the last moment there had been a row, and several brewers, in deep indignation, had torn up the proposed agreement, declaring that instead of making peace they would wage a war of extermination even to the point of giving a barrel of beer as a premium to every purchaser of a ten-cent corkscrew.

For a long while there were no trades in brewery shares. At length I plucked up courage to ask my broker what the market was. He said the stock was offered at seventy-five cents, but there were no bids. Some three years slipped by. Then a tragedy of the past was recalled to my mind by reading in the newspaper that beer common had sold up to two and a half dollars a share on a rumor that the brewers were about to form a combination. I immediately sold my two hundred shares, thus recovering my capital—besides a large dividend in the form of experience.

The only moral to this tale is: If you are going to speculate in stocks do it while you are young and have plenty of rubber in your constitution. —Will Payne.

Salesmanship

MRS. SHORE was quite thrilled about her trip to New York. For many years Herman had promised to take her along when he made his annual visit to the big city to purchase merchandise for the Bijou Hardware Company, of which he was president. But something had always interfered. First the children were too young to be left alone, and then, in later years, they were too old. But now that the girls were married—"married off," as she put it—and the boys were in college, there was really no reason why she shouldn't go.

Before leaving home Mr. Shore had written to Mr. Nathan C. Rosen, of the Rosen Gadget and Sundries Manufacturing Company, Inc.:

"Will be in New York on the 18th inst. with the wife. Wish to buy 1800 gross octagonal gadgets, assorted sizes."

When Mr. and Mrs. Shore were shown to their room in the Metropolis Hotel by the liveried bellhop, she found in a vase on the table a dozen long-stemmed American Beauty roses.

"How lovely!" she exclaimed. "Do they always do that in New York?"

"There's a card on them," her husband said. Mrs. Shore removed the card from the envelope and read: "Welcome to New York. Compliments Nathan C. Rosen, President, Rosen Gadget and Sundries Manufacturing Company, Inc."

"How lovely!" said Mrs. Shore.

The telephone rang violently.

"Hello," said Mr. Shore, lifting the receiver.

"This you, Shore?"

"Hello; yes, this is Shore."

"This is Rosen; Nathan Rosen. What's the good word?"

"Oh, so-so," replied Shore, somewhat at a loss on the spur of the moment for the good word. "What's the good word with you?"

"Fine and dandy," said Rosen. "Say, I've got four seats for The Frolics for tonight ——"

"We just got off the train," said Shore. "We were two hours late. We were two and a half hours late at Buffalo, but we made it up ——"

"Yes, I know," said Rosen sympathetically.

"And the wife is pretty tired," continued Shore. "Didn't have a wink of sleep all night."

"Oh, the show'll do her good," said Rosen. "You don't want to miss The Frolics. Seats are so scarce as—as hens' teeth," he concluded in a grand burst of simile. "I'll call for you at 8:30."

After the first act of The Frolics, while the men went outside to smoke, Mrs. Shore said to Mrs. Rosen, "I don't see how you New Yorkers can stand the pace. I should think it would kill you."

"Well," said Mrs. Rosen confidentially, "to tell the truth we don't go out so very much. Ever since N. C. bought his radio I can't drag him out of the house for an evening, even to see a movie. Except, of course, when he has to entertain a customer like this."

Out in the lobby Mr. Shore said to Mr. Rosen, "If you're free tomorrow morning I'd like to drop in to see you about those gadgets."

"Tomorrow?" said Mr. Rosen, horrified. "Not on your life. I've hired a touring car for tomorrow and we're going to take you and the missus out for a little picnic."

"Well, the wife had sort of planned to visit her sister-in-law over in Brooklyn."

"Not tomorrow," said Rosen with good-natured emphasis. "The sister-in-law can wait. We'll have lunch at a swell road house I know, up on the Sound, and get back just in time for the show."

"Show?" said Mr. Shore.

"Sure. The Magnificent Mrs. McGinty. It's the hit of the season and, believe me, I had some time getting tickets."

About two o'clock that morning on their way home from a gay and festive supper club Mr. Rosen remarked to his spouse beside him in the taxicab, "It's expensive, but you have to do it. Those out-of-town buyers expect to be entertained when they come to New York."

Mr. Shore tried to break the news gently to his wife that the Rosens were calling for them at 9:30 the next morning, but she was sound asleep.

The following day they sat in the dining room of the swell road house referred to by Mr. Rosen and tried to converse above the din of the colored jazz orchestra.

"I got two seats for the opera for tomorrow night," said Mr. Rosen. "Lohengrin or Faust or something like that. I just got 'em for the womenfolks because I didn't think you'd care much for that sort of stuff."

"I told N. C. that he ought to get up a little game at the house for you, and we girls'll just go off and have a good time by ourselves."

"My sister-in-law over in Brooklyn ——" Mrs. Shore protested weakly.

"Oh, she'll forgive you," said Rosen. "You don't want to go back home and not be able to say that you heard the opera."

"We're leaving Friday afternoon," said Mr. Shore.

On Friday morning Mr. Shore, weary and haggard from lack of sleep, tottered into the private office of N. C. Rosen of the Rosen Gadget and Sundries Manufacturing Company, Inc.

"I don't see how New Yorkers stand the pace," he said.

"Oh, you get used to it," said Mr. Rosen airily. "Well, what's on your mind?"

"Those gadgets I wrote you about."

"Gadgets? Oh, yes, yes; gadgets."

"I want three-inch octagonal gadgets."

"Did you say octagonal?" said N. C.

"Yes, three-inch ——"

"We have hexagonal ——"

"No, they won't do," said Mr. Shore.

"I'm sorry," said N. C., "but we don't carry the octagonal gadgets."

—Newman Levy.

The KELLY-FLEXIBLE CORD

The Peregrinations of the Pecks

At the Grand Canyon some Indians saw an opportunity to earn a dollar or two by taking the party across, and Pa would have much preferred the knack of crossing the river by open shoe to the ford. Accordingly he at last finds a way to the opposite bank. In a few minutes he is going to get more than he ever dreamed of as he accompanies the family down the narrow shelf trail on burro-back.

UNTIL the perfecting of the Integral Bead construction made the Kelly Flexible Cord possible, easy riding qualities in a high-pressure tire could be achieved only by the sacrifice of some of the wearing qualities. This revolutionary new construction, used only by Kelly, has solved the problem of making a tire both rugged *and* easy riding.

The long cords looped back and forth from bead to bead permit a give and play that makes the Flexible Cord almost as easy riding as a balloon tire, while the thick, tough, broad tread insures long mileage. The Flexible Cord is, indeed, the best tire Kelly has *ever* built.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRES

THE KITCHEN CABINET

(Continued from Page 39)

letters. At the end of fifteen minutes the clerk paused and announced disconsolately, "That's all."

"All?" snorted Bill. "There's over two hundred and forty here."

"Yes?" His entire interest was again beyond the door. "Well, you'd better come back this afternoon when the out-of-town mail starts coming in, and a lot of the city stuff too."

By Wednesday morning Mr. Scudder had received some six hundred and eighty replies to his insertion and refused to call for any chance additional answers.

He said to his wife that evening, "It's nothing, my dear, but the principle of exposing yourself to business. We exposed ourselves and we get six hundred and eighty prospects. It's quite simple, you see."

Through the mass of communications which Bill and Sylvia Scudder read and shuffled and reread gleamed countless little unmentioned tragedies:

"My husband was a commander in the Royal Navy. Through circumstances I find it necessary to support my daughter and myself. She is a sweet girl, and though only fifteen, is strong and could be very helpful."

"I am alone in the world, but I feel sure I could do the work of two. Would it be all right if I brought my canary?"

Gradually they culled out the answers which seemed most promising. They considered handwriting and expression as clews to personalities. They cast out at once all letters which spoke of the high estates from which the writers had fallen, or which suggested that if the Scudders were of a mind to appreciate refinement and gentle blood, they could find those elements in great measure in the applicants, who admitted quite fearlessly that they were perfect ladies.

In time they distilled the hodgepodge of correspondence down to ten letters, and to the writers they wrote, making appointments. Bill was quite pleased that Sylvia permitted him to do the interviewing at his office. He had a hopeful and enthusiastic attitude toward the entire affair which her weary experience with employment agencies and their drab occupants made it impossible for her to share.

On Friday night William H. Scudder entered the house with a roar.

"Hey, Sylvia, we're all set! I got them!"

His wife touched three of the eighteen steps of the front stairs on her flight down.

"Which ones did you take, Bill?" she cried, landing in his arms.

"The two old ladies who live at the Hotel Hollander. They're wonderful."

"But do they actually live at the Hollander? They can't be poor if they do that."

"Poor?" Bill tripped over his words to get the news out. "I guess they're not! They have a sitting room and bedroom—pay sixteen dollars a day. Have for two years. I went down and talked to the desk there. And they have a car three afternoons a week. They'll be down next Tuesday."

"I wonder," sighed Sylvia, whose grandfather had made an ample living trading horses in Rutland, Vermont—"I wonder what's the matter with them."

This was a direct attack, Mr. Scudder felt, on his caution and intelligence.

"There's nothing the matter with them, Sylvia. And we're only going to pay them ninety dollars a month."

"Maybe," mused Sylvia, "they've been living on their principal and now they've got to work. Did they kick about the wages?"

"Never said a word. I started there, prepared to go up, although we can't afford a cent more than that. I think they'd have been just as happy if I'd said fifty."

"Well"—and Mrs. Scudder was obviously grieved that her weighing of motives and reasons for another woman's actions led her to no solution—"I don't understand it."

Bill made a slim effort to be properly modest.

"I'll tell you, Sylvia, I think they liked the tone of the advertisement; and besides that, I sort of think—I'm not bragging, you know—but they sort of took to me."

"That," sighed Mrs. Scudder, "is something I can understand."

"And one thing more, Sylvia—they are ladies, you know. One of them is Mrs. Benjamin Foster—I heard the other call her Margaret—and the second one's Mrs. Maxwell. Her first name's Ethel; but I'd as soon think of calling your grandmother Hattie as I would say Maggie and Ethel to them." Bill tried not to apologize for the necessity. "So I guess we'll have to call them Mrs. Foster and Mrs. Maxwell."

"For ninety dollars a month, Bill, I'd do more than that."

Now William H. Scudder was a hard-working young man. He never returned to his home of an evening before 6:50 and frequently not until close on to eight o'clock. As he turned his car up the drive to his house on the following Tuesday evening at ten minutes to eight, he saw a figure leave the pantry window, and the garage doors swung open as he reached them.

"Good evening, Mrs. Foster," he called, peering out to make sure who greeted him. "You mustn't bother to open these doors for me. You'll spoil a man with kindness."

"That," spoke the lady flatly, "is something I haven't had a chance to do for three years, William. I just told Mrs. Maxwell to put the steak on, so dinner will be ready in three shakes."

Mr. Scudder went upstairs to the nursery in search of his wife.

"Sylvia, what do you know? She came out to meet me and called me William."

Such seemed to be no cause for wonder from Sylvia.

"For heaven's sake, Bill, don't mind that." She put a palm on each of his cheeks and looked him solemnly in the eyes. "Dear, I want to apologize for having had any doubts of your idea. You and your home are certainly going to be taken care of."

Mr. Scudder picked a few invisible threads from his coat sleeve and did his best not to appear smug.

"It's no credit to me, Sylvia. Merely business methods applied domestically."

"Sh-h!" interrupted his wife. "Let me talk. As soon as they arrived, the bigger one, Mrs. Foster, looked me up and down, very nicely but not missing a trick, and said, 'So you are William's wife. What's your name, my dear?'" Mrs. Scudder held up her hand and gasped, "And, Bill, to save my soul I couldn't have said anything but 'Sylvia.' It was just like the time your Aunt Martha came down to visit us."

Relieved that she took the situation so peacefully, Mr. Scudder went off to clean up for dinner. From their bedroom came an echoing crash and the cursing of a person who was yet conscious of the proprieties.

"Sh-h!" squealed Sylvia, dashing down the hall. "Don't say a word and don't move. I forgot to tell you, Bill."

She switched on the bedroom lamp and observed Mr. Scudder in the novel attempt of trying to crawl from under a table.

"How ——" inquired Bill in a large, strained voice.

"Sh-h!" pleaded his wife.

"Isn't a man's home ——" began Mr. Scudder, evidently much stronger at the sight of someone with whom he could discuss this outrage. "Why must you always be moving furniture about? I thought we agreed on the last arrangement."

"Sh-h, Bill! We did, and they hadn't taken but one look at it and found out which was your bed when they decided you slept in a draft."

"But didn't you ——"

William H. Scudder's tone gave every promise of his being an enthusiastic debater on this crime.

"Yes, I tried to persuade them to let things alone, but they just looked at me sort of amused and went right ahead."

"Never mind," said Bill, limping into the bathroom. "Let's forget about it."

During the following days Mr. and Mrs. Scudder tasted, for the first time since they had had responsibilities, the gorgeous torture of being almost smothered to death with attention. It may not always have been the exact line of attention they desired at the moment, but still it was attention of a very ardent sort.

After the going of the guests to the first luncheon party which Mrs. Scudder gave while her new helpers were in the house, Mrs. Foster entered the living room, shooing Mrs. Maxwell ahead of her.

"Sylvia," said she, "I couldn't help overhearing that girl with the blue hat asking you where you got such a refined-looking waitress." Sylvia Scudder caught her breath and wondered whether she had given some inopportune reply which might end the stay of this blessed answer to her servant troubles. "I've been thinking, my dear, that perhaps you should know something about us."

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Maxwell.

"Please, Ethel, just leave this to me." Mrs. Foster was so very firm that her confederate made a gesture which was almost a salute, and took one step to the rear. "You see, Sylvia, they passed over three and four years ago respectively."

"Our husbands, she means," added Mrs. Maxwell.

"Ethel!" The offending Ethel fell back into position and almost over a settee. "And we never had children," Mrs. Foster paused and gently modified the claim. "I mean I didn't. Ethel did, but he didn't live very long."

Sylvia looked up quickly and saw Mrs. Maxwell's hands trembling along the hem of her apron and her eyes peering hazily past her.

Mrs. Foster gave her friend a quiet pat on the shoulder and lapsed back into the field-marshal manner and explained further.

"Too bad her husband never lived to enjoy the money he made toward the end. But she's well fixed, though I'm poor as Job's turkey."

Mrs. Maxwell meant to be kindly in her offering.

"Hers was a minister. You know how it is."

In spite of the silence, thunderclouds seemed to frolic around the room. Mrs. Maxwell sensed the cataclysm and hurried to explain.

"But he was a noble Christian with beautiful whiskers."

Mrs. Foster was sufficiently softened by the tribute to proceed.

"Let me tell you something, Sylvia. When you've had a man on your mind for thirty years, giving him advice about dandruff and indigestion and table manners and changing his shirt, and then one day he goes and you haven't anyone to look out for—well, you're sort of lost."

Sylvia Scudder suddenly sensed the pathetic loneliness in the lives of these mature women. Not the pathos which springs from poverty, but the deeper, more unalterable desolation of having been bred into a habit of serving someone greatly loved, and then finding, overnight, no further need for your service or affection. Out of the unspoken words of these two women Sylvia caught the thwarted yearning to keep on giving of their strength and hearts.

Mrs. Foster, realizing that sympathy, a thing which her powerful nature abhorred, was in the air, made further explanation.

"I suppose we might have gone in for some sort of good works, but what—tell me—did we know about them? Ethel here spent twenty-odd years cooking for a weak stomach, so what did she knew about social settlements? And patching curtains and having good meals when visitors came, and nothing much at all when they didn't, can't be said to have just prepared me for any shiny, up-to-the-minute science of philanthropy." Mrs. Foster snorted and put her executive hands on her hips. "For that reason, Sylvia, we're here taking care of you and William. And I like it, don't we, Ethel?"

Mrs. Maxwell gave a weak squeak, murmured something about baking apples, and went back to her sink and pans. Sylvia Scudder could not contain her admiration.

"I think you're both just lovely."

"Tut-tut," admonished Mrs. Foster. "No need for that. But if there's anything you don't like, Sylvia, just speak to me about it."

"Oh, I'm sure ——"

Mrs. Scudder had not yet learned the futility of interrupting her waitress.

"And," continued the lady firmly, "if we think it's good for you both, we'll be glad to do it." With which she, too, marched off to the kitchen and could be heard giving loud and positive orders.

Gradually Sylvia Scudder felt her individuality and personal decision being rocked to slumber. Her destiny, it seemed, was no longer her own to control.

Take the matter of her worries, for example. Until the arrival of the Mistresses Foster and Maxwell, she had owned two prime worries—firstly, the subject of servants, which was now removed; and secondly, her figure. The figure of Mrs. Scudder, being a shade on the oversize, was a thing she treated with great caution as to diet. Mrs. Foster noted her regard for the calories and took the matter up with her, frequently and at length.

"Sylvia," said she firmly, "please take the advice of an older person. You are not built of the clay of slender women, so don't go against human—and divine, too, I'm sure—law and try to be what you aren't. You like potato croquettes—have another."

"But ——" began Mrs. Scudder, trying to be true to her principles.

"No buts about it, child. I have noted through a long and I may say wider experience than yours that good wives are usually built like a hoe handle or a sauce boat. The others are not always dissolute, but I am never quite sure of their morals." With which Mrs. Foster would place a second portion of really creamed chicken on the younger female's plate and gaze at her with an inflection of eat that or be a scarlet woman.

And under the implicit care which the firm of Foster and Maxwell took of the Scudder family, those two elderly ladies waxed strong and redder cheeked. Living was once more taking on the old, indispensable habit of responsibility, and Mrs. Foster particularly pranced through her daily paces like a Bucephalus at the sound of the battle trump. It seemed that their three and four year holiday from the administration of homes and husbands had merely repressed the longing to vindicate their mission on earth to a point of intensity that was quite parallel to acute appendicitis, and if the Scudders had not come into their lives in lieu of an operation, peritonitis of the affections must have set in.

As is usual with women who serve by heart and hand, the man motive was the dominant theme in the existence of the Mistresses Foster and Maxwell, and Bill Scudder was that motive. Sylvia may have had to fight for breath through the waves of all-embracing kindness which flooded around her, but Bill was altogether deluged and drowned by them.

"William," said Mrs. Foster, as she served the young lord at his breakfast table, "don't think I enjoy telling you that one cup of coffee is all that is good for you. I don't, but I feel I must. You are high-strung and work far too hard to take so much stimulant." She paused, put down

(Continued on Page 63)

GENTLEMEN—Ask for #325

A pure thread Japan Silk Sock

Allen A

Allen A
Hosiery
For Men, Women and Children
Underwear
For Men and Boys Only

THERE'S no compromise in this sock, sir. It's silk—unmixed—pure thread Japan Silk, where you want silk. With double reinforcement of mercerized lisle, where the rub comes, at heel and toe.

There's a fixed standard in all Allen-A socks. Silks, silk and wools, wools. You'll notice it the first time you try a pair. They're generously long from cuff to heel. The feet are knit compactly. Soles are silk with invisible "innerfoot" of lisle. For comfort, looks and wear.

That's why Allen-A hose are a year 'round standard with men who are just a "bit fussy" about the unseen details of dress.

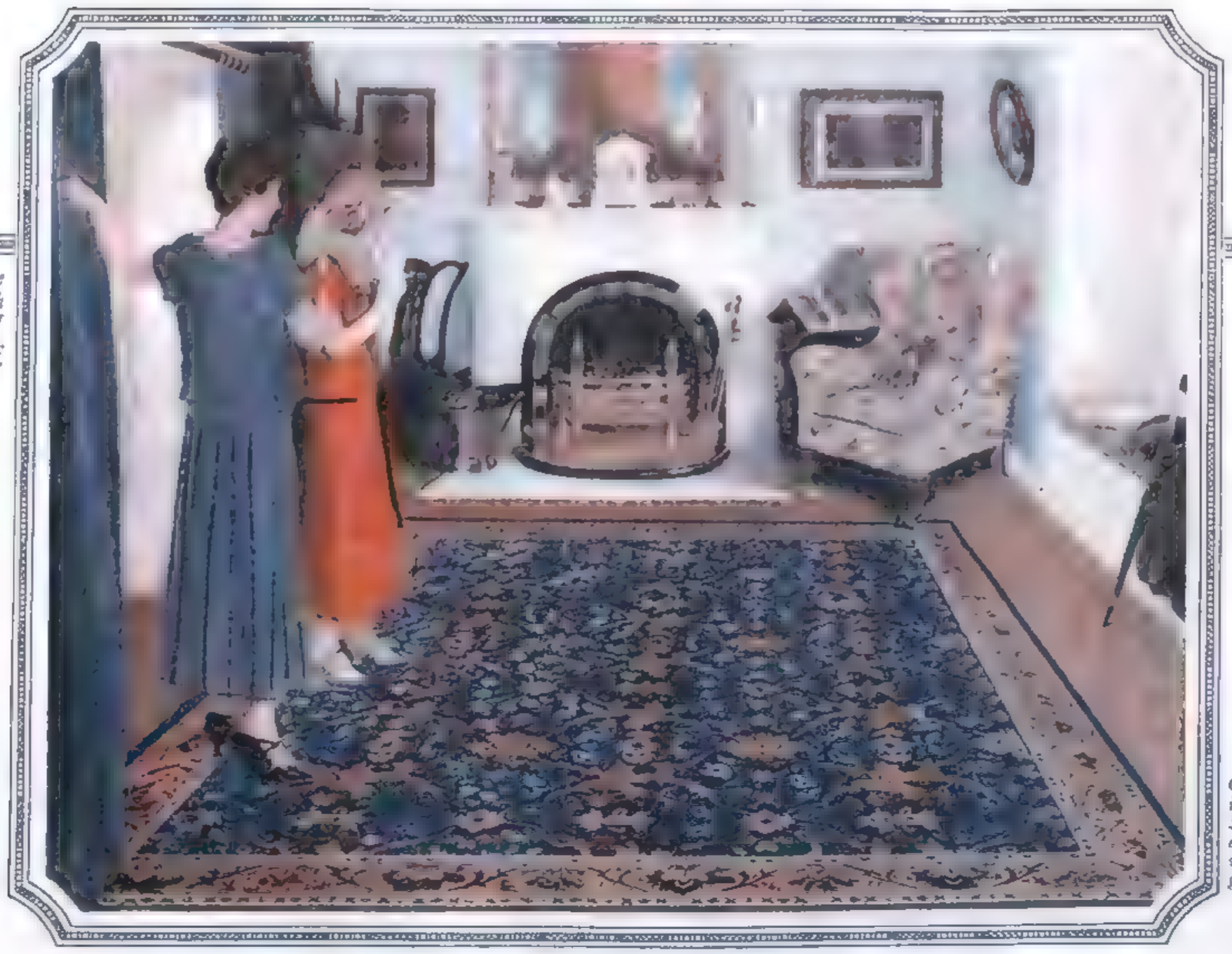
You'll find most good stores carry Allen-A. If yours should not, just write us direct. We'll gladly see that you're supplied.

THE ALLEN A COMPANY, KENOSHA, WISC.

No. 325 75c *the pair* — Pure thread Japan silk socks. Seamless. Extra long [illegible] Allen A foot with invisible "innerfoot" of stout lisle. Dip-dyed. Unadulterated. Black and colors.

No. 2720 $1.00 *the pair* — Heavy pure thread Japan silk. Full-fashioned. Elastic top of fine mercerized lisle. Double reinforced sole, heel and toe. Dip-dyed. Unadulterated. Black and colors.

No. 2690 $1.00 *the pair* — Extra heavy pure thread silk. Seamless mercerized lisle top and strongly reinforced sole, heel and toe. Dip-dyed. Unadulterated. Black and colors.



"I think you have done wonders with this room—and I just love your new Congoleum Rug!"

On the floor at the left is shown pattern No. 534 a gorgeous Oriental reproduction with a rich blue background.

"Art-Rugs" in more than name!

Do you know that every Congoleum Rug pattern is created by a famous artist? That is the reason why they are called Art-Rugs—the reason women like them so well. And there's such a wide variety of designs and colors that every taste can be suited perfectly.

Many Beautiful Designs

For instance, in the living-room above, tones of blue predominate in the Congoleum Rug. There are several other blue patterns that would go just as well with the furnishings, but this woman happened to prefer an Oriental design. And Congoleum variety gave her an opportunity to choose!

This wide variety holds for every room in the house. Bedrooms in delicate tints or in dark colors can have a Congoleum Rug to match. Kitchens can be blue and white or tan and cream or any other color that fancy dictates—and there's a Congoleum Rug in an appropriate pattern to carry out perfectly the color scheme.

Sanitary—Very Easily Cleaned

Congoleum Rugs have other advantages besides beauty and variety of designs. They are quickly and easily cleaned with just a few strokes of a damp mop. Their smooth surface is sanitary and absolutely waterproof.

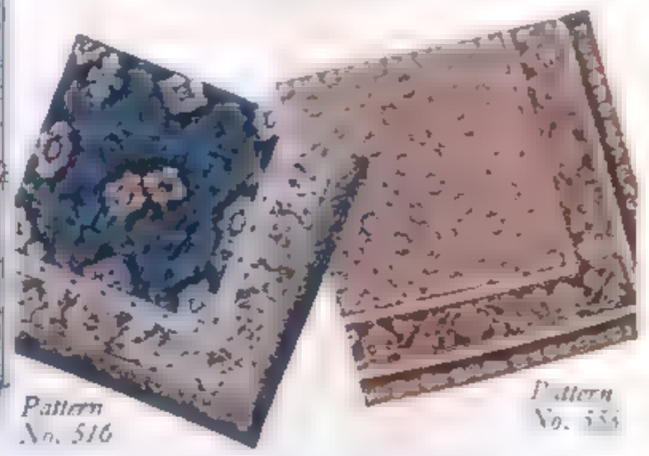
Made all in one piece without any seams, these modern floor-coverings cling tight to the floor without a single fastening yet they never wrinkle, never "kick up" at the edges.

Pattern No. 590

Pattern No. 408

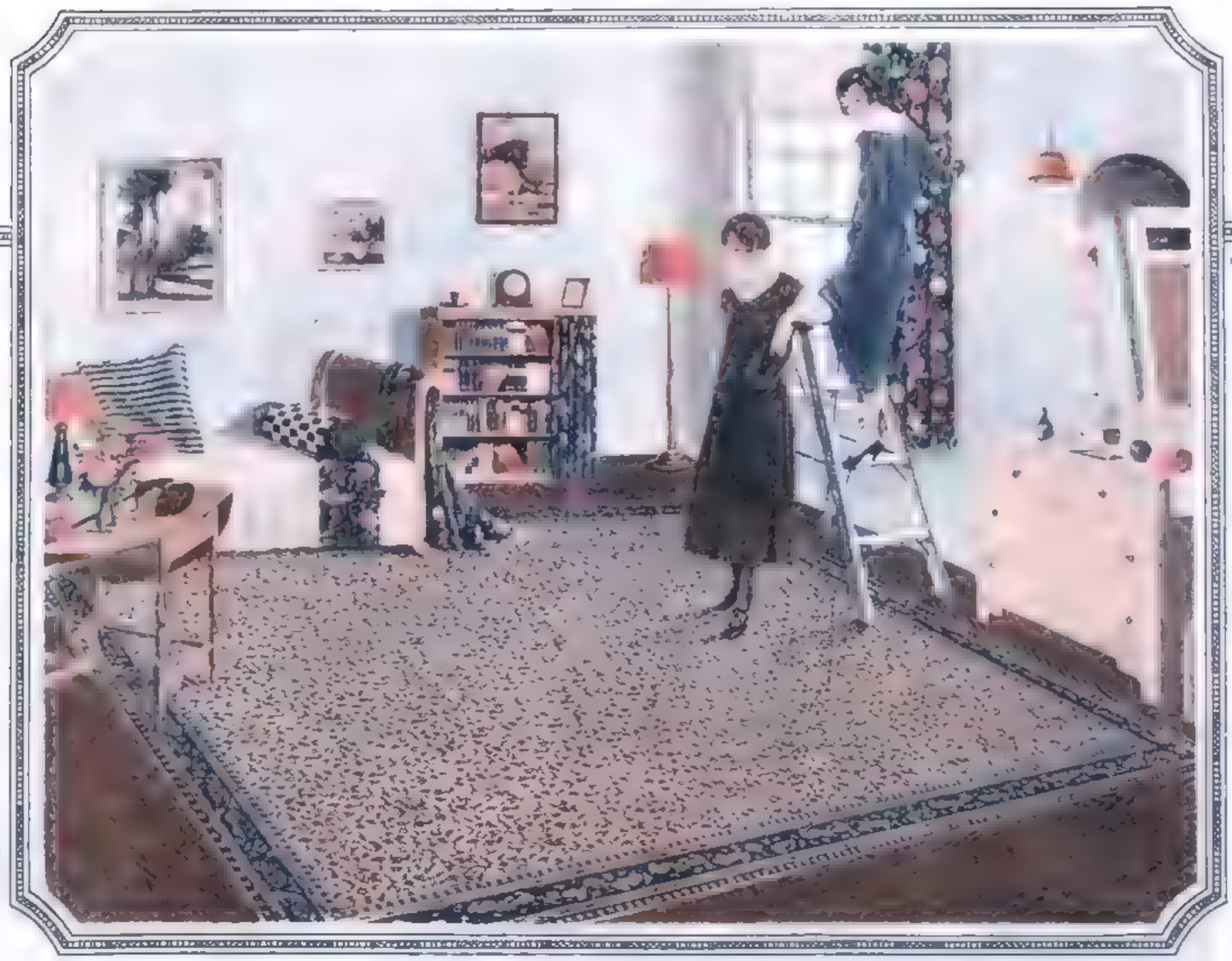
Clip out the patterns you like best and have your dealer show them to you.

CONGOLEUM
GOLD-SEAL
ART-RUGS



Pattern No. 516

Pattern No. 553



"It certainly was a happy thought to buy this Congoleum Rug—it just makes the room."

On the floor at the right is shown pattern No. 378—a fascinating intertwined floral motif in shades of blue, rose and cream.

What the Gold Seal label insures—

When you buy Congoleum *Gold-Seal* Rugs, you get full value for every cent you spend. The Gold Seal label takes care of that. For it protects you against substitution or any possible dissatisfaction with your purchase.

Only genuine Congoleum bears this pledge of satisfaction. Look for it when you buy your next floor-covering!

Guaranteed Satisfaction

First class workmanship plus dependable materials go into the making of every Congoleum Art-Rug. And that is the reason why such an unlimited pledge as "Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back" can be given with every Congoleum *Gold-Seal* Art-Rug.

In addition, Congoleum *Gold-Seal* Rugs offer a wide variety of very artistic patterns, unusual flat-lying qualities, an easy-to-clean surface, absolute waterproofness and extreme durability. What other floor-covering offers half these advantages for even double the price?

Note the Low Prices

6 feet x 9 feet	$ 9.40	9 feet x 9 feet	$14.05
7½ feet x 9 feet	11.70	9 feet x 10½ feet	16.40
9 feet x 12 feet	$18.75		

Patterns Nos. 386 and 408 are made in all the sizes. The other patterns are made in the five large sizes only

1½ feet x 3 feet	$ .60	3 feet x 4½ feet	$1.95
3 feet x 3 feet	1.30	3 feet x 6 feet	2.60

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago Kansas City
San Francisco Atlanta Minneapolis Dallas Pittsburgh
New Orleans Cleveland London Paris Rio de Janeiro

In Canada—Congoleum Canada Limited, Montreal

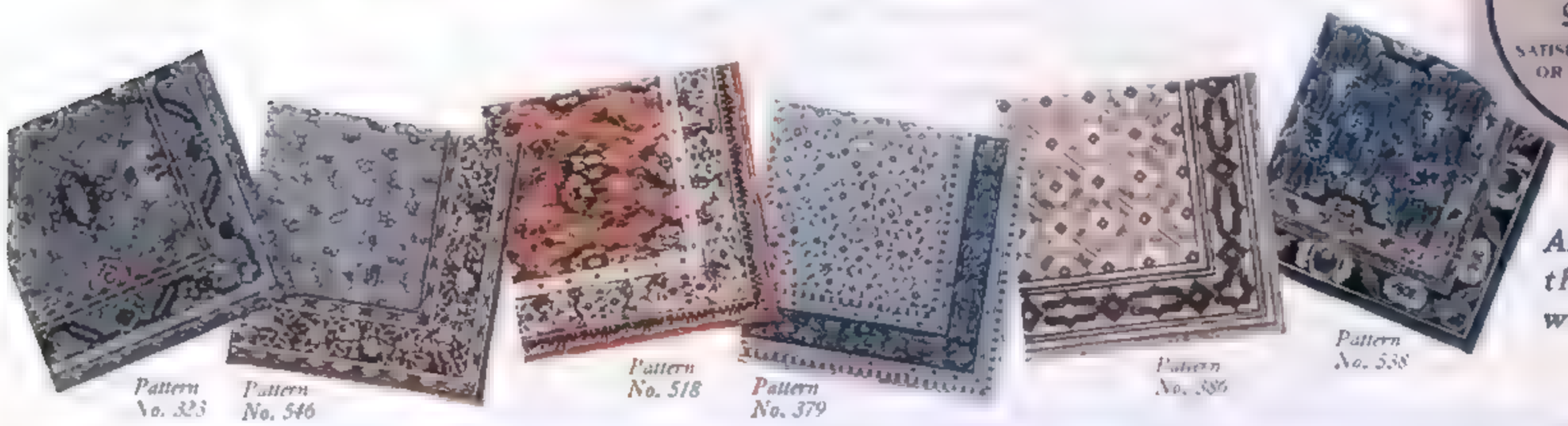
$100 Reward!

There is only one "Congoleum." It is manufactured by Congoleum-Nairn Inc., and identified by a Gold Seal pasted on the surface of every pattern. All "Seconds" are identified by a red label.

As the sale or representation of any other make of floor-covering as "Congoleum" is a violation of the law, we will pay $100 to any person who will secure evidence that will lead to the conviction of anyone guilty of this practice.

If you want the genuine ask for it by the registered trade-mark name "Congoleum" and look for the Gold Seal on the goods you buy!

CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL
GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
OR YOUR MONEY BACK



Pattern No. 323 *Pattern No. 546* *Pattern No. 518* *Pattern No. 379* *Pattern No. 386* *Pattern No. 538*

Always look for this Gold Seal when you buy!

A nation turns to the out-of-doors

No other nation is more definitely awake to the benefits of life in the open air than America today.

The Ford car, which provides reliable motoring at a cost millions can afford, is one of the big and vital factors in this turning to the out-of-doors.

It has made it possible for city dwellers to reclaim precious hours from the routine of work, for recreation and exercise; to find the wholesome and necessary relaxation that only fresh air and sunshine assure.

Runabout	$260	Tudor	$580
Touring	$290	Fordor	$660
Coupe	$520		

All Prices F. O. B. Detroit

On Open Cars Starter and Demountable Rims $85 Extra
Full-Size Balloon Tires Optional at an extra cost of $25

FORD MOTOR COMPANY ∴ DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

(Continued from Page 58)

her tray and leaned over to get a better light on his complexion. "Ethel and I were talking about you till all hours last night. Is it necessary that you work quite so hard, William?"

Bill Scudder's hand went automatically out toward the coffeepot, but the memory of ninety dollars a month for the comfort in which these two benign tyrants lapped him was stronger than his appetite. He smiled up apologetically at Mrs. Foster.

"Work hard?" he inquired. "Well, I'll tell you, Mrs. Foster, if I can keep up my work the way I do now for a little longer, I'll be due for a good raise in salary soon, and then Sylvia and I have decided to save all that raise and try to buy an interest in my business."

Mrs. Foster held up her finger and spoke as though she uttered a profound and novel idea.

"That's all very well, William; but remember that a man's chief asset is his health. As my husband used to say, 'What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'"

"All right," said Mr. Scudder, whose mind was usually filled with the day's work during breakfast, "I'll bite. What's the answer?"

Mrs. Foster put out a quick hand to his brow and shook her head. She picked up the coffeepot, and still shaking her head in grim satisfaction that her prediction of a nervous breakdown from overwork was upon him, eased herself, back first, through the pantry door. Bill caught only a few of the words of the muted parley which followed immediately in the kitchen.

"Oat-meal water," "Beef juice," "He's in the last stages; he said he'd bite." "I'll write to Cousin Mabel and get that iron-tonic prescription." "And he smokes too much." He heard a few suppressed hiccuping sobs which he knew were Mrs. Maxwell's, and the sterner voice of her friend. "With care we can save him, and I should think you would realize, Ethel, that it's no time for tears with Willie's life in the balance. Do not think about yourself. Think of him."

From that day on the active refrain to the life song of the elderly ladies was, "Think of William." His diet while at home became a thing of unpalatable wholesomeness. His use of cigarettes was viewed with such a mixture of heart-bursting pain and frigid disdain that he hadn't the nerve to offend their kindly eyes by smoking before them. For a while he retired behind the garage to commit suicide with tobacco, so he understood; but when his retreat was uncovered, one of the firm brought out her knitting and sat with him, and told him stories of an incredibly pure girlhood to keep his mind from temptation.

"I know, Bill," would comfort Sylvia, "it's trying; but they are so much better than the slovenly servants we'd be doing our best to keep if they weren't here. And only ninety dollars a month, Bill. Think of that!"

"Yeh!" growled Bill, sitting on the side of his bed in his pajamas and enjoying his one peaceful cigarette of the evening. "The economy of the thing is what makes me put up with it at all."

"And what's more, Bill, you do look a heap better than before they came."

Mr. Scudder was on his feet glaring at her as though she too had joined the enemy.

"I don't want to look better. I want to be my own boss, and cuss if I want to, and take a drink if I want, without having some one look as if I was breaking their hearts." Bill approached his wife in the attitude of a man to whom murder is a petty item. "I tell you, Sylvia, as soon as I get my raise we'll pay one hundred and eighty dollars a month if necessary, and get someone in the kitchen who will be glad to see me go to the devil."

He paused quickly as a knock sounded on the door.

"William, here's the raw egg and your tonic. I mixed the tonic with orange juice so it doesn't taste so bad."

William gritted his teeth and seemed to pray heaven for strength to contain himself. Sylvia held a hand over her horror-struck mouth.

"I wonder if she heard you, Bill?" she moaned.

"All right, Mrs. Foster," spoke up Bill jauntily, "just leave it there and I'll throw it down I mean I'll take it in a minute."

"I don't mind waiting, William, but it's just ten o'clock, and you're supposed to be in bed by then. You were out until after eleven last night."

"Was I?" inquired Mr. Scudder weakly. "I forgot. Just a second and I'll be there."

It has been said that the surest formula to produce a pessimist is to force a man to live with a habitual optimist. Now this law of contrariness operated precisely for Mr. Scudder, who originally had a gentle and hopeful disposition, but who, after five months of the Foster and Maxwell reign of the velvet hand in the chrome mit, believed himself to be a haggard and desolate wraith of his former sweetness.

"Sylvia," he cried whenever crying was safe, "I'm not being nursed back to life. I'm being nursed on to a premature grave."

"Well?" would answer his wife.

"I know it. I brought it on myself. But as soon as I get that raise I'm going to raise hell around here."

Three days before Christmas Mr. Scudder came home early with the fire of a great thanksgiving flashing from his eye. His excitement was so keen that he kissed both Mrs. Foster and Mrs. Maxwell on his rush through the house in search of his wife.

"Harum-scarum!" muttered Mrs. Foster as she pressed her hand tenderly to the cheek where his mouth had touched. Mrs. Maxwell looked swiftly at the clock.

"I think there's just time to make a chocolate cake before supper. Poor boy, I guess it won't hurt him just once."

She glanced fearfully at her friend and reached for a mixing bowl.

"Go ahead and make it," snapped the commanding officer. "I didn't hear you."

Mr. Scudder found his wife in the attic tying up Christmas presents. He struck a pose of vast impressiveness.

"Don't kiss me, woman, unless you like to kiss a very wealthy man."

Sylvia sat down suddenly on a package of assorted bonbons.

"Bill, do you mean you got the raise?"

"Pooh! Tut, girl! 'Raise' is such a frail word. All they gave me for a Christmas gift was to double my salary."

Bill Scudder finally broke away from the delightful strangling of his wife's arms and held her at a distance as he spoke further.

"Sylvia, you could have knocked me over with a feather when old man Hunter came into my office and put his feet on my desk and sort of grinned foolish-like. 'Bill he said, 'you've been building better than you knew lately. It's been decided that you're worth considerable to this firm. So far this has been a one-man business, and we've never needed a vice president, but now we do and you're it.'"

Mrs. Scudder gurgled like a cat that finds its kitchen vacant and a bluefish right alongside a pan of cream on the table.

"I can hardly think, Bill."

A secondary enthusiasm lighted Mr. Scudder's face.

"You know, Sylvia, all the way home, in the back of my head, I've been thinking, 'Now I can be a free man again.' I can drink coffee and sit in the smoker with the men without feeling that I'm breaking their old hearts and everything."

Mrs. Scudder became rueful.

"Oh, Bill, I hate to think of their going. They really are sweet, and we can never buy such loyalty and care as they've given us."

William H. Scudder saw that he would have to use diplomacy to force a unanimous end to the firm of Foster and Maxwell.

"Gosh, you're fat, Sylvia! How much do you weigh?"

His wife gave him a long and nasty look, and groaned feebly.

"Oh, all right, Bill, but let's wait until after the holidays. I just dread to think of their spending Christmas Day in a hotel when they, of all people, should be bossing a home."

Mr. Scudder consented to this slight postponement, especially after his wife emphasized the fact that since he had hired the women he must, of course, dismiss them.

As was the custom in the Scudder home on Christmas morning, all the household, below stairs and above, gathered around the tree. For the first three minutes Mr. William H. imagined that he was the master of this ceremony, but only for three minutes did his delusion last. Then Mrs. Foster stepped into her rightful place as managing head of the occasion.

"You understand, William, that for twenty-seven years I had charge of the Christmas children's party at our church; so it's only natural that I'm more experienced than you. Just relax now and take it easy and everything will be all right."

When the last package had been undone, and Mrs. Foster had calmed the baby from his passion at having a candy cane which he had in turn filched from the very teeth of the dog taken from him, she smiled benignly at the family.

"Mrs. Maxwell has a few words she would like to say to you. You may step forward, Ethel."

Ethel didn't curtsy, yet she gave the distinct impression of being about to announce, "You'd scarce expect one of my age to speak in public on the stage," and then turn to her mother's sheltering petticoats.

"I ——" she said huskily. "I ——"

"Go right ahead, Ethel. You've done nothing to be ashamed of."

"No, Margaret," wailed Ethel, "you tell them. I get so flustered."

It was evident that Mrs. Foster had been expecting and hoping for this request. It coincided with her sincere convictions that if a thing was to be well—or even passably—done, she was the only salvation. She held her elbows to the fore, placed the tips of her fingers precisely against each other and spoke in a voice which had a thousand times aroused a Sunday-school session from blissful and wisdom-proof drowsiness:

"My dear friends—I should say, our dear friends, shouldn't I? We have found it a very real pleasure to have come into your little family circle, to share your joys and responsibilities, and, I hope, your little troubles."

"Good gracious," thought Bill, "this sounds like a speech of resignation! It's almost too good to be true."

And he smiled encouragement to the speaker and tried not to think of the cigarette he craved.

"It has been a privilege—I think I may say a rare opportunity—to live again the happiness we both knew during our own home-making days." She paused and hissed *sotto voce* to her friend, "Stop snuffling, Ethel!"

"Oh, I can't help it," sobbed Mrs. Maxwell. "It's too lovely to feel useful to someone."

Sylvia put out a quick hand and patted the care-worn fingers. Her own words of impulsive gratitude were choked by a catch in her throat. She looked at Bill and saw him trying to pretend that it was a touch of cold which annoyed him. Even Mrs. Foster was so affected that she observed the dog climbing onto the sofa without taking it up with him. But her sense of duty nerved her on.

"Well, William and Sylvia, I had a lot of things I wanted to say, and I sort of forget them. But you have made us so happy that—well, we wanted to do something nice for you both. We have been so worried about William's close application to work that we consulted with Mrs. Maxwell's lawyer about it."

Mr. Scudder waved a disparaging hand and wondered how he would ever find the heart to tell them they were no longer necessary to his family.

"Oh, you shouldn't worry about me, Mrs. Foster."

That lady smiled tenderly at him.

"We won't have to any more, William, because Mrs. Maxwell had her lawyer purchase your business from Mr. Hunter."

Life seemed suddenly to lose all action and reaction for William H. Scudder. No village idiot ever had a blanker face than his. Yet in the far distance he could catch the dim but cheery words of Mrs. Foster:

"And now, William, you are only responsible to us, and we'll always be here to see you don't work too hard."

Through the mental fog which hazed all things, Bill Scudder saw this masterly lady herding the owner of his business out through the pantry door into his kitchen. Then he felt soft lips on his ear and Sylvia pleading.

"Bill dear, promise me—please promise me that you'll always love me even when I weigh two hundred."

"Yeh?" moaned Bill vacantly. "All right. Won't you ask them if they'd mind if you and I went for a drive? I'd like a smoke."

"No, Estelle, I'm Not Going to Do Any Horseback Riding While We are Out Here. Look What it Does to One's Figure!"

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 28

organizationalizations, and so forth. So I set out to make the business a model of organization. After two years of intensive labor I felt I had succeeded. The plant was prettily systematized. An incoming letter was sometimes so covered with rubber-stamp marks as to be completely illegible. A ten-cent diabolo spool was routed through the factory as carefully as a presidential special.

The only thing that marred my satisfaction was that no one had bought a diabolo set for over a year.

Another man, perhaps, would have been discouraged. But I knew enough about business to know that system will always win. Ping-pong was then the craze. I scrapped the old machinery and staff and turned the plant into the greatest ping-pong factory in the world. But I was pursued by ill luck. When at length I had my system installed, ping-pong sets were as salable as bustles.

The same strange fate has followed me ever since. My filing systems are photographed and charted in the business magazines; the elimination of waste in my factory has been the subject of a university dissertation for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy; my system of cost accounting is the sensation of the business world. And yet I have not actually succeeded in selling anything, although I have had, at various times, an unsurpassed equipment for producing pyrography sets, automobile goggles and put-and-take tops.

But now the future is assured. I am doubling the capacity of my factory in order to manufacture mah-jongg sets. I expect to begin producing on a large scale in about a year. —*Morris Bishop.*

Drab Ballads

XX

LAST night, at the Sorghum Corners Opera House down here, CAIROLINE (EGYPTIAN DANCERESS, PERFORMING BARE & OTHER EXCITEMENT) sang with great success the bathetic *bravura* entitled:

YOU NEVER USED TO WANDER FROM YOUR HOME AND FIRESIDE

An officer with dignity a building leaned against,
And flirted with a black-eyed baby's nurse;
When, passing by, a drunkard staggered with a load condensed—
A victim of intemperance and worse.
The cop with irate mien and club just fanned him;
"A rum that riots on my post meets grief."
When with a closer scrutiny he scanned him—
'Twas Smoky Jake, once noted Fire Chief.
The copper was astounded, quite a bit,
And spoke these words, as follows and to wit:

REFRAIN

"You never used to wander from your home and fireside;
Your sober reputation seems a myth.
Your loving wife, where is she? You were always by her side;
Where is the fortune you retired with?"
The tipsy loper sighed, "My life is wasted;
My fortune's spent, my happiness defiled!
Many years I've sought, downhearted,
For to brain the bird that started:
(Close harmony)
OH, FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD!"
—*Harry G. Smith.*

You'd tremble with avidity if you could only guess,
How near the time is with you when you'll read of her distress:
ONLY A POOR CHORUS GIRLIE!

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Continued from Page 36

bananas were cheap in those days, or I might have had to eat the rattlesnakes before I got home.

I fired a locomotive long enough to burn up most of the coal on the C. B. & Q., and about the time coal was getting scarce I read an article about some Moki Indians dancing with live rattlesnakes in their mouths, in the wilderness of Northern Arizona. I landed in Arizona in 1898 with $14.35, at a time when everything was wide open. I was young and curious, and the unrestrained exuberance of Youth led me blithely along through a Postgraduate Course of Education Not Written Down in Books—a Hot Melting Pot of Experiences which go to make up Life. In between times I lived with the Moki, or Hopi, Indians long enough to have a great respect for them, their religious dances and ceremonies—and their snakes. Two summers I spent in Pleasant Valley, up in the Tonto Basin country, ranching the Tewksbury Ranch—now well known as the scene of the Tewksbury-Graham sheep and cattle war made famous in Zane Grey's story, To the Last Man. I raised the first real garden truck many of them had ever seen or tasted, let my hair grow long in a youthful ambition to look wild and fed both sheep and cattlemen alike. I often wonder nowdays why someone didn't shoot me; but good gardeners were scarce and it would have been foolish to shoot a man down on his knees weeding onions

The past twenty-five years have been alive with a kaleidoscopic series of adventures and experiences in both devilment and development propositions, mining, irrigation and oil deals, in Arizona, California and Texas, with financial ups and downs often enough to break the monotony and to convince me that I was never destined to become a financial genius. I still retain my early piety and a great faith in the Lord. He never went back on me yet.

Twenty-one years ago, after disposing of a boom mining camp newspaper, which I had started with a dime and a broken leg, I wandered off into Western Arizona on a prospecting trip and discovered Happy Valley, where Salome now is. At that time this part of Arizona was practically an uncharted wilderness, a desert with water holes from fifty to seventy-five miles apart, a country little known and less thought of. This valley, about fifteen miles wide and forty miles long, lying between the Harquahala and the Harcuvar Mountains appealed to me strangely the first time I came to it; not only its Abundant Warmth but the Wonderful Peace and Quiet of it, which only a Dweller of the Desert can understand and appreciate. Here, at last, I thought, is One Place where I can do as I please and no one to bother me, where I can get acquainted with myself and maybe find the Something which every man in his own Soul is consciously or unconsciously Searching for—Himself.

And so I started Salome, in the middle of the Desert, without the dime or the broken leg, without Water and in fact without anything excepting a blind faith that some day it would lead to Something. Today, after over twenty years, Salome has accumulated a population of something more than twenty people; we have water, free air, a railroad and a mark on the map said to be an automobile road leading from Phœnix to Los Angeles, which will some day be paved. People from all over the world Go Through Salome, en route to Los Angeles—or getting away from it. Few ever stop longer than necessary, to get gas and oil and beat it on to the place they are looking for but will never find. Most of them sympathize with me—"What a Place to Live!"—and don't realize How Sorry I am for them; knowing, as I do, that I am finding Something for which they are still Seeking.

I have lived for considerable periods in such Large Towns as New York, Pittsburgh, Omaha, Fort Worth, Los Angeles and even Phœnix and I have made considerable money at times; but I weary of it after a time and always come back to Salome, to the Mind-Resting Quiet, the Soul-Satisfying Peace and the Vibrant Mysteriousness of the Desert. The average person in a Large Town Gives Up So Much and Gets So Little out of life. What does it all lead to in the End—this Money-chasing, Jazz-crazy, Luxurious Civilization the World is drifting into? I Wonder—and the Desert is a Wonderful Place to do a Lot of Wondering in.

The readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST are not interested in my wonderings—so many of them have so much to wonder about themselves. The only thing about me that can be of any possible interest to the outside world is the fact that many of my seemingly ridiculous ideas and statements make other folks Smile, and some even Laugh to think that any sane man could possibly live out here in Salome and like it. I know, because so many write and tell me so, and some even go so far as to doubt my sanity or existence. I don't mind, because it is a Sad World, in many ways, and I am often Sad myself; and if I can help a Lot of Folks to Smile and Laugh away their Troubles, I will be doing some good and have some excuse for living, no matter whether they Laugh At Me or With Me. A Good Laugh will do anyone a Lot of Good, and the things people will laugh at are beyond belief. Any number of people have written to me How they Just Have to Laugh at the Way I use my Capital Letters, not knowing, of course, that the typewriter I first learned to write on had lost a Lot of Its teeth, it was so Old and so many of the Little Letters gone, and I got so used to Hitting the Capitals where the Little ones were Gone I can't get out of the Habit—and I think it Looks Better anyway to have a few Capitals scattered around and break the monotony of so many Little Letters. I would use all Capital letters if I thought it would make Folks Feel any Better.

Well, this is Wasting a Lot of Good white paper and ink talking about Nothing and I haven't watered the Palm Tree today or give the Frog his Bath, or even mentioned the one really Important Part of my life the Wonderful Wife and Family I have gradually acquired and am trying to Raise, and without Which, Who or Them, there wouldn't be Many Smiles in me or for me around Salome or anywhere else or earth.

When I stated that I was Not a Millionaire, a Miner, a Lunger, Author, Reformed Bad Man or Lunatic, I meant that I have been mining and prospecting for twenty-five years and have never found or developed a Real Mine yet, even though I sold one once for a Million Dollars which I didn't Get Yet. My Lungs are O. K. and my heart is in the Right Place, and even if my Neck might be a Little Rough, I don't believe there is very much the matter with My Head, any more than Most Folks. I never intentionally killed anyone, although a lot of times I would have liked to—and Vice Versus, I guess. Lastly, I make no Pretense Whatever to being an Author, and for this reason anyone on earth can Criticize any Thing I write until they get Tired, and I don't mind a bit, as I don't have to do This for a Living and I would have Starved to Death long ago if I did; but I get a Lot of Fun out of it, which I also hope is Vice Versus and Pro Bono Publico. Adios, Amigo.

Dainty fingers still delight in Samplers!

Formerly it was the quaint cross-stitch sampler which attracted so much attention and comment and was likely to be framed and hung on the wall as a proud masterpiece of needlework.

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THE HOME-COMING

(Continued from Page 9)

They caught a glimpse of Mrs. Magee. First a face at a windowpane, then a large, comely red-cheeked woman at the door, drying her hands on an apron. In the background stood a younger woman with a baby in her arms. Mrs. Magee looked waveringly at her daughter as she picked her way through the puddles in the walk, and suddenly she began to emit little whimpering sounds like a dog in doubt, and her hands kept rumpling her apron. Then a hoarse, smothered cry as the girl reached the sill, and she swept Annie Magee to her ample bosom fiercely enough to crush her. The other woman also started to blubber, and the baby took it up.

"Why, Katie!" they heard Peggy exclaim. "You never told me about this. When did he arrive?"

Then the door closed and the pair in the flivver lost sight of them.

"All right, let's go," said Bascom, and the disappointed driver reluctantly threw into gear.

Mrs. Bascom was thoughtful as they bumped along up the hill toward the tavern.

"You know, I can't understand it," she said.

"You must go and see that girl while we're here, Shirley."

"Why on earth should I do that? I'll do nothing of the kind."

"Oh, all right. I guess there's no special reason why you should. I only thought —— And of course she's hard-boiled."

"Why do you say that? I don't think she's the least bit hard-boiled."

"Then she isn't."

"Just because she's had to fight her way up, who wouldn't be hard-boiled? If you had to fight every inch of your life ——"

"Don't I?"

"Not the way that girl has had to fight. Men are so unjust to women. No, sir, I admire her tremendously. And I intend to go to see her too."

"Suit yourself," replied Bascom, grinning contentedly at the misted window.

They secured comfortable rooms at the tavern. It was a big, rambling frame house dating back to the first years of the republic; a place of huge fireplaces with crackling logs; flintlocks and powder horns hung above the mantels; a spinning wheel in a corner of the upstairs living room; quaint prints of stagecoach and fox-hunting days, long-handled bed warmers on the hearths, the walls lined with bookcases. And everything immaculate and shining.

It continued to rain during the evening, so they remained indoors. Nobody came to see them. The tavern had no other guests except an elderly lodger whom the proprietor called Burt. They learned later he was the village bachelor. There's always one hold-out.

The Bascoms pulled out a table and settled down to double dummy.

"I think it's the funniest thing I ever heard of," she remarked.

"How? What's funny about it?"

"Why, coming home like this, and nobody so much as bothers to look sideways at you."

"Why should they?" he retorted, but he looked rather foolish. "None of my relatives lives here any more. They've all died off or moved away."

"But surely your old friends ——"

"It's twenty years since I left Beechville. I was just a kid, Shirley. And they haven't kept up with me, or ——"

"Then what on earth did you come for?"

"Darned if I know," he admitted. "It was just a—just an impulse. I thought maybe ——"

"You thought maybe you'd give the old home town a treat and a chance to parade their celebrated son," she declared, noting his crestfallen air with delight.

"Rats!"

"Yes, you did too."

"I wonder how Peggy's getting along."

"She's got her mother."

They played a while in silence, and then Bascom remarked, "It's queer, but I seem to recall having heard something about that girl."

"No doubt. You've probably heard a-plenty. The newspapers have certainly said enough. Her legs ——"

"Oh, that—that's just publicity stuff. Anybody can see her legs are ——"

"Well?"

"What I mean is, all those stories about her love affairs and jewels and furs—that's only part of the game, Shirley. Her press agent works up most of that."

"I guess she helps some," said his wife crisply.

"What I had in mind was a story I heard about the time she left here to go to New York. Hugh told me, I think. Let's see—something about a love affair with some Romeo here. Seems to me Hugh said he quit her cold and she ran off with a show."

"Well, she owes him a debt, then, whoever he is."

"Maybe," said Bascom musingly. "It's hard to say about things like that, though."

Next morning broke clear and sparkling. The snow in the fields somehow looked whiter, almost virginal; the slush less repulsive. The little rills murmured, the creek back of the tavern babbled of coming spring.

"I believe I'll take a walk," said Bascom to his wife, who had not yet risen.

He went out and strolled along the familiar street—past the post office, Totten's drug store, Spratt's book and stationery shop, the Kendall dry-goods establishment, Miss Perkins' boarding house. The bank had a new home of brick, and a couple of hardy interlopers with alien names had opened for business in the grocery and fruit lines. Otherwise the business section remained as he had known it.

But everything appeared much smaller to him. Surely this could not be the steep hill down which he had coasted as a boy—this gentle slope he was striding. And these comfortable white homes set amid trees! They had once seemed to him almost palatial, representing a standard of luxury hopelessly beyond his attainment.

Suddenly he came upon a larger house of stone with a tiny tower at one corner. He gaped. Could that be the Tilford place? Impossible! The Tilford home had been the wonder of Beechville, a fairy castle of childish imaginings. Why, he had often described it to Shirley as a sort of combination of a Fifth Avenue mansion and a Newport cottage! What if she should ask to see it now? He began to chuckle. Then a wave of tender regret swept over him.

"Well, those old memories go with my other illusions, that's all," he muttered. "Queer they should be so precious. When a man's lost his illusions—not much left."

An elderly lady came out of a house and trudged slowly toward him, using a stick. Her dress reflected the implacable severity of the Victorian era and she wore a Queen Mary hat. She bestowed a quick glance on the visitor, then paused and peered into his face.

"Isn't this Bascom?" she inquired brusquely.

"Yes, that's my name. You're Miss Buxton, aren't you?"

"I'm glad you haven't forgotten me. My maid told me you were here. Well, young man, I hope you've come back to stay."

"Only a day or two, I'm afraid."

"Nonsense, nonsense! We need you. I've never had a man move our luggage satisfactorily since you left. You really must come back."

"I'll think it over," said Bascom, laughing.

Miss Buxton took another survey of him.

"You seem quite prosperous. Done well, I suppose?"

"So-so"

"What do you work at?"

"Railroading."

"Indeed! Married?"

"Many years."

"How time slips by!" murmured the old lady. "Well, I'm glad you're back, anyhow. And you think over what I said."

"I will," said Bascom.

It never occurred to her to offer her hand at parting; she gave a curt nod and walked away.

"Pride of race," chuckled Bascom. "Her father was a doctor."

He continued his walk. There were few people on the street, and none of them seemed to recognize him, although Bascom could have called each one by name. A thin old man in a rusty overcoat hurried past, his gaze on the ground. He shot a timid, furtive glance at Bascom, then immediately lowered his eyes. It was Mr. Beardsley, president of the bank, who had been rated the richest man in those parts in Bascom's day. He remembered with what awe people regarded him, and as he gazed after the shrinking, insignificant figure, he marveled.

It occurred to Bascom to drop in on Bill Sommers, editor of the Argus—he had often done odd jobs for Bill in his boyhood—but the idea that Bill might think he was seeking publicity killed the impulse. Next he paused in front of Lawyer Farnum's sign—Law Office, Real Estate & Fire Insurance. Farnum would be sure to recall him. But as he hesitated, a man came along whom he spotted as an early friend and patron.

"Hello, Mr. Stroud," he said, extending his hand.

The hardware dealer replied, "How are you?" took the proffered hand and shook it limply. The reunion seemed to leave him cold.

"Don't you remember me—Bruce Bascom?"

"I remember you all right," was the reply.

An awkward silence ensued. Apparently Mr. Stroud had nothing to add; he was regarding Bascom with an eye as warm as a pickerel's. What was the matter, anyhow? A cold fear started creeping over the railroad president. Merciful heaven, he remembered now!

"Well, glad to have seen you," he blurted out, and departed as fast as he could leg it.

"What's the matter?" inquired Mrs. Bascom when he returned to the tavern.

"Nothing."

"You look so queer, like you had been running, or had a scare."

"Probably came up the stairs too fast."

"Well, suppose we take a walk."

"It's rotten walking—slush and mud—and there's nothing to see."

"I need the exercise," said his wife, and that settled it. He accompanied her.

They strolled at random, Mrs. Bascom stopping frequently to admire a view or some sweet bit of rural peace. And they encountered several men and women, who recognized her husband. His response to these greetings was eager, almost hungry. In fact Mrs. Bascom began to stare.

"What's come over you?" she inquired.

"Nothing. Why?"

"You're so different."

"How?"

"Well, the way you talk to these people. Sort of—oh, I don't know—sort of ingratiating. Why, you were positively deferential to that old Major What's-His-Name we met!"

"Oh, well, you've got to treat home folks that way, when you haven't seen them for so long. If I didn't, they would think I'm stuck up. Remember, they all knew me when I was a kid."

"That's no reason for falling all over them. You're not running for office, you know."

"Oh, leave me alone. If you're going to be disagreeable, I'm going back to the hotel."

At that moment he discerned Dave Stroud standing at the doorway of his store in conversation with another man. Both were looking in his direction and Bascom fidgeted uneasily; he wondered whether Dave was telling the other fellow.

"Had enough?" he asked.

"No, I'm enjoying it. This sunshine is delicious. What's come over you, anyway? You look about as happy as a trapped wolf."

"And that's about the way I feel. This place is getting on my nerves."

"Then go on back to the tavern, for goodness' sake. I can walk alone. It will give you a chance to get those letters off before lunch."

Bascom acted on the suggestion and returned to their rooms. The landlord informed him that the editor of the Argus had dropped in during his absence.

"He wanted a piece for tomorrow's paper, so I gave him the dope."

"Yes?"

"Bill said he could remember when you used to drive that old green baggage wagon around here."

"That's right," replied Bascom. "That was my first job."

"Say, you got here just in the nick of time for the big blow-out."

"What's that?"

"They're giving a banquet tomorrow night in honor of Seth Prouty."

"Who's Seth Prouty?"

"What, you never heard of Seth? Why, he moved to Worcester about fifteen years ago and now he's a congressman."

"Well, well! Good for Seth!"

"Beechville boys seem to get on wherever they go," remarked the landlord complacently. "There's Seth, started out a poor boy, you might say. You remember his mother—the Mrs. Prouty who used to run a candy store?"

"Of course I do. So she was Seth's mother. Why, I've bought candy at her place a thousand times!"

The Bascoms went motoring in the afternoon and did not get back until sundown. Nobody had called to see them, however, and they spent the evening undisturbed. Just before going to bed he received a telephone message that Rufus Peters had finally returned and would be around early in the morning to see him.

The Weekly Argus lay beside Bascom's plate at the breakfast table. He glanced over it idly. On the front page stood out a headline three columns wide—Seth Prouty Climbing the Ladder of Fame, and about two thousand words reciting the achievements of Beechville's greatest son. Running this a close second for prominence was a story which set out the success of Irving Rainey, son of our esteemed fellow townsman, William Rainey, who had been promoted to assistant cashier of a bank in Hartford.

Bascom turned over the page. Where was the piece about him? At the foot of a column his eye caught an item under Personal Jottings—"Bruce Bascom, formerly a resident of Beechville, is paying us a visit, accompanied by Mrs. Bascom. They are guests at the tavern. Mr. Bascom has prospered in his chosen field and is now president of a railroad somewhere in the West."

That was all Bascom handed the paper to his wife.

"Pages One and Three," he directed.

When she had read, Mrs. Bascom burst into laughter.

"Isn't it killing? I can't get over it; their sense of proportion is so queer."

"Well, I'm not so sure. They know only their own section of country, so their sense of values is based on that. It's reasonable."

"Nonsense! Don't be absurd, Bruce. You know as well as I do that all the rest of the world is outland to these people and of no consequence. It's just ignorance, and you know it."

(Continued on Page 71)

Let us tell you how to Re-roof or Remodel *on easy payments*

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You need wait no longer to re-roof, remodel or repair your home, store or office. You can make any long-wanted improvement now and pay in small monthly installments—as easy as purchasing a washing machine or vacuum cleaner on partial payments.

The Beaver Products Co. has made this convenience available to all home owners, everywhere. Your home may need a new roof. Have it put on now, before damaging leaks occur. Pay for it in easy monthly installments. You may wish to remodel or repair the interior of your home—or make a much needed addition. Do it now. Pay later.

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Gentlemen: Please send me a complete explanation of your new "Partial Payment Plan." I am a ... Home Owner ... Roofer ... Carpenter ... Contractor ... Dealer. Yours truly,

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I am particularly interested in making the improvements listed below:

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MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

Pledged Anew by

BALLOON GUM-DIPPED CORDS

Balloon Gum-Dipped Cords—the original Balloon tires—have aroused a new and intense interest in mileage.

Accurate records of Firestone Balloons with the largest taxicab companies show fewer tire failures and a higher average mileage, with lower cost per mile than heretofore known. The results being obtained in the daily operation of hundreds of thousands of motor cars—on trans-continental tours through mountains and desert—all emphasize the Firestone pledge of Most Miles per Dollar.

It is only natural that Balloon Gum-Dipped Cords should raise the tire mileage standard. For the Firestone *extra* process of Gum-Dipping saturates and coats every fiber of every cord with a frictionless protective covering of rubber, giving greater strength and flexibility to the cords.

Gum-Dipped Balloons, with their pliable walls and deep, full-size cushions of low pressure air, roll easily over stones and ruts and through mudholes, while ordinary tires, with stiff, multiple-ply sidewalls and higher air pressure, are more quickly destroyed by these obstacles. Nails and glass, which pierce high pressure tires, are readily enveloped in the broad treads of Gum-Dipped Balloons, which yield to the object rather than be punctured by it. This accounts for the fewer punctures and less tire failures than on high pressure tires.

Your Firestone Dealer is ready now to apply them at low cost—and make an allowance for your present tires.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

FACTORIES:
AKRON, OHIO
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Stone

Madam:

you know salad oil
you know cooking oil

but do you know about the oil that safeguards the family motor?

THERE would be a lot fewer husbands paying big motor-repair bills, if every wife who buys part or all of the oil for the family car would read this discussion.

When you fry an egg, you first grease the pan. That forms a thin film of oil that protects the egg from too direct contact with the heat. If this oil-film breaks or burns, the egg sticks to the pan, burns, is ruined.

When your motor is running, the oil used to lubricate it forms a thin film over all the vital parts of the motor. That film must protect the motor from heat that is hundreds of degrees higher than the heat of a frying pan. If the oil-film breaks or burns, then part of the motor is exposed directly to destructive heat and is damaged—perhaps ruined.

In addition, the film of motor oil must safeguard your motor from friction—wearing, grinding, tearing friction. It must form a cushion between all the whirling, sliding surfaces that are moving at lightning speed. If the film breaks, hot metal chafes against hot metal. Insidious friction gets in its destructive work. Again damage, perhaps ruin.

The main difference between the failure of a cooking oil and the failure of a motor oil is in the consequences. One failure ruins an egg; the other, in motor repair bills, is often equivalent to ruining a two years' supply of eggs.

So you see the responsibility that rests on a motor oil. Spoiling an egg is one thing. Ruining a $500 motor is another.

The motor oil that gives the "film of protection"

Tide Water engineers spent years in studying not motor oils alone, but oil *films*. Finally they perfected in Veedol an oil that offers the greatest resistance to deadly heat and friction. An oil that gives the "film of protection" *thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel.*

Next time you are driving the car and need oil, stop at a dealer's where the orange and black Veedol sign is displayed. There you will receive intelligent, courteous service. Ask the dealer to drain the old, worn-out oil from the crankcase, and refill with the correct Veedol oil for your car.

With Veedol in your motor, you *know* that the "film of protection" is on the job—the "film of protection" that will not fail you.

Neither your husband nor the best engineer living can give you better advice than this, nor advice that is more important to the long life of the family car.

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, Eleven Broadway, New York; Boston, Newark, Philadelphia, Chicago, Detroit, Kansas City, Columbus, Dallas, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland.

(Continued from Page 66)

"At any rate, I came off better than Annie Magee. She didn't get any mention at all."

"Afraid of offending the moral sense of the community, I guess," said Mrs. Bascom.

Then Rufus Peters blew in.

"Well, well, well!" he boomed. "So here you are! You're a fine one, you are! All your old friends are sore at you, Bruce."

"What's the matter?"

"Why, you haven't been to call on a single one of them!"

"I thought possibly they might call on me, being a visitor, you know."

Rufe gaped at him. It was evident this viewpoint jarred local tradition.

"Well, you'll get a chance to meet 'em all tonight, anyhow. I've managed to get tickets for the banquet to Seth Prouty. Had an awful time getting them too. You can go to the reception later, ma'am."

"Oh, can I?"

"Sure," put in her husband quickly. "She'll be there."

The morning dragged wearily. Rufe was obliged to drive out to a dairy farm on a mission for the absentee owner, and the Bascoms were left to their own devices. At lunch a flutter of excitement was occasioned in the tavern dining room by the news that James A. Nolan, president of the Bingham Loop Railroad, was due to arrive in his private car about five o'clock to do honor to Seth Prouty.

"I reckon you'll get a chance to meet him," the landlord told Bascom.

"Fine!" said the president of the Great Trunk Lines. The Bingham Loop could have been tucked away on one of the Great Trunk spurs without being observable, and Nolan was fully as important in the railroad world as one of Bascom's division superintendents, but his tone reflected proper appreciation.

In mid-afternoon he went for a long walk up among the hills, past the girls' school and along the borders of the lake. Suddenly a slight figure rounded a bend and came striding toward him. It was Peggy Price. He saw her take a deep breath, hold it for five paces, then slowly exhale.

"Out for exercise?"

"This is part of my training schedule," she replied, shaking hands with undisguised pleasure. "I've got to keep in shape, you know."

"You actually train?"

"Gym work every day, and deep breathing out of doors. I don't drink and I don't smoke. Sounds queer to you, I suppose."

"Well, it never occurred to me."

"No, I guess not. I'm supposed to hit the high spots and keep the night life going. But if I did that I wouldn't last three years. Why, I even diet! You see, all I've got is my figure and my dancing. My voice—it's something fierce. I get by all right by talking my songs."

Bascom turned to walk with her.

"How're things breaking for you?" she asked.

"I've never had such a rotten time in my life."

"Yeh? You do look kind of hounded. What's the trouble? I made sure they'd fall on your neck here. In my case of course—well, I figured Beechville would be sittin' on its hands for me. And I haven't seen a living soul except ——"

"Yes?"

"Oh, a boy I used to know when I was a kid. He came sneaking around yesterday about supper time, and he's married and got two children."

"What did he have to say for himself?"

"Search me. He pulled some alibi or other about laundry—mamma takes in washing, you know. I was mad enough to swing on him. What kind of an egg did he take me for, do you suppose?—not that it matters."

"I should say not."

"The poor fish! Thank the Lord I up and left home. You ought to see him now, Mr. Bascom. He used to be such a nice-looking kid. I was kinda stuck on the way his hair curled over his forehead; but now ——"

"Thinned out, hey?"

"Oh, he looks like a small-town sport. His mouth wabbles, but he presses his lips like this to try and look strong. The little simp! Thirty dollars a week working for his father, and he never will get anywhere else."

"How's your family?"

"Well, I've fixed it with mamma at last. She's come round, and she'll be sittin' pretty from now on."

They had reached the environs of Beechville, and she stopped.

"You'd better not walk any farther with me," she said.

"Why not?"

"You know as well as I do."

"Nonsense!"

"No nonsense about it. You two have treated me too white for me to go and get you talked about. And they'd talk."

"What if they did?"

"Good-by," said Peggy quickly, and was gone before he could argue the point.

Bascom went slowly back to the tavern. He wanted to tell his wife all about Annie Magee's home-coming, but maturer reflection, gradually a doubt—well, anyhow, he finally decided against any mention of the chance meeting. Women don't understand these things.

The banquet to Seth Prouty laid it all over any function Beechville had seen in a coon's age. There were a hundred and fifty guests, which was about fifty more than the tavern could feed at peak of capacity, but they all managed to squeeze in. The Argus wasn't boasting next week when it boldly pronounced the event a feast of reason and a flow of soul.

"I'm going to get you a knock-down to Seth and Nolan and the whole bunch," Rufe Peters assured Bascom. "They're both awful democratic."

"Don't force it, though," said Bascom.

Probably it was at Nolan's suggestion that his place was changed at table so he found himself next to the president of the Loop. Nolan was assuredly attentive to him. In fact he made such a fuss over the Western visitor that many of the guests were puzzled and began to wonder about this Bascom.

They wondered still more when, after a whispered conversation between the toastmaster and Nolan, the former called on their distinguished guest from the West for a few remarks. Rufe Peters nearly burst with triumph.

Bascom started his speech well. His tall, commanding figure, poise of manner and resonant voice made a fine impression, and there was meat to what he said. He employed no fireworks or bombast. Then, as his glance roved around the board, it happened to meet that of Dave Stroud, the hardware dealer. Dave was listening attentively—too attentively, it seemed to Bascom. He could read a sneer in the half-lowered lids and drooping mouth. The speaker faltered, stammered, began again; but now anybody could see he was flustered, that he had difficulty pursuing the thread of an idea. Soon he was floundering. He managed to finish his speech without breaking down, but nobody carried away anything of what he said because he so transparently lacked conviction; and he ended amid a cold silence of surprise and questioning looks.

"Well, I reckon it's a good thing Bruce Bascom went West," whispered his neighbor to Rufe Peters. "He certainly couldn't get very far in this part of the country. No, sir-ree!"

Fortunately his wife did not hear the speeches, or she would have been the most surprised of all, for she had listened to Bruce speak at a dinner of steel manufacturers and bankers in New York and had thrilled at the way he held them—so easy in manner, yet so forceful, and all of them breaking into frequent applause over what struck her as merely bald statements of simple facts.

Her own ordeal came at the reception to Mr. and Mrs. Prouty. There she had to meet all the ladies of Beechville and run the gantlet of their curiosity. But she brought to it the simple directness of good breeding and a frank and friendly interest in everybody. A symposium of the verdicts on her would have been decidedly favorable.

"I was never so surprised in my life," declared Miss Buxton. "Why, she's a lady! Where did that Bascom boy get hold of her?"

"But I never heard of her family, though," objected the woman with whom she was talking. "There used to be some Stricklands in Great Barrington, but she says they are no connections of hers. So where did her people come from?"

"I'm sure I don't know. Yet she was educated abroad, she told me."

The Bascoms left these important mysteries unsolved. They departed from Beechville the next day on the noon train.

No sooner had they pulled out than Bruce let out a deep breath, said "Whew, that's a relief!" and became his natural, assured, affable self again.

"Well, you would come," his wife reminded him.

"Never again!" he promised fervently. "Once in twenty years is enough for me."

"What were you so busy about with Mr. Peters this morning?"

"Oh, that! I didn't like the old fountain they had in the park."

"What of it?"

"I told Rufe to buy a new one—something worth looking at."

"How much will it cost?"

"Four or five thousand. I felt I ought to do something for the old home town."

"Seeing what the old home town did for you, hey? I bet they'll be surprised."

The remark seemed to tickle him.

"They will—darned surprised. Because old Dave Stroud is giving that fountain, and he's the worst tightwad in the state."

"What do you mean—Dave Stroud giving it?"

"Do you remember asking me day before yesterday why I looked so miserable?"

"Of course. And you were so mean about it too—snapped my head off. You said somebody had spoiled your whole trip."

"So somebody had. It was Dave."

"How could he? What did he do?"

"He didn't do anything. But the minute I laid eyes on him, I remembered about a dollar I borrowed one night from Dave and forgot to pay it back. I went away about a week later, and I've owed him that dollar about twenty years."

"You mean to tell me," exclaimed Mrs. Bascom, "that you let that worry you?"

"Worry? I haven't had a happy moment since! Don't you see? Look at the position I was in—I couldn't go up and pay him now. Yet I could see Dave hadn't forgotten that dollar, and probably thinks I'm a crook. Yes, and I'll gamble he went and told all his friends."

"So you took this way," said Mrs. Bascom, wiping tears of laughter from her eyes. "Oh, what babies men are!"

After a while, Bruce observed, "Annie Magee's on this train too. She's going back."

"Where is she?"

"In the car forward."

A silence.

"Let's go and see her. It'll be fun to compare notes," he suggested.

"You can go. I'm not interested," she said evenly.

He eyed her dubiously a moment—did she know about his walk with Peggy?—then got up and went forward.

Miss Price was occupying two seats with another young woman, who was stout and appeared fifteen years older than the dancer. They were in hot argument and Bascom waited to give them a chance to cool off.

"Yes, you are too," Peggy was saying. "You're as bad as any of them, and worse. You went and married that man because

(Continued on Page 73)

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The open road—A picnic lunch!

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Heinz Pure Cider Vinegar is made from the juice of whole, sound apples—nothing else. This is then aged in wood for months to mellow it and develop flavor and aroma.

Heinz vinegars cost a trifle more than ordinary vinegars, but in actual use they cost less because of the smaller quantity required, due to their better quality, finer flavor, and greater strength.

FOUR KINDS—Cider, White, Malt, Tarragon

When in Pittsburgh visit the Heinz kitchens · H. J HEINZ COMPANY

Continued from Page 71

you wanted a home, didn't you? Don't deny it. You simply couldn't love that boob, so don't try to pretend. I know you inside out, Maggie."

"But you said ——"

"And I meant it. What's the difference between women like you and the sort of woman you think I am? None at all, except they're better. Yes, they are! You haven't got the nerve, that's all."

And then she perceived Bascom.

"Hello! Come and sit down. Maggie and I were just settling a few world problems, weren't we, Mag? This is my friend Mrs. James, Mr. Bascom."

"Pleased to make your acquaintance," said Maggie mincingly.

"We used to be chums years ago, Maggie and I," Peggy added, watching to see if her victim squirmed. "But I haven't laid eyes on her since, until we got on this train. Then we sort of got together. It's her first trip to New York, you see."

Bascom did not tarry long. It was evident that several acute world problems remained to be settled between the two, and Maggie was hopelessly uninteresting.

"You're back quickly," remarked Mrs. Bascom.

"Well, she's got somebody with her and I didn't get a chance to ask her how she came out."

"Who is it with her?"

"I forget her name. Looks like a dishwasher, or something."

"Oh, I see. I was wondering why you stayed such a short time."

"Don't be absurd!" he retorted with dignity.

They did not see Peggy again until the train drew into New York. But as they alighted at the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street station, there she was on the platform, with Maggie and her wicker suitcase. Mrs. Bascom smiled and bowed, but hurried to the street where their car was waiting.

Right behind it stood a giant limousine of foreign make. A fur rug lay ready for the occupant; there were violets in the vases. The chauffeur came smartly out of his seat to look after Peggy's hand bags. Then he held the door for her to enter.

THE SILVER SWORD

Continued from Page 4

blue plate; there was a candle mold and an old toaster designed to hold hot coals; there were a dozen or so prism shaped pendants such as sometimes hang from chandeliers or from the shades of old lamps. The girl was just adding to this heterogeneous collection a small sword in its scabbard; a sword of a curious size, surely never designed for the uses of warfare, yet by the same token much more than a child's toy. She tried laying this sword on its side in the window; disapproved of this arrangement and leaned it against the wall, studying it with her head faintly on one side.

Dana watched her and found her attractive. He was a young man, only a matter of months out of college, and it was to be expected that he would find pleasure in watching her. She had a fresh cleanliness about her; her dress, of some cool blue material, a little faded, was nevertheless crisp and unruffled. Her charm was accentuated by her surroundings, by the background formed by the interior of the dim shop with its flickering gas jets vaguely illuminating what was no more than a heap of wrecked old furniture, chairs piled on bureaus, chests piled on highboys, grandfathers' clocks and tables and broken mirrors in a hideous mass. There is always something wistful and sad about old furniture; but Dana had a curious impression that the sadness in this shop was embittered, as though something malignant dwelt here and its spirit filled the place. Yet the girl was lovely, and her perplexity over the little sword amused him, and abruptly and upon impulse he tried the door, half expecting to find it locked. It opened readily enough under his hand, but the tinkle of a little warning bell actuated by the door's opening startled him so that he paused for a moment before he went in.

While he stood outside she had seemed unconscious of his presence there; but when he came in she turned to meet him, and he felt repaid for his trouble; felt a ridiculous impulse to tell her how nice she was. But she looked at him with such a professional dignity that he was abashed, and she asked in a level tone, her voice full of beauty, what it was he desired.

"Or perhaps," she suggested, "you would just like to look around?"

There was, he assured himself, a faint amusement in her eyes, as though she knew why he had come as well as he.

"I expect a good many people come in just to do that," he remarked, watching hopefully for her to smile.

She did so faintly.

"Oh, yes," she agreed; "yes, lots of them. Ever so many."

And he understood that she meant to say very few people came into the shop for any reason; and at the same time he knew she understood that he understood, so they laughed together. Then as though she supposed a mild curiosity was in fact his only errand, she resumed her task of arranging the things in the window, shifting once more the position of the little sword.

The young man drew back a little, and he peered into the interior of the store; saw a narrow, deep, dark room like a cavern, with two barred windows at its rear end, and full of débris singularly unattractive and depressing. The gas flames had exhausted the air, and this in spite of the fact that one of the rear windows appeared to be open. He felt inclined to draw a deep breath, to gasp a little. There was no movement in the store except the hiss and sputter of the gas; and in this silent immobility Dana imagined something menacing. He was conscious of a dampness, a scent of mold in the air, though the season was midsummer, the day hot and dry. Curiously uneasy, he was glad to turn back to the girl again, remove his eyes from the ugly spectacle in the gloom behind them. She may have been studying him while his back was turned, for he saw now that she still had the little sword in her hands.

It was discolored by mold and tarnished by neglect, but it caught his eye, and he asked curiously, "What is the price of that sword, please?"

"These things in the window are all fifty cents," she replied. "Anything in the window for fifty cents."

He smiled a little at the suggestion of a professional air which she sought to assume.

"I know a kid who'd like to have that sword," he told her. "I'll take it."

She hesitated momentarily, then extended it toward him.

"Unless you'd like me to put a newspaper around it?" she suggested.

He shook his head, taking it into his hand, trying it in the scabbard. It moved, though reluctantly; and he paid her the price she had asked, and she thanked him.

He stood a moment, looking past her at a single brass candlestick as though he might buy that, too, till she asked, "Is that all?"

So the young man realized the absurdity of his own behavior, and nodded hurriedly.

"Yes," he said. "Yes; I just saw it through the window. I'll drop in some other time," he added.

She made no comment upon this promise, and he somewhat lamely made his exit. Once outside, he looked back and he saw that she was looking after him; but when their eyes met, each hurriedly turned away, and the girl disappeared into the darkness within the shop. Dana went on his way, feeling a retrospective pleasure in the incident.

But when he reached more frequented thoroughfares the young man became conscious that he was making himself conspicuous. Passers looked curiously at the little sword in his hand, and at him. He watched for a trash barrel into which to drop the trinket, but none was at hand; and his disquiet became more and more definite, till at length the show window of another antique shop of a somewhat better sort offered him an opportunity to be rid of his burden.

He stepped inside and was met by a mild little man with a dusty mustache. Dana extended the sword to him.

"Would you like to buy this?" he asked.

The other took the weapon and handled it; he nodded indifferently.

"Old dress sword, I suppose," he said, and looked at Dana, and added questioningly, "It might be worth two dollars and a half?"

Dana repressed a chuckle.

"It's yours," he replied; and a moment later, the transaction complete, he found himself outside. He was distinctly amused at the fact that his whim had turned a profit, and it was not till he reached the office that it occurred to him that the girl from whom he had bought the little sword must need that two dollars more than he did. He felt a vague compunction.

"I might take it back to her," he told himself, "if her place weren't so out of the way."

He tried to ignore the fact, of which he was already fully conscious, that for this or another reason he would inevitably seek out the squalid and forbidding little shop again.

II

THE girl's name was Sophie Runnels, and the establishment in which Dana encountered her was that of her Uncle Jasper Fuce. A dry man and a withered one, small and mean; one of those men who become dealers in antiques not from any love for the wares which they buy and sell, but because they are attracted by the possibility of exorbitant profits. He was a dealer in antiques for revenue only; found no sensuous enjoyment in the contemplation of a rare old chair or a beautiful bit of glass. Concerning any given article, he asked two questions: At what price can it be bought? At what price can it be sold? No other considerations than these ever influenced his dealings.

But it is a curious fact, not infrequently remarked, that even inanimate objects sometimes seem to understand and to repay a friendly and affectionate regard. There is a contagion about affection; and when you deal with a merchant who loves his wares, you are sometimes infected with this feeling and buy when you had not so intended. By the same token, a man to whom his business is simply a means to an end is apt to find the means failing him. It had been so with Jasper Fuce. He was becoming an old man, past fifty in years, past sixty in appearance, past the century mark and old and dry as dust where any question of tenderness or sentiment was involved. So his tradings had been increasingly unprofitable; he had sunk lower and lower in the business scale, till, reaching the bottom, he had bought out the business of the former occupant of his present quarters; bought stock and good-will, principally because they were cheap, and decided too late that they were dear at any price. He was an embittered man. Years before he had taken in trade for ten dollars an unattractive painting which he later sold, with some exultation, for twenty-five dollars, only to learn that at its next sale it had been recognized as a Sargent and fetched a price of just forty times what he had received. Forever on the lookout for such a spectacular piece of good fortune, the fact that this chance had escaped him had soured Jasper's

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You want socks that are right in style! Socks of trim fit! But—don't lose sight of the *wearing qualities.*

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Style No. 553 will prove a splendid introduction to the Monito Line.

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Branch Stores and Service Shops in Principal Cities

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disposition and curdled the milk of human kindness in his veins. He became a recluse, living in a dusty den above his shop, descending at the tinkle of the bell above the door to attend a possible customer, and when the shop was empty once more, climbing again to his retreat.

In a city rich in similar establishments, Jasper Fuce's shop was perhaps the least attractive. It was certainly the shabbiest, the dingiest, the most gloomy; and nowhere could you find such stale and stagnant air as that which hung like a murky pall in the long corridor-like room where his business was done. The building which housed him occupied space originally used as an alleyway; but the ground had been privately owned, and the owner, confronted by persistent attempts to claim a public right of way through the alley, had at last put in this two-story frame structure, long and narrow, compressed between the taller brick structure on either hand. The dimensions of the place were grotesque; it was twelve feet wide and some forty-five feet long, without a basement, the first floor all one room, the second cut up into cubbyholes illuminated as might be. In this upper floor Jasper Fuce lived. His den was at the front; a larger room immediately behind had, till Sophie came to share the narrow quarters, served as his bedroom; and in the rear the kitchen and bathroom quarreled for what small space was available for them. The store itself was lighted by one window in front, two in the rear, and gas jets where they could be placed; the stairs rose at the front of the store, cutting off what might otherwise have been available window space; and above stairs Jasper dwelt, in surroundings indescribably dingy, stewing by day and night in the juices of his own bitter discontent.

To be alone, to avoid contact with the rest of mankind, had become a vice with Jasper; and there are few men with sufficiently stable mental equilibrium to endure continual solitude. When a man's thoughts are his only company, it is better that those thoughts be of a decent sort. Jasper's were merely the parrot-like outcries of a mean and greedy soul; and it is perhaps no wonder that in the neighborhood, and in the auction rooms where he sometimes appeared, he was considered to be a little mad.

The association between such a man and Sophie was superficially a remarkable phenomenon; but it came about, as a matter of fact, in a perfectly characteristic and natural way. Her mother died, and Jasper Fuce was Sophie's only other kin in the world. The girl had within her that impulse which drives the ivy to creep so painfully yet so persistently up the wall; she wished to climb, and because if she were in the city she would at least be at the foot of the heights she meant to ascend, and because he lived in the city, Sophie came to seek out her Uncle Jasper. Naturally affectionate and thoroughly feminine, she perceived in the miserable old man not a frightful and ugly figure, but simply someone who needed her care; and on Jasper's part, his first impulse to rebuff her and drive her away was modified when he learned that from her father's life insurance she had an income of some two hundred dollars a year. He told her she might stay if she would help in the shop, but until her services became of value—this was his way of phrasing it—she must expect to pay her own board. She stayed because this was at least a shelter, because she was sorry for the old man, and because even in these squalid surroundings she perceived and responded to the beauty inherent in some of Jasper's wares.

Jasper yielded to her the bedroom on the second floor, himself sleeping thereafter on a cot in the little front room which was his watchtower, his den, the center of his life. And Sophie set cheerfully at the task of cleaning up his living quarters; and when that was done, of putting some sort of order into the store below. The long, narrow, dark room was a forbidding prospect; the bars on the rear windows gave it the air of a prison, and Sophie sometimes thought of it in that wise; but this was only in her moments of discouragement. On the whole she enjoyed herself, because there was work for her to do. She managed to shift the heavier furniture in such a way that a person could thread his course here and there and at least see what Jasper had for sale; and she found everywhere accumulations of small odds and ends, parcels not even unwrapped—fire irons, candlesticks, old bottles, writing cases, clock hands and faces, hinges, mirrors, picture frames, Civil War muskets, canteens, door holders, spindles and spinning wheels, bucket yokes, spits, toast racks, warming pans, gimcracks of every description. She sorted out these piles and arranged the articles in orderly display atop the pieces of furniture with which the store was filled.

One day, trying to move an old highboy which backed against the wall under the stairs, she perceived that it blocked a door; and she painfully inched it out of the way and discovered a closet choked with rubbish, which had to be picked out a piece at a time, as logs are picked out of a jam. There was a leather trunkful of old letters which she tried to read; but they were molded and fell to pieces in her hands. There were scores of ancient photographs in frames from which the glass had been shattered. There were books without backs or with the backs ruined by mold. There were broken dishes, and one or two whole ones; there were mugs and canisters and pans and pots; there was all the litter that accumulates in dark corners. She dragged the stuff into the light of day, and much of it she threw away or burned; but out of what remained she sorted some things that she thought might be salable and asked her uncle to inspect them, to suggest the prices at which they might be sold. There were three picture frames in bad repair, a full-rigged ship in a small glass bottle, a decorative dagger made of disks of wood overlapping and fastened together with heavy cord, a single candlestick, bent and discolored; a pair of shears no longer capable of performing the function for which they were designed, the leaden hands of an old clock, itself wrecked beyond recovery; a small lacquer box, split and warped and with a broken hinge; a pair of tongs, an old tin lantern with one side missing, and a blackened little sword.

She had laid them out upon the top of an old chest of drawers, beneath one of the gas jets, and Jasper gave them a harsh and scornful glance and uttered an ejaculation of disgust.

"Ha!" he said impatiently. He was a little, sidling man with a penetrating eye, and most people feared him; but the girl was not afraid of Jasper.

"I thought I'd put some things in the window," she explained briskly. "People might see something they want and come in."

"Wasting time," he exclaimed. "You're a hand to waste time," he added accusingly, "the way you pry around."

"I'm trying to put things in some order," she reminded him with pleasant confidence. "You need someone to do that in here. A person can't tell what you have, the way things are now."

"Litter!" he snapped. Her persistent good nature irritated him.

"We might as well sell some of the litter if we can," she persisted.

"The whole lot ain't worth a dollar," he told her, and she smiled with pleasure.

"Then I'm sure I can sell it," she declared. "I'm sure I can get more than a dollar for all these things. I shall put them in the window and make a nice sign and sell them for fifty cents apiece. People will buy anything for fifty cents."

He snorted with disgust at her innocence.

"They'll argue you down to a nickel," he retorted.

"You don't mind my doing it then?" she insisted.

"I can't be watching you all the time," he said in grudging assent, and departed on his way to attend an auction sale.

She was delighted with her commercial enterprise, delighted with her own ingenuity. The suggestion of treasure-trove about the whole affair, the fact that she had found these forgotten things and brought them into the light and made them merchantable, filled her with contentment. When Dana Dolliver came in to buy, and did make a purchase, she was immensely pleased. It was almost the first sale she had ever made, and for this reason alone she would have remembered Dana. But if this reason had not existed, she would still have remembered him. After all, she was even younger than he; and it is as much the prerogative of feminine youth to look pleasantly upon an attractive young man as when the cases are reversed. So she remembered Dana as a pleasant incident, and with something like gratitude; and she thought that perhaps other young men equally prepossessing would come on other days. But in this she was disappointed; no others came. Only Dana himself returned to the shop, a week or two after his first visit.

He came because she had been more and more in his mind, and because he chanced to be passing a few blocks away; and for pretext he seized upon his idea of returning to her the profit he had made on the little sword; said as much, with a pleasantly audacious frankness, when she came to meet him from the rear of the store at his entrance.

"I didn't come to buy," he told her smilingly. "I didn't even come to look around. As a matter of fact, I came to apologize."

"Why?" she asked, in quiet surprise. "Why should you apologize?"

"Don't you remember I came in here about ten days ago?" he asked, faintly piqued.

She remembered him perfectly; but she managed to frown with thought.

"I'm not sure," she told him. "So many ——"

He saw that her eyes were twinkling, and he laughed.

"Now I don't believe that," he protested. "You're not rushed with trade. If you'd said you did remember me, I wouldn't have thought anything about it. But when you say you're not sure, then I know you do."

She pretended to think him presumptuous.

"Perhaps I do," she said, in a tone icily cool.

"The point is," he told her, "I saw you as I went by that day, and I came in just for the satisfaction of hearing your voice." He smiled at her boldly. "I'm honest, anyway. You don't mind?"

"I'm not sure just what I should do if I did mind," she told him.

And he laughed again and said frankly, "I thought you looked nice, and there aren't so many nice girls as a person might think." He caught her eyes, and he saw that her lips were twitching, and abruptly they both laughed, softly, together. Then they became very sober and circumspect again.

"What I came for today," he stammeringly explained, suddenly conscious that she might resent his errand, "was about that sword."

"Didn't the little boy like it?" she asked innocently. "Or did he cut himself? It wasn't very sharp."

"There wasn't any little boy," he told her. "I just wanted to buy something. But when I left here, people kept looking at the thing, so I stopped in at the first shop I came to and sold it. And what I'm getting at is, the man paid me two dollars and a half for it, so I thought you had made a mistake in the price, or didn't know it was worth so much, or something."

He was the one to be confused now; his words came gropingly. She shook her head at him.

"No, there was no mistake," she said. "Uncle Jasper told me these things weren't worth really anything. I was just trying to make something out of them."

"Well, I don't feel right about it," he explained. "I didn't intend to make a profit.

(Continued on Page 76)

Part of the economy of the distribution of tires by the great Hardware Wholesalers of the country is due to the thoroughness of that distribution

A Very Important Part

INTO every town and village goes the hardware salesman, extending to local merchants and garagemen the service of the Hardware Wholesaler.

In little villages, miles from any sizable town or any tire service, there will be a store served by the Hardware Wholesaler and his salesman—and Mansfield Tires for the nearby farmers or the passing tourist.

Trained in the practical phases of modern retailing, the hardware salesman is often the best friend and business counsellor of the retailer.

The village storekeeper or garageman and his friend the hardware salesman are a very important part of the low-cost national distribution of tires by Hardware Wholesalers.

When you hear almost unbelievable things about the long wear and extra service of Mansfield Tires you might miss their importance to you, unless you realize that a vast system of low-cost distribution has made possible a new standard of tire quality.

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Tire Manufacturers Extraordinary to the Hardware Trade

MANSFIELD

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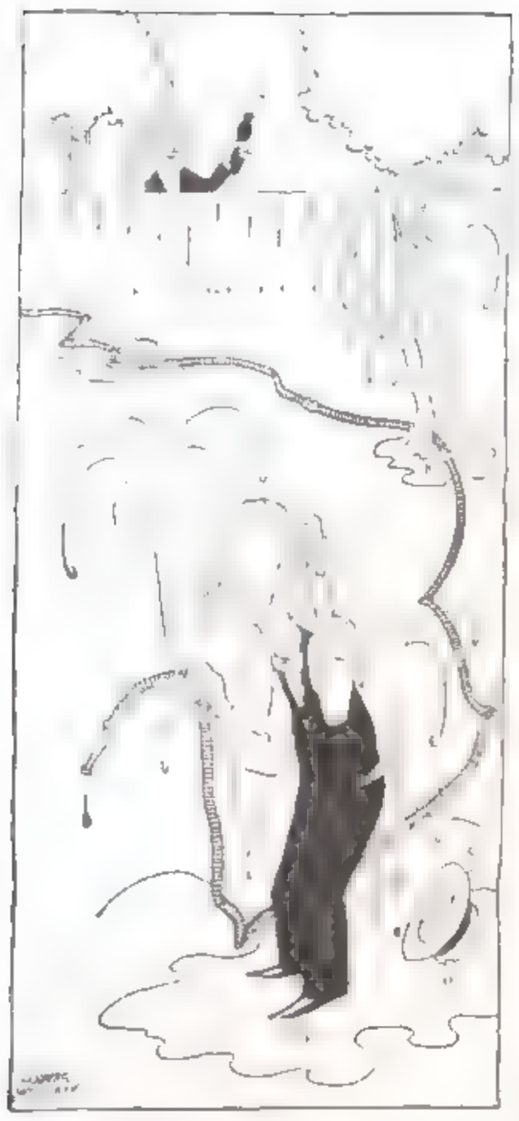

A moist session convinces Mr. Hawks that he *should* have bought Electric Garden Hose

Season after season Electric Garden Hose stays free from leaks. Because *it cannot kink!*

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Get *genuine* Electric. Trademark and handy measuring marks on every length. Your hardware dealer, plumber, seedsman or rubber goods store has Electric Hose or can get it for you.

Electric Hose & Rubber Co.
Wilmington, Del.

ELECTRIC
GARDEN HOSE
It cannot kink

(Continued from Page 74)

I just—just came in to see you. I wish you'd let me return the two dollars."

She flushed a little and her head lifted and he saw that she was angry.

"Certainly not," she replied.

He laughed uncertainly.

"Don't take it that way," he urged, and he tried to argue with her. "My name's Dolliver," he explained. "I'm a reporter. I was down this way on a story, and I saw you. It just happens that I don't know many people in this town. My home's up in the central part of the state. A fellow gets kind of lonesome, I suppose. Anyway, I just wanted—well, I didn't want to make money by coming in here, anyway."

"We sell things cheaply," she told him. "It's really a very good shop to buy in on that account. Our prices aren't nearly so high as in some of the other places. And we're always glad when people are pleased."

Her tone was distinctly one of dismissal; and Dana was not at all satisfied with the progress he was making, for he liked her more and more. So he tried to put his case again, seeking new words for the same old arguments; and then a bell tinkled behind them, and they turned and saw old Jasper coming in from the street.

Dana, of course, did not know who Jasper was. He had not considered the fact that there must be someone associated with the girl in the conduct of this shop; and if he had thought of this at all, he would hardly have imagined her in partnership with one whose appearance was so menacing as this old man's. Jasper closed the door behind him and stood looking at the two young people; and Dana thought the other had in a curious and remarkable degree the aspect of a spider, and he shivered a little, and felt that impulse to tread hard with the heel which a spider is so apt to inspire; felt a faint prickling at the base of his skull, and something curiously like fear. He supposed the old man might be a potential customer, and was glad that he was here to protect the girl from the encounter. So for a moment he stood still, and Sophie also stood still, and he saw that she had paled a little, seemed confused and disturbed; and he looked again at the old man for an explanation of this.

Jasper was watching them acutely; he had the instincts of a solitary; but where his business was concerned, his avidity drove him on, gave him a bold courage and a shameless intrepidity.

Sophie was the first to speak; she sought, quite obviously, to dismiss Dana and be rid of him.

"I'm sure it was quite all right," she told him. "And we're glad you were pleased."

Dana looked down at her and her eyes were begging him to be gone; but when he turned toward the door, Jasper was coming toward them, moving at a slow, sidling gait which had about it something sinister, had again that curious likeness to the crab-like movement which a spider sometimes uses; and his eyes were fixed on Dana with a suspicious and threatening intensity, so that the young man stood still and waited his approach.

Jasper came within a pace of Dana before he stopped; he put out his hands and Dana thought the other meant to grasp his lapels, so that instinctively he moved a little backward, stumbling against an old copper kettle on the floor behind him, regaining his balance awkwardly.

"Pleased?" old Jasper echoed, in a shrill whining cry. "Why is this young man pleased, my dear?" He glared at Sophie accusingly. "You've been selling something you shouldn't," he charged.

"Certainly not," she told him in a tone crisp and full of finality. "It was a little sword, one of the things I found under the stairs. You said they weren't worth anything."

"Sword?" he cried blusteringly. "Sword? You didn't show me any sword"

"It was with the other things," she repeated; but her eyes were full of pain, and Dana began to dislike the unpleasant old man.

"You didn't show me any sword," the old man reiterated, his voice more shrill. "Think I'm a fool? Think you can make a fool out of me? Think I don't know a sword when I see one? What did you sell it for?"

"I sold it for fifty cents," she confessed. "You said that was enough to ask."

He took a shambling step toward her.

"Don't contradict me, girl," he cried, a passion in his voice. "Don't try to stand up to me." Dana impulsively touched his arm, and old Jasper stopped and controlled himself and looked at the young man. "The girl's ignorant," he explained. "I try to teach her, but she will not learn. Where is this sword?"

"I felt sure there must be some mistake about the price," Dana explained. He hesitated a moment, then continued, "You see, I was offered two dollars and a half for it, so I came in today to pay back the difference."

It did not occur to him that this must be on its face incredible to the other until he heard Jasper's exclamation.

"Ha!" the old man cried derisively. "So you came to pay the difference. And why not, I'm sure." His suave tones were incredibly affrighting. "You defrauded this little fool here." He swung toward his niece again. "A fine business!" he cried. "A fine help you are! You'll ruin me in a month."

"If you didn't look at the things I showed you," she told him, "it was your own fault."

"My fault!" he cried, and the veins knotted on his forehead and his mouth twisted. "My fault! I suppose I give money away. I suppose I give away the best pieces in the shop! I suppose I'm not in business for a profit! I suppose I don't know that any kind of sword is worth at least five dollars! I suppose I'm a fool!" He swung to Dana. "You made a fool of her, but now you're afraid of trouble, so you want a clear title to the sword. Well, you shan't have it. Bring it back here to me and deal with me, if you want to deal at all."

Dana laughed in a curiously scornful way, hiding the fear which in spite of himself the old man inspired in him.

"You say it's worth five dollars," he commented. "Very well, I'll pay that." He drew from his pocket a small sheaf of bills and stripped off one, and before Sophie could speak, Jasper snatched and secreted it in his shabby pockets.

Sophie tried, too late, to catch his hand; she protested.

"No, no, Uncle Jasper! If there was a mistake, it was my fault, not his. I'll make it up myself."

He flew into a towering rage, became a terrifying figure, shook his fists in the air and stamped his foot venomously, so that they drew back from him.

"You'll make it up!" he derided. "You'll make it up! What with? What have you? You're a pauper, dependent upon me for a roof and your meals, and you talk of making anything up!"

Dana's desire to protect the girl drove him to action; he gripped the old man's arm.

"There's no use talking like that," he protested. "It's all straight now."

Jasper turned on him then with a shrewd and scrutinizing eye.

"Ha!" he exclaimed. "You're ever so ready to say it's all straight." He wagged a forefinger in Dana's face. "Let me tell you then, it isn't; nor won't be till you bring the sword back again. Bring it back here and let's have a look at it. Then it will be straight, when I have my property again"

"That's ridiculous," Dana protested. "I've sold it." He looked toward the girl and saw that there were tears of misery in her eyes, and it seemed to him appalling that she should have to endure this old man's tirades. "You're ridiculous," he repeated

So Jasper swung back to Sophie again, and caught her arm and shook at her in a futility of petulance.

"See that?" he demanded. "Hear that? Others aren't such fools as you. That's what a mistake costs in this business. That's what comes of being a fool."

Her head swayed backward and her eyes were closed, and Dana could not bear to see her so. He gripped the old man's shoulder and swung him back again.

"Stop it!" he commanded. "I'll get the thing for you, if you're so bent on it. But leave the girl alone. You have no right to blame her."

"You'll get it?" Jasper repeated. "You'll fetch it back to me?"

"But you mustn't blame her," Dana exacted.

And Jasper melted instantly; he fawned upon the young man.

"No, indeed, I don't blame her," he vowed. He put his hand on her shoulder and patted it with little pecking dabs of his grasping fingers. "Sophie's a good girl. She makes mistakes, but she's a good girl. Sophie did what seemed best to her, I'm sure. She'll learn by her mistakes. We all have to do that, now, don't we?" His whining tone was more terrifying than his anger had been. "But you'll get it back?" he ended sharply.

"Yes, yes," Dana assured him; "I'll get it back for you."

When the young man left the store, his memory was full of the hideous picture of old Jasper's rage; his contorted countenance, his distended eyes, his slobbering and twitching mouth. That the girl should be condemned to suffer such an association seemed to him intolerable. She already commanded from him that valorous devotion accorded as of right to a damsel in distress, to beauty in the power of the beast, to the maiden in the ogre's stronghold. Dana was never without a sense of humor, and he smiled a little now to think how easily he might in the old days have delivered her. A little rap upon the old man's pate, a gentle knife thrust between the ribs.

But other measures were demanded now.

III

DANA knew little or nothing of the curious and surprising values which may attach to objects beautiful and rare and old; he entered upon this business of recovering the ridiculous trinket which had caused such a pother with no least misgivings lest he fail.

When he left the sordid little shop it was late afternoon—too late for anything to be done that evening, and he had time overnight to consider the situation in which he found himself involved, and perceived its absurdities. There was in the first place the girl, whom he liked more and more, and whom he felt himself bound to protect from the results of that whim which had led him first to seek her out. There was in the second place the little sword, obviously of no particular importance in itself, yet the kernel of the whole affair. And there was finally old Jasper, a creature whom Dana found incredible. Dana had never encountered a temper that could be aroused to ferocity by such a trifle. Certainly the old man had known that the sword was one of his possessions; Dana judged that he must in fact have seen it as the girl declared and assented to its sale; it was only his discovery that the sale had been a mistake, that another had reaped a small profit thereby, which had aroused him to such a pitch. He must, Dana thought, be utterly mad with avaricious greed, and the young man shivered a little at this realization. He could not remember Jasper without a moment of fear, ridiculous enough in the bold light of day, yet nevertheless persistent, and he had profound admiration for the girl because she dared live beneath the same roof with such a man, dared front him and oppose him, even though she must already have seen the passion to which he was capable of being roused by such an opposition.

In the morning, before reporting at the office, he sought out the antique shop where he had sold the sword, discovered the little

(Continued on Page 78)

Showing at the following prominent Theatres Week of May 31

Akron, O.	Strand
Albany, N. Y.	Strand
Atlanta, Ga.	Metropolitan
Auburn, N. Y.	Jefferson
Baltimore, Md	Rialto
Battle Creek, Mich.	Regent
Bayonne, N. J	DeWitt
Birmingham, Ala.	Trianon
Boston, Mass.	Gordon's Olympia
Brooklyn, N. Y.	Mark Strand
Buffalo, N. Y	Shea's Hippodrome
Canton, O	Alhambra
Cincinnati, O.	Capitol
Cleveland, O.	Stillman
Clinton, Ia.	Strand
Council Bluffs, Ia.	Broadway
Davenport, Ia.	Capitol
Dayton, O.	Keith's Colonial
Des Moines, Ia.	Des Moines
Detroit, Mich	Capitol
East Liberty, Pa.	Liberty
Elmira, N. Y.	Regent
El Paso, Tex.	Palace
El Reno, Okla.	Criterion
Emporia, Kans.	Strand
Enid, Okla.	Rialto
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Majestic-Gardens
Hartford, Conn.	Strand
Haskell, Okla	Orpheum
Hoboken N J	U. S.
Indianapolis, Ind	Circle
Jamestown, N. Y.	Shea's Opera House
Jersey City, N. J.	Central
Jersey City, N. J.	State
Jersey City, N. J.	Tivoli
Junction City, Kans.	Columbia
Lawrence, Kans.	Variety
Lawton, Okla.	Murray
Lima, O.	Sigma
Los Angeles, Cal.	State
Louisville, Ky	Mary Anderson
Manhattan, Kans.	Marshall
Minneapolis, Minn	State
Muskegon, Mich.	Majestic
Muskogee, Okla.	Broadway
Newport, R. I.	Opera House
New York City	Mark Strand
Niagara Falls, N. Y	Strand
Norfolk, Va.	Norva
Norman, Okla.	University
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Empress
Omaha, Nebr.	Rialto
Palm Beach, Fla.	Beaux Arts
Philadelphia, Pa.	Stanley
Pittsburgh, Pa	Grand Opera House
Ponca City, Okla.	Murray
Portland, Me.	Strand
Portland, Ore	Rialto
Providence, R. I.	Majestic
Richmond, Va	National
Rochester, N. Y	Eastman
St. Louis, Mo	Capitol
St. Louis, Mo.	New Grand Central
St. Louis, Mo.	West End Lyric
Salt Lake City, Utah	American
San Antonio, Tex	Palace
Sapulpa, Okla	Victorian
Sioux City, Ia	Princess
Springfield, Mass.	Capitol
Syracuse, N. Y.	Eckel
Toledo, O	Pantheon
Troy, N. Y	Troy
Union Hill, N. J.	Lincoln
Union Hill, N. J.	Pastime
Waco, Tex.	Strand
Washington, D. C.	Metropolitan
Waterbury, Conn	Strand
Wichita Falls, Tex	Majestic
Worcester, Mass	Olympia

Inspiration Pictures Inc. Presents

RICHARD BARTHELMESS

in "SOUL-FIRE"

with **BESSIE LOVE**

Adapted from the play "Great Music" by Martin Brown

Scenario by Josephine Lovett

a JOHN S. ROBERTSON PRODUCTION

BARTHELMESS! That name is a symbol for superb acting in clean, virile, absorbing pictures. It recalls your delight when you saw him before—perhaps in "TOL'ABLE DAVID" or "FURY" or "CLASSMATES" or "NEW TOYS." And now "SOUL-FIRE," eclipses them all—with its stirring theme of a gallant young musician whose soul burns to create great music, who dares all to achieve his goal. Through thrilling scenes in sumptuous Rome, lavish Paris, lurid Port Said, and the languorous South Sea Isles his quest holds you with its thrall. "SOUL-FIRE," another Barthelmess triumph—see it!

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There is one reason and only one for the continued gains in *Country Gentleman* circulation during the past six months—

Increased Reader Interest!

Any issue will explain why there was a voluntary increase of 50,000 in net paid circulation between October, 1924, and April, 1925. Take the current issue, dated May 30th, and you will understand the breadth of editorial appeal to people who live in the country:

THE INDIANA TAX PLAN by John J. Brown, former chairman of the Indiana Tax Commission, telling how wild tax spending is curbed in the Hoosier State by a method that is attracting nation-wide attention.

WALL STREET LENDS TO JOHN SMITH, FARMER by John H. Boushall, explaining the uses of the Intermediate Credit banks.

MORE RECLAMATION by P. S. Lovejoy, exposing the latest grab of the government exploiters.

And, because rural readers like good, clean stories:

THE MAN WHO HATED BASEBALL by Howard Brubaker.

BAIT by Francis Dana

THE DEER STALKER by Zane Grey.

Advertising and sales managers will be interested in reading these articles and stories not only because they are worth reading but because they demonstrate so clearly why *The Country Gentleman's* circulation is increasing every week.

The Country Gentleman is an interesting weekly for people who live in the country.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

(Continued from Page 76)

man with the dusty mustache who had bought it from him, and stated his errand in confident tones.

"I came in here the other day," he explained, "with a little toy sword. You offered me two dollars and a half for it. I'd like to buy it back again. I'd expect to pay you a profit, of course." He smiled. "But you ought to make that as light as you can."

The other nodded.

"I remember you," he agreed. "Not surprising that I should." He looked at Dana shrewdly. "Why do you want it back?" he asked.

Dana hesitated, then smiled. He was himself in such bewilderment, so confused by the effort to understand old Jasper's anger, that he was glad of a chance at enlightenment.

"You know an old man who runs a little shop down in the slums back of here?" he asked.

"What's his name?" the other inquired; but Dana did not know.

"He's a little man with a curious face that runs down to a point at the chin," he explained. "Something about him makes you think of a spider."

The dealer nodded.

"Jasper Fuce," he agreed, and smiled a little. "Yes, I know him."

"I bought the sword in his shop, from a young girl who works there," Dana explained. "Just happened to be passing, and dropped in, and I didn't like to come out without buying something. But I had no use for the sword. So I stopped in here and sold it to you. I paid only fifty cents for it, and I happened to be down that way again, and told the girl what you paid me, and this old man, this Fuce, he heard it and raised a row. He claims she hadn't any right to sell it, so I agreed to get it back again and return it to him."

"I didn't know he had a girl there," the little man commented. "I know Jasper—known him for years. Who is the girl?"

"She lives there with him; some sort of a relative, I think."

"I'm sorry for her."

Dana's quick fears revived.

"Why?"

"I'm sorry for anyone who has to live with Jasper," the dealer explained. "He's an unpleasant sort."

"He seemed to me sort of crazy," Dana agreed.

"I think so," the other assented. "At any rate, he's unbalanced, with a grudge against the world, and a ferocious temper. I've known him to be violent when a sale goes against him, or the like—seen him fly into a regular convulsion. There's something murderous in that old man. The girl ought to get out of there."

"Well, you can see why I want to take the sword back to him," Dana suggested. "It will make things go a little easier for her."

"I can't help you there," the dealer told him. "And I'm sorry too. You'll have to see Pendleton."

"Who's he?"

"He has a shop up on the hill—specializes in old silver. You see, I started to clean the sword up a little, and it looked to me like silver, so I took it to Pendleton. He gave me seventy-five for it. It's undoubtedly worth more, but he knows that market better than I, and I was glad to take a profit and leave the rest to him."

"Seventy-five dollars?" Dana repeated.

"Yes."

The young man laughed.

"Shows how little I know about such things. Doesn't seem possible anyone would pay that for it."

"Oh, Pendleton will make a profit besides," the dealer assured him.

"I'll have to get up there quick," Dana remarked, "before the price goes up again. Looks like this was going to be expensive for me."

"You'll find Pendleton reasonable," the other promised.

Dana nodded.

"Thank you, anyway," he remarked, and started for the door. But the other walked beside him.

"About this young lady," he suggested, "living with Jasper. He's not to be trusted. He's apt to do her harm. She ought to get out of there."

Dana felt his scalp prickle.

"Harm?" he repeated.

"The man's not responsible, in one of his rages," the dealer explained. "He's inclined to strike out blindly, regardless of possible consequences. And if he finds out this sword is worth so much more, he'll be in a pretty state, I can tell you."

Dana considered this, standing very still; and after a moment he nodded.

"I'll go see Pendleton," he remarked. "Thank you, anyway, sir."

The other bowed.

"Wish I could help you more," he remarked. "But Pendleton will do anything he can."

So Dana, forgetting for the moment that he was due at the office, went directly to the Pendleton establishment. But he met there with disappointment, with delay. The clerk with whom he talked said that Mr. Pendleton had, indeed, bought the sword; but the dealer had put it away in his office for a later examination, and had gone out of town on a trip, some time contemplated, into the buying centers of New England.

He would be back within a few days; in the meantime, obviously enough, the sword could not be sold. Dana found himself unable to move the man by any argument; he ended by leaving word for Mr. Pendleton that he wished a chance to buy the sword, and then went reluctantly about his tasks for the day.

That afternoon he sought out the dingy little shop, prepared to confess to Jasper his temporary failure; but Jasper was not there, and Sophie met him, her turn now to offer apologies.

"I feel very badly," she said at once. "You're a perfectly innocent party in the whole business; yet you've been dragged in and had to see Uncle Jasper at his worst, and now you're giving a great deal of time to set things right when you're not at fault at all."

He found her distress charming; but he said largely, "You don't need to feel that way. I'm sorry I got you into such a jam, that's all. I hate to think of his talking to you the way he did. Have you always lived here with him?"

She shook her head.

"Only a few weeks—since my mother died." To his questions she told him what of herself there was to tell.

"You ought not to stay here," he urged. "It isn't safe for you, and it certainly isn't a pleasant place to be—this neighborhood."

"Uncle Jasper needs someone to take care of him," she explained. "And he's the only kin I have."

"I'm worried," he protested. "He's apt to do anything."

She laughed, in a confident little way.

"Why, I'm not afraid of him," she assured Dana. "He's just a cantankerous old man. There's not a bit of harm in Uncle Jasper."

"I'm afraid of him," he confessed; "especially for you."

She said, "You mustn't bother. It really isn't fair to let you bother at all. He'll forget in a day or two."

"I came to tell you," he explained, "why I haven't got the sword already. The man I sold it to has sold it again. A dealer, named Pendleton, bought it, and he's out of town and they won't sell it to me till he comes back."

The girl looked at him curiously.

"But that seems strange. It surely can't amount to anything."

"Well, Pendleton paid this man I sold it to seventy-five dollars for it," he confessed.

She looked her amazement; then broke into a low laugh.

"Seventy-five dollars! Mercy, I'm afraid Uncle Jasper is right! I am a little fool!"

(Continued on Page 80)

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(Continued from Page 78)

"He mustn't find out about this," Dana reminded her. "It would make him worse than ever. We'll have to put him off till Pendleton gets back, next week sometime, and then I'll fetch the thing back again."

"Why, you can't do that," she urged. "You can't pay seventy-five dollars for a sword and then give it back to Uncle Jasper for nothing. He won't pay you anything, you know."

"I've got you into this," Dana insisted "I'm going to get you out."

"You mustn't worry about me," she urged.

"You're the one I am worried about," Dana told her. His own words startled him, and startled her too; for she looked up at him with a quick glance. So he repeated what he had said. "It's you I'm worried about," he insisted; "you're the one."

She met his eyes for a moment, and then hers dropped and they were both silent and both trembling a little, and then she said in a matter-of-fact tone. "We'll have to think of something to tell Uncle Jasper."

"I'll tell him it's been sold to a customer for three dollars and a half, and I'm trying to locate him," Dana said shamelessly. "That will account for a little delay, give us time till Pendleton gets back."

"He won't believe you," she warned him. "He never believes anybody."

"He'll have to," Dana retorted confidently. "What else can he do?"

They were still discussing what he could do when Jasper himself returned to the shop; and Dana, mustering his courage, told the tale as he had planned to tell it. He was somewhat fearful that this would precipitate the old man into another storm of angry accusation; but to his relief Jasper remained humbly conciliatory. Only there was a flickering and baleful light in the old man's eyes which left Dana uneasy and full of misgivings for Sophie's sake, for her very safety.

Yet he did nothing, because there was nothing he could do.

He saw Sophie again the next day; and his uneasiness was increased, for it seemed to him she had lost color and that her eyes were tired. He taxed her with this, asked her whether Jasper had again let loose his rage.

She shook her head.

"But it's a strain," she confessed. "He's so moody, so easily angered. At the least word, anything, he scolds at me."

Dana's jaw set, but his tone was quiet enough.

"I'll wait and talk to him," he said.

"You'd better not wait," she objected, and tried to smile. "You see, he's really furious with you, even more than with me. He calls me a fool, but he says you took advantage of my ignorance to cheat him; and he says you're lying to him now."

"He can't know that," Dana remarked.

"He may find out," she reminded him. "He's out now, wandering around, looking for some trace of the sword. I'm sure of that. He never has but one thing in his mind at a time. He may find out."

"You ought not to stay here," he urged again.

"I'm not really afraid of him," she said steadily. "But he did keep me awake last night His room is just next mine, and he never seems to sleep: talks to himself all the time; and he'll get furiously angry and shout and abuse you, and then he'll be quieter for a while, and mumble and mumble, and then he'll get noisy again."

"He's crazy," Dana insisted

But she shook her head

"He's all right," she told him. "It's just that he's old and broods over little things, and he thinks everyone is against him. And then he is so poor; he needs money so"

"You can't go on this way," he urged. "If it wasn't the sword it would be something else You ought to move, get some other work. I expect they'd give you work on the paper."

But he could not persuade her, and in the end he had to be content with knowing that she would call upon him if the need arose. So he left her reluctantly enough and went to his room, and next morning to his work again.

He had, that day, to go out of town for some three days' time upon a remote assignment; and though he wished to see Sophie before he went, that was impossible. He took time, however, to telephone to the Pendleton establishment and remind the clerk there that he wished an opportunity to buy back the little sword. The clerk suggested that Dana make an offer for it; he said others had inquired for it. Dana dismissed this in his own mind as an attempt to make him commit himself; he was unwilling to do this till he had talked to Pendleton

The clerk said doubtfully, "All right; leave it that way if you want."

So, matters in this unsatisfactory condition, Dana departed to attend to his affairs.

IV

UPON the day of his return, the young man went at once to the Pendleton shop, and had bad news there, and so with reluctant feet turned toward the shabby neighborhood where Sophie dwelt, bracing himself to confess to her his failure. But at his first sight of the girl he forgot for a time the ill word which he bore, for there was something in her eyes which terrified him. There could be no question that she had lost weight during his absence, and lost sleep too; her countenance was full of weariness and dread. When he came to the gloomy and forbidding little shop and opened the door, she did not at once appear; there was only a silence which had in it something menacing. He closed the door behind him, and the little bell above the door tinkled for a moment and became quiet, and then there was such a stillness all about him that he could hear the faint fuss and splutter of the nearest gas jet Outside, the street was full of noise; it penetrated into this dim and threatening room, like a cave, as a flooding roar of sound, yet it came muted, failed to destroy the impression of watchful and malicious waiting which Dana felt so strongly. The awkward, skeleton-like shapes, the monstrous bulks of the old furniture heaped within the store, and the tall stove which heated the place in winter assumed grotesque forms and patterns in the half dusk It was easy for him to imagine that old Jasper might be lurking there, and the thought was not a pleasant one.

He had stopped just inside the door; and after a moment he heard the steps of one coming down the narrow stairs, and he turned as Sophie reached their foot and faced him. He was shocked at what he saw, so shocked that for a moment he could not move; then fought off his own feeling and forced himself to smile and to say heartily, "Well, I'm back again—and glad to be back too."

She nodded and brushed at her eyes

"You look tired out," he said, moving a little toward her, his arms aching. "All right, are you? Anything gone wrong?"

"Uncle Jasper found about the sword being sold," she said.

"Sold?" His heart checked and threatened to choke him.

"He was going to and fro everywhere, trying to get trace of it; and the clerk at Pendleton's told him Mr. Pendleton had bought it for seventy-five dollars." She made a little weary gesture. "Oh, it was frightful!"

He caught at her hand and his eyes were stern and hard.

"Did he abuse you—hurt you?"

"He didn't hurt me," she told him. "Oh, he didn't touch me. But he talked and talked and talked. He blamed me, and he swore at you, and he threatened to kill you." Dana laughed scornfully. "Oh, he would have tried it if you'd been here," she assured him. "He was insane; he is insane, I think. He's out somewhere now, waiting for you perhaps, or watching over the sword." She made a hopeless gesture. "It's so ridiculous, after all—for a little money."

Dana hesitated; he had, it seemed to him, even worse to tell her. But she must be told. "He's not here now?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"I was trying to sleep," she explained. "I can't sleep at night. He never sleeps; he talks all the time; and I lie behind my door, with a chair against the knob."

"You're going to come away from here today!"

"Oh, I'm not really afraid of him," she protested wearily. "I'm tired, but I'm not afraid of his hurting me. I am afraid of what he might do if he saw you, though. You mustn't stay—mustn't let him find you here."

"Listen!" said Dana. "If he's out now he may find out even worse."

"Worse?"

Continued on Page 83

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Essex (standard)
Franklin (standard on Sedan)
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(Continued from Page 80)

The young man laughed in a mirthless way.

"It's a ridiculous situation, a ridiculous thing," he exclaimed. "I wish I'd never seen that sword; I wish I'd bought a—a candlestick, or a ship in a bottle, or anything else but the sword, the day I first saw you. I wish I'd bought nothing—just told you the truth; just told you that I only came in because you looked so nice and so sweet, and I wanted to talk to you."

"Why?" she asked, level eyes meeting his. "What is it that has happened, Dana?"

"Pendleton has sold the sword," he told her, "for seven hundred and fifty dollars!"

For a moment she was silent, unable to believe this.

"It can't be!" she protested. "That little thing!"

"It's so," Dana insisted; and he laughed this time with frank amusement at them both. "You and I weren't meant for the antique business," he suggested. "You sold it for fifty cents, and I'd have been glad to take a dime for it; and the miserable thing was worth a fortune all the time."

"But why?" she demanded. "I can't understand."

He had, somehow, caught both her hands in his, and he spoke hurriedly.

"I asked them at Pendleton's to hold it for me," he told her, "before I went away. And when I came back, the clerk said it had been sold. So I got hold of Pendleton himself. He's a good fellow; you'd like him. Mighty decent about it, and friendly and all. But he said he'd had an offer for it too big to refuse."

"Seven hundred and fifty dollars? I should think so! Who'd pay that much?"

"You see," Dana told her, "your uncle made so much talk about it, and such a row, that people got interested; and Pendleton said when he came back three or four men wanted a chance to buy it. So he looked it over himself, pretty carefully; and he rubbed it up a little trying to find a maker's mark or a hall-mark or something. He told me the whole story; but I was pretty numb; I didn't listen much. All I really knew was that he'd sold it, and it was out of my reach, for I haven't got that much money," he confessed reluctantly.

"If you had, it wouldn't help any," she told him stoutly. "I wouldn't let you do any more than you have done. When it wasn't your fault at all to begin with ——"

"I'd do it if I could," he assured her. "But I'd have to wire the folks for the money." He laughed. "The blasted thing may be sold again any day too—go up in price again."

"But why are people willing to pay so much for it?" she pursued. "I can't see that."

Dana laughed.

"I wouldn't give fifty cents for it—unless you sold it to me," he assured her. "But it turns out the thing is a Revere piece."

"A what?"

"Made by Paul Revere, or his father, or his nephew, or somebody. At any rate, it's stamped with the name, Pendleton says."

She said confusedly, "But I thought Paul Revere rode a horse—or something."

"That's the man," he agreed. "But Pendleton says he was a silversmith, too. There are a good many things that he made, mostly table silver, or punch bowls, or something like that. But Pendleton said he certainly made the hilt on this sword; and he says there's a coat of arms on it, too, that he was planning to look up, until he sold it."

"Who bought it?" she asked.

"Crooper," Dana told her. "He's an antique dealer, too, apparently. You know him?"

"I've heard Uncle Jasper abuse him," she confessed. "I've heard Uncle Jasper say he gets big prices for things."

"He seems to be the top of the heap here," Dana explained; "pays more and knows where to get more for first-rate stuff. That's the only kind he handles, for that matter. Pendleton said he could probably have got more for the sword from Crooper; but he was satisfied with the profit he made."

"I should think so," she agreed crisply; and then she looked at Dana and they laughed together—laughed at their own folly and ignorance. It did not occur to either of them to blame their own loss on anyone but themselves. "I ought to have had more sense," she declared. "Uncle Jasper is right."

"But he didn't know any better himself," he reminded her, "any more than I did." She nodded.

"That's so."

"Pendleton wanted to know the whole story," Dana continued, "so I told him how you found it under the stairs, and how it came to be sold and all." He added, his thoughts returning to their immediate problem, "I asked him not to let Uncle Jasper find out this part of it, and he agreed to help us. He said Crooper wanted to keep the matter quiet—didn't intend to let anyone know he had the sword for the present. I guess Crooper has someone in mind to sell it to."

"I hope we can keep Uncle Jasper from finding out about it," she agreed. Her eyes were shadowed again by dread. "He was so furious over the first two dollars; and he was wild when he heard what Pendleton paid. I think this would kill him." Dana nodded.

"Pendleton knows your uncle," he agreed. "I told him you were living here, and he said it wasn't safe; he said the old man could be pretty frightful sometimes." He leaned toward her. "I want you to come away this afternoon, before supper," he urged. "I'll find a room for you, and find work for you, or something. Or you can go up to my mother, if necessary. But you can't stay here."

She shook her head.

"I don't want to leave till I have to," she confessed. "I'm afraid of him sometimes; but I'm not afraid of his hurting me. And—he does need somebody. He's so pitifully alone; and he's lived here like a—like a crabbed old spider so long."

"You don't owe him anything," he urged. "And you're not safe here."

She touched his arm.

"I know what I wish you'd do," she suggested.

"Tell me."

"Why don't you go to Mr. Crooper?" she proposed. "You tell him how things are, tell him the whole business is just killing Uncle Jasper. No one need know that Mr. Pendleton sold him the sword; and he can sell it somewhere else, and not say anything about it, and then Uncle Jasper won't have to know at all. He'll just know it disappeared; he can imagine things, but he can't be sure."

"I expect Crooper would do that," the young man agreed.

"It would make it easier," she reminded him. "Uncle Jasper will get used to thinking he lost seventy-five dollars; but if he knew he'd lost seven hundred and fifty dollars, why—I should be afraid of him then, for you at least." Suddenly remembering this danger which she foresaw from any encounter between Dana and the old man, she clutched at his arm. "You must go now," she cried abruptly. "I'd forgotten; but he'll be back any time, and if he finds you here ——"

"You come with me," he urged.

"No, no, I'll be all right with him. But don't let him see you till he's quieted down a little."

"I want to see you, though," he reminded her eagerly.

"He's away almost all day," she told him. "You can walk by across the street and make sure he's not here."

"I hate leaving you here."

"Go to see Mr. Crooper tonight," she pleaded, swinging him toward the door. "That may do so much good."

So at last he agreed to leave her, and said good-by to her, and saw the narrow door with its dingy glass close between them; and she managed a smile in answer to his as he turned away. He went reluctantly, full of misgivings; and once he stopped and would have returned to repeat his urgencies that she leave the little shop tonight. But in the end he yielded to her in this, and directed his steps toward Crooper's place of business.

This man, this Crooper, was a person of note in the profession which he followed; his fund of knowledge of objects old and rare, combined with a keen business sense, had given him a dominant position in the local market; and his establishment, scorning the usual locations for antique shops on narrow side ways or in unfrequented thoroughfares, was set on the fashionable shopping street, with a jeweler's store on one side and an exclusive costumer upon the other. Dana knew where it was located. He hurried in that direction, remembering that it was late in the afternoon, anxious to arrive before the store should close. He was successful in this; but when he approached the place he detected signs and indications which made him suddenly uneasy. A policeman was talking to one of the clerks in the main doorway; inside the store two or three groups of persons were ignoring the expensive wares about them, engrossed in conversation; and a larger group was massed in front of the show window, looking at some object displayed therein. Dana paused here, was able to get a glimpse of that which they were studying; and he saw the little sword, root of all his troubles, cleaned a little, but still tarnished and discolored, proudly displayed upon a fold of purple velvet, in an isolation such as that which follows kings.

His first impulse was to seek out Crooper himself; but sight of the clerk in the doorway suggested a quicker way. He stopped beside the man, and the policeman looked at him curiously, and the clerk waited for him to speak. Dana strove to make his utterance casual.

"What's the sword in the window?" he asked.

The clerk spoke proudly.

"A Revere," he replied; "made by Paul Revere. An original piece, just brought to light by Mr. Crooper."

"For sale?" Dana asked.

"Oh, yes, at a price," the clerk agreed a little loftily, with a glance at Dana's clothes.

"What price?" Dana persisted.

"You'll have to see Mr. Crooper about that," the other told him.

Dana nodded. He looked around.

"Had some excitement here, have you?" he asked.

"A little," the clerk agreed, and chuckled at the policeman, who smiled from a great altitude.

"What was it?" Dana persisted. "I'm a reporter," he exclaimed, and named his paper.

"Why," the clerk told him, "an old antique dealer from down in the slums somewhere, chap named Fuce, saw the sword in the window and came in and tried to get hold of it—said it had been stolen from him. We had to call the officer here to get rid of him."

"Said it was stolen?" Dana echoed, and his heart was pounding. "What did you say to that?"

"I was able to tell him we'd purchased it from Pendleton, and paid a good price too," the clerk replied, and chuckled scornfully. "The old boy's crazy, I guess," he commented. "He was certainly in a sweat when he went away from here. I'd hate to have met him up a dark alley alone."

The word seemed to bring to a focus the vague picture in Dana's mind—a picture of a street that was little more than a dark alley; and of a girl, strong and straight and fine, but after all no more than a girl; and of that girl forced to meet this madman and deal with him alone.

He turned without a word and began to run along the street, across the street, dodging through the traffic, bent at top speed toward the miserable shop where he had left Sophie half an hour before.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

As Cold as a Polar Night!

THE full-porcelain, one-piece interior of the new Rhinelander Airtite Refrigerator is as bright and fresh as a June dawn in the mountains—and as cold as a polar night!

Ice is made to do its full duty; food is kept delightfully fresh and cold in an atmosphere of inviting cleanliness.

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SNAPSHOTS

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WOULD you be satisfied to look as well-groomed and smart as the fellows in the snapshots?

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Imagine such a suit in your favorite pattern and coloring—for there are colors and designs to suit every taste.

Notice how comfortable and at ease these chaps look. That's because they are clothed in Palm Beach Cloth—the smartest, coolest, and most durable of summer suitings.

Clothing stores offer Palm Beach Suits at prices that usually range about $12.50, $15.00, $16.50, and $18.50. Some styles and makes sell for more.

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Look at the pictures again. Can you get better value at any price?

We want you to know that you can get Genuine Palm Beach Suits in all the handsome new colors and patterns—in both light and dark shades—that you see in the finest imported woolens and worsteds; also the famous tan and other light colors individual to Palm Beach.

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For men, young men and boys—COOL SUITS OF

PALM BEACH CLOTH

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THE APPOINTED TASK

Continued from Page 13

"You called me, didn't you? Didn't you call me?" he says, getting up with a teary look in his eyes.

Seeing how things are framing, I spoke up boldly and in comes Mrs. Keefe. She takes a swipe at him with the shovel. For a minute I think he is going to go for her, but she has got the old Indian sign on him. He makes a snatch at the shovel, and then his heart goes and he loosens up and backs away.

"Will you go with the man, or must I quiet you with this?" she says.

"Listen, mother," I says, getting a flash, "I am not pinching the son for that battle in the saloon."

"Then what's he wanting for?" says she.

"Remember what you says about ——" And I tipped her the wink. "Well, mother, I have got the very boy can do it, and when your son comes back he will be a changed youth. He will not want to fight in the near future."

"Ah, and indeed!" she says. But then she begins to worry, and she says, "But they wouldn't hurt him bad, would they?"

"Nothing like what he is going to be hurted if he keeps on battling along Tenth Avenue," I assure her. "The way he is going, he will be laid out for an anno Domini some fine night; mark those words. Nothing like that, mother. This is a regular professional bout, and the boys wear mitts and sit down and rest when they are tired, and when Tim is on the floor the colored fellow's got to wait until he gets up."

"The colored fellow?" she says. "Would I like that? But there's no helping it, I suppose, and if the naygur makes a picture out of him it will be the price of him, and maybe he'll not leap out at the next one goes by the door."

I see by my clock it is ten after eight, and we are due in the Helicon in twenty minutes, so I says to Tim, "Let's lam."

"But he wouldn't be hurted bad, would he, officer?" says Mrs. Keefe, catching me. "Will they be fighting in the police station, I don't know? Ah, but it's for his own good, and he'll never be easy till he gets the devil's own mallyvogueing from somebody. Go along with him, Timmy agradh."

"Don't you fret, mom," says her Tim, crowding my heels.

"Won't I but?" she snaps, bristling up to him. "He'll knock fire out of you, you big tinker."

"Him or you either!" he hollers down the hall when we are in the areaway. But he is not issuing this defi in good faith, and he loops it up the steps and down the block, and I have got to lam after him.

"Listen, Tim," I says, collaring him to talk business. "This is a money proposition, you know, and I am going to get a half or there will be no fight."

"What do I got to give you a half for?" he says, pulling in.

"For getting you the fight," I says; "for managing you."

"I knew there was a catch in it," he says, losing courage. "Well, I will speak to my mother."

He goes back and tiptoes down into the basement, and then he comes looping out and grabs me as he goes by.

"K. O.," he says, hustling me along. "She was firing the furnace. Hurry up, will you, or that coon will go home. I'm known, I am."

"Turn here," I says at Columbus Avenue. "There is the Helicon over there on Sixty-sixth Street."

"That ain't no police station, friend," he says.

"You couldn't prove it by the house when there is a good card," I says. "One night last week twenty-two policemen crashed the gate."

"Is the coon in there?" he says. "Go in and get him, and I will be waiting around the corner."

"Come in," I says. "Ain't I told you we are late now?"

I rush him in. The Helicon has the upstairs in a two-story taxpayer, and the boys are dressing in the doctor's office at the head of the hall. This doctor sells ginseng to Chinamen and rabbits' feet to colored folks, and he is the Helicon's physician, such being the law.

"Peel off," I says, unbuttoning my boy. "Let the doc see you."

"What for?" he says, holding on. "This ain't no police station. You can't kid me It ain't the first time I've been pulled in. I know something too, friend. This here is the Army."

"This ain't no army," I says, getting his coat. "You're going to see who you're fighting this time—in the beginning, that is."

"K. O., friend," he says. "Only I'm declaring myself. I'm not going to leave this building without these same clothes on."

"Your last wishes will be respected," I says, emptying him out of his pants. "What's your favorite flower? Here, hop into them trunks."

"Bring on that appetizer!" shouts the house manager down the hall.

"Coming over," I says, hauling my boy out.

"What about that doctor, friend?" says Tim.

"Quit crabbing," I says. "There ain't nothing serious the matter with you yet. Come on out and fight first."

"I want my clothes, I'm telling you, friend," he says. "I ain't going to fight no coon in a pair of drawers in such weather. I'll catch my death of cold."

"Ah, they'll throw a sheet over you in a minute," I says. "If you're cold, why ain't you got a bath robe?"

"Now I know it's the Army," he says, getting blue. "They give me a bath in the Army too. They took away all my clothes but my identification tag."

"That was so they would know you afterward," I says. "This time we will know you by them trunks."

"Give him the needle, will you, Moe?" shouts the house manager.

I rush him down the aisle, and he clings to me, but I bundle him into the ring.

"You see that pillow of Pittsburgh sunshine in that other corner?" I says. "Well, that is the Miami Maimer in person. Keep cool now. Don't let him get you mad. Can you count up to ten? Well, count up to five twice, and get up before that. And then, after a little, get up again. Keep getting up; he can't hurt you. We got to make this thing look good, see?"

"But suppose I don't fall down, Moe?"

"Never mind that," I says. "You attend to your own affairs. And then, if you are still with us, you will hear the bell, and that means to stop fighting."

"I know that, don't I?" he says. "It means 'Here comes the wagon!' And then I will lam for the park and over the wall. That is where I ought to have my pants on, Moe. But say, ain't this like a prize fight?"

"Ain't it, though?" I says, putting on his mitts.

"What are these for?" he says. "Ain't this for real?"

"You wouldn't want to hurt that poor darky, would you?"

"Well, let him not pick on me," he says.

"Go on out and shake hands with him," I says.

"Oh," he says, smiling gayly, "I knew you were only kidding about fighting him in a place like this."

About this smoke, he is a comer. He is not a darb as a boxer, but he keeps trying until he gets his man, like a street-car conductor with a lead quarter. He swings a wicked right, but that is only to deceive people, because it is on his left they ought to hang the red lamp. He has got a marvelous development of the mouth and is a past master at blocking wallops with his face, and this makes his style very puzzling at first, and it is then that he gets in his fell

Continued on Page 86

At Forest Hills, N. Y.—*the scene of many of the hardest fought tennis matches in the country*

NATIONAL TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS
won last year on Keds

Clay Court Singles	Veterans' Singles
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An athletic-trim Keds model built for the hardest sports and vacation wear

One of the many Keds models especially designed for children. Cool and comfortable—and built for hard wear

¶ They are *not* Keds unless the name *Keds* is on the shoe

(Continued from Page 84)

work. But still and all, there are lots of good preliminary boys that this colored man does not have a look-in with because they have solved his defense by watching him from the ringside, and they block him off after that with the good old color line. So when I confide my boy to this brunet apple knocker I can congratulate myself the short end is as good as mine.

My boy listens to the referee with a friendly smile on his dizzy map, and then he shakes hands with the coon, excusing his glove like a gentleman, and then the coon socks. Good night! That one hurt me! My boy does a perfect swan dive and I turn away my eyes. And then I hear my boy lifting his voice in distress.

"Time!" says the referee. "What's the matter?"

"What's the matter?" bawls my boy, sitting up, much better. "Ain't you seen what he done? He smacked me!"

He gets up and walks over to the coon and puts his arm around him and pulls his nifty.

"Did I do you anything, friend? Shaking hands with you, wasn't I? And you haul off and smack me. You did, didn't you? Don't deny it. Moe seen you; you seen him, didn't you, Moe?"

He looks at me with tears of indignation in his eyes, and then he wheels and he lets the Miami Maimer have it. The coon gets his guard up just in time and takes it right on the kisser, and the referee hollers and the crowd hollers; and then, this being a prelim and good intentions counting, the referee jumps away and lets them go to it.

Well, what my boy don't know about fighting begins with the picture on the front of the book. Does he keep cool? Does he feel this dinge out? He don't. Does he try to cross him? Not any. The darky rushes with his head down, and my dumb-bell puts his skull down and rushes too, and there is a crash like a railroad wreck, head-on. Then he gives the coon the knee on the chin, straightening him up, and then he smashes the coon between the eyes, and when the coon goes down my boy don't pull up to see what he has hit but drives right acrost his prostrate form and away.

"Foul!" yells the referee. And "foul!" yells the coon's manager, and they jump in between and declare an armistice. Well, they are got another jump apiece coming to them, because my boy turns after bouncing off the ropes and socks the coon's manager and knocks over the ref too, and when they are again in the picture they are outside the ring looking in and quite satisfied.

The Miami Maimer is up on his feet now, and "Come on, white boy," he says, and "Let 'em go to it!" yells the crowd, and they are up on their feet too.

The Maimer is throwing science to the wind, and that is easy, because he ain't got such a much to throw. "You guys too!" shouts my boy to the crowd, and then the dinge shoves his elbow into his big mouth and he decides to clean up the mess in front of him first. He straddles out his legs and toes in, and every time he socks he goes down to one side like he is feeling for a brick. Sometimes the dinge clips him going, and then my boy rides the punch very nicely, but sometimes the dinge will meet him coming up and will about dislocate his wrist. I was never so mortified in my life. I looked around for the police, of which there is an imposing array in line to maintain order and see the bouts for nothing, and there they are laughing with their mouths open like big dogs.

"You next, Mulligan!" promises my boy to a cop of his acquaintance, and tries to hurry up his customer and get through with him. My boy has sprung several leaks, but being that he is well clad in red hair over the chest and shoulders he don't look so poor. And the dinge, to be quite fair, is showing signs of wear too. If his head was screwed on, it would have fell off by now because my boy keeps turning it to the right. Well, it is coming back slower all the while, and the first thing I see the dinge is beginning to forget about my boy and is punching just to keep fit and don't care if he hits anybody or not. A dreamy look comes in his dark eyes, and he is swinging absent-mindedly, and takes three strikes without connecting, and then the crowd lets out that particular roar that tells a boy he is going to need an alibi in about ten more seconds. Does a look of pity come over my boy's face? No, it don't. He makes one hop after the dinge and swings like a discus thrower, and the dinge goes down like a hod of bricks at five o'clock. Oh, mammy! I see he is listening to that choo-choo train that goes to Dixieland, I reach up and get my boy by the leg, and he just misses his kick and falls half out of the ring, and then I have him.

"Sock me, will he?" he says, still brooding over his wrongs. "Seen him, didn't you, Moe?"

"Let's lam. Don't you see the flatties?" I says, speaking to him what his simple brains will understand. And while the ref is giving the fight to the dinge with the compliments of the club and telling him to go chase himself, we hop it up the aisle. Some sports try to pet my boy, liking his ways, and he bowls them over, and before I can change his mind he is down the stairs and looping it up the block. Well, thinks I, that might as well go double, and all I will get here is a collar, and then the manager comes up to me, and when I think he will crown me he slips me thirty berries.

"And do you think you could learn that gorilla to fight?" he says.

"A jailful of college professors couldn't learn him nothing," I says, fondling the money which I had give up for lost. "I ain't no animal trainer."

"Well," he says, "if you can bit and hobble him, you can fight him here every night in the week. He give the crowd action."

I get the boy's clothes and I go out and find him in a hallway and pack him into his duds. I am thinking how big a half of thirty dollars he ought to get after disgracing me like that, and I say to him, "Well, now, Tim, about the money."

"I'm not grudging you, Moe," he says, shoving his hand into his pocket. "It was a good fight. You get your half."

"What's this?" I says, looking into my mitt.

"Your half," he says. "A half a dollar, ain't it? I got it out of the clock. Listen, Moe, there ain't many more where that come from. Couldn't you get me a fight sometime for nothing?"

"Why, my lad," I said, "don't you even know you ain't got to pay me for fighting you? Not at all. Here, take back your money. Or well, if you want to show appreciation, just buy me a cigar."

"You're white, you are, Moe," he says, touched. "I will buy you a ten-center, I will."

"If it is all the same," I says, "buy me two for five cents each."

There is nothing ruins a man like a big income, and just because I make thirty dollars I am not thinking I must buy only the best, so's there'll be something left for poor people.

I bring him home to Sixty-first Street, and there is his mother sitting on the steps in the cold.

"Ha-ha!" she says, diagnosing his bumps. "You got it good this time, didn't you, and it's often I told you." And she says to me, "I'm thanking you for the trouble, sir. It's better off in the world I'd be the night if some kind gentleman would do that same to his father before him when he was young and learning. A quarrelsomer devil of a man than his father—God have mercy on him! never drew breath. He was no such lump of a man as this one, but a little black lad could gallop to market straglegs of a grasshopper, and ready to hammer all them that looked crooked at him. A good man he was at the bricklaying, and could make tons of money if he could keep employ, which he couldn't Many's the morning he left me with a good job in his hand, and come home in the night with his teeth in his pocket for beating the boss that dares to give him orders. He was ruinated entirely with the fighting, and now nothing will do this one but following after him."

She looks at Tim, and he looks like he's put through a stone crusher, and she takes pity on him at last and says like this: "Ah, sure, and you come honestly by your blackness, my poor fellow. The colored man was able for you, was he then? They're too big and strong, them colored men, for the likes of you. Sit down here by your mother, Tim avic, and tell me how it was with you and the big colored man—bad cess to him, and a hard bed and a cold one the night for lifting his cruel hand to my little boy!"

"He was one tough bimbo, mother," I says, cheering her up; "but to tell you the truth, our Timmy smacked the tar out of him."

"It's lying to me you are, asking your pardon, sir," she says, staring.

"Ah, he picked on me, mom," says Tim. "I didn't do him nothing, did I, Moe? Shaking hands with him, I was."

"And you hit him?" And then, and when Timmy is raising the tails of his coat to sit down and before he can spit, she fetches him a smack that makes his eyes roll and says, "Is it fighting again you were? Will you not mind your mother?"

I blow. Thinking things over. I go around the next day and buzz Tim, telling him if he will fight like a gentleman I can maybe fix him up, tipping mother the wink that son Tim is going to get his this time proper. And I am so right with her in a short time that she is knitting me a pair of socks. And I fight this boy against pork-and-beaners around New York for three months, and with so much mutual satisfaction that sometimes Tim's nose points east and sometimes west and he's got to open his eyes in the morning with both hands; and as for me in person, I am well worth any man's time to follow up a dark alley.

I give him every opportunity, but I couldn't learn him to fight. What's that, Jack? Don't tell me what I know; he never could and never will. He's got a kick like a hip pocket, but has he got science? A pug needs science, what I mean, like he needs a cent on Sunday morning; and if he ain't got it, it will cost him dear. Yes, he pushes over this coon, and thirty-five other bloomers in the three months without a spare, and that is due to having a good manager to set them up for him; but I know all the time a good man will cut him to shoelaces if I can find one that will fight my boy clever.

I will admit I am peevish with my boy before the three months is up. Managing him is like helping a strange drunk look for his money, in what pocket he put it. He gets a notion you are rolling him, whether you are or not, and you are liable to get a bust in the snoot any time. A crosser boy I never had in my stable, and it is worse than foolish to argue with him. He will say anything, like "Looks like rain," and I will say, "Not to me," and he will say "Are you calling me a liar?" and there I am covering up and holding on. Once I give him a dollar, and he worries with thinking it is a borrow, and he wants to fight me for it fair and square; and that is the only way he knows of settling anything.

I begin to come around to his mother's idea, that this boy will never amount to anything in the world until he gets well smacked and then he will listen to good advice. The best way will be for me to smack him myself, but, thinks I, after turning that one over, not so good. If I could once get a decision over him I would have control like his mother. I have often seen a little shrimp walk up to a big bum and clout him and make him blubber and no comeback, and that is power of mind; and the same big bum will go right out and lick a cop. The best I can think of, I bring Tim down to a wizard on Fourteenth Street, and the wizard puts him in a trance for a dollar and tells him to look out for one Moe Frisk, because this Moe Frisk can take him in a punch any day, and not forget it; and what does this dumb ox do? He rises up and pipes, "Him or you either!" and me and the wizard go out neck and neck. As the fellow says, when they don't know nothing, you can't tell them nothing.

I meet Dad Birdsong. He says to me, "Moe, what would you do for a hundred dollars?"

I says, "I'm refusing to answer on grounds of incriminating and degrading myself."

He says, "What I hear, that boy of yourn is not so worse. He is not a champ, but he is high up enough now to fall with a loud noise, and I can use that noise. I will tell you what it is; there is a plan to bring old Dal Grimm back and fight him against the light-heavy champ."

"Dal Grimm," I says. "You mean the old light-heavy champ of years ago? Why, he ain't fought since nickels were beer checks. What for does the champ want to go and brutalize that nice old man?"

"Anyways," says dad, "they are going to give him the oxygen and send the public once again. Don't you know he is the undefeated champion and good as ever, or don't you read the papers? They are going to build him up with fighting push-overs and has-beens, until there is a great public demand for him to battle the champ; and to show he is strong and willing, he is going to slap down three boys in one night next Tuesday. Well, these three boys will not be champs, not now or never; but the people who are cooking up this thing don't want any sad accidents to lose them a thirty-thousand-dollar gate and as much more in the handbooks for the big fight. So that is where your hundred comes in."

"Why, you cur," I says, "do you think I will sell a fight for a hundred dollars?"

"I will make it a hundred and a quarter," he says, apologizing, and we shook hands on that.

Now I have no notion of talking business to my boy. In the first place, he don't know; and in the second place, he will want his cut. So I go around to Sixty-first Street and I say to Mrs. Keefe, who is washing down the hall, "Mother, mitt me. At last I have got a boy who will make son Tim turn over a new leaf."

She is acting discontented with results of late, and now when I begin to talk she begins to sing, "And the valley lay smiling before me," and tips water onto my new shine and rubs me away with her mop.

"Then," says I, "I can come around next Tuesday night and get son Tim. Tell him to rest up good."

"Will I but?" she says, and goes into the second verse. "Is it rest I must tell him now?" she says, leaning on the mop. "Faith, and he needs no telling, that same Tim, nor won't while he have an old fool of a mother to do the working. There'll be no more fighting, Mr. Frisk. It's worse you're making him, nor better, blathering to me about the big men that he hammers, and me not knowing but it's all a pack of lies."

"Give me one more chance, mother," I says. "I got a boy now that will positively stretch him—Dal Grimm, retired undefeated light-heavy champ of the world Give a look, there's his picture in the paper"

"He have his picture in the paper?" she says. "It's himself, is it? He do be a very respectable-looking young man. I'll not believe it. What would the likes of him be doing with drinking and fighting and prowling the streets at night?"

"Why, he don't drink, mother," I says. "Not when this picture is taken. He is a champion, and a champion's got to lay off drinking. And as for mixed-ale fighting and batting around the town, this boy gets all the fighting he wants right in his own business, and very well paid for it, and he is tucked in his little white bed at half past ten. Anyways, that is the story of a champion."

"Do tell," she says, nodding her head at this old picture of Dal Grimm. "I never heard tell of them champs afore."

(Continued on Page 91)

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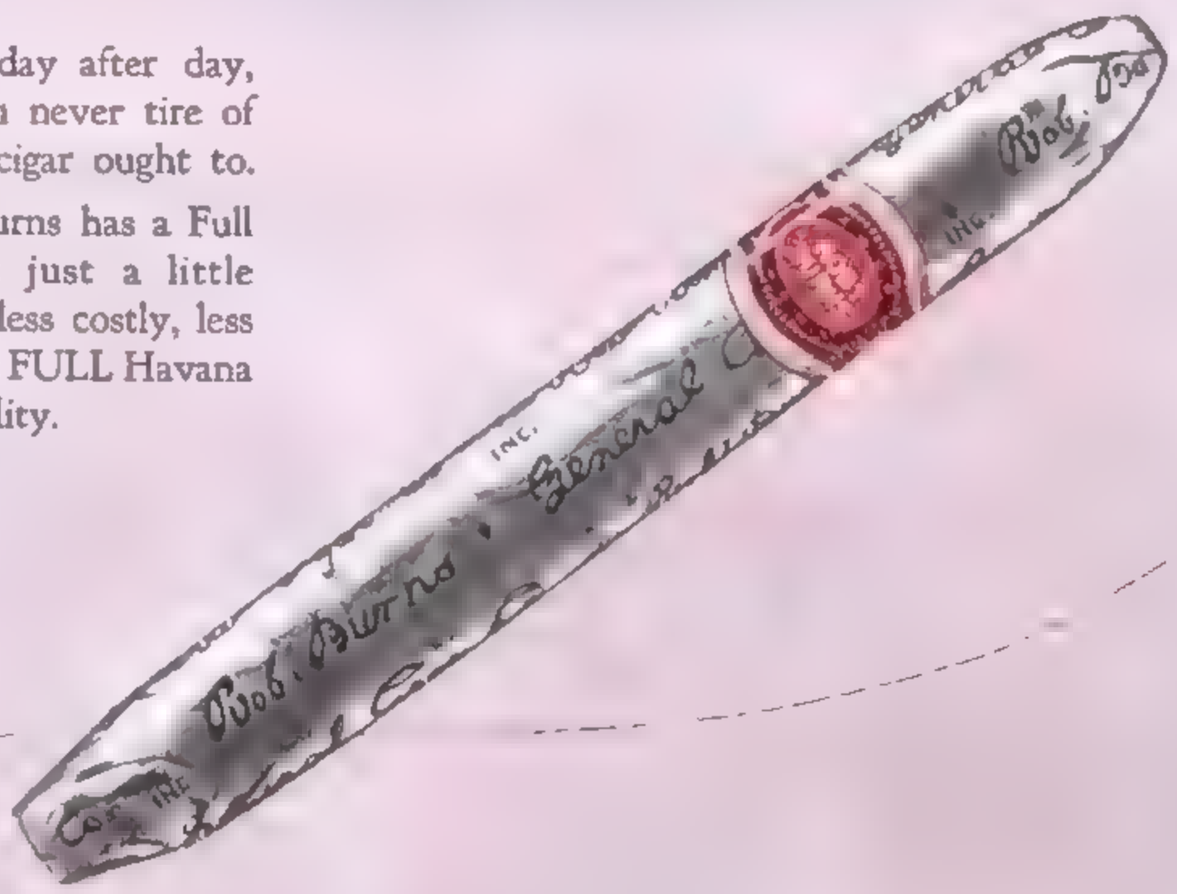

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Hupmobile Your new Hupmobile Eight shows a number of new features which are of interest from a lubrication standpoint, although many characteristics of the four cylinder design are embodied in the new unit.

Water cooling with pump circulation is employed on the Eight and special provisions are made in the water intake to assure even cooling throughout the cylinder block. To maintain constant operating temperatures a thermostatic regulating valve is also incorporated in the cooling system.

Both the Eight and the Four employ cast iron pistons. These are of light weight to secure maximum power and smoothness at high speeds. In the eight cylinder engine, with its slightly higher compression, a specially designed cylinder head is used to assist in controlling fuel detonation and knocking. The pistons used in the Four carry three rings above the piston pin, while the smaller one used in the Eight has two rings above the piston pin and one below. Both are equipped with oil drain holes which assist in controlling the rate of oil consumption and minimizing carbon formation.

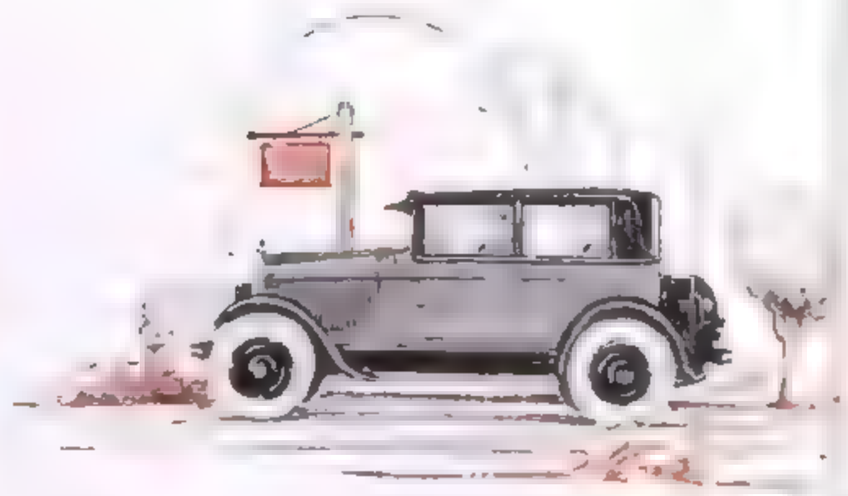
The oil pump of the Eight is submerged in the oil and surrounded by a fine mesh screen. Each of the five main bearings is supplied with oil under pressure and this is carried to the crankpins through passages in the crankshaft. The fine oil spray which is thrown from the crankpins lubricates the pistons and piston pins. The camshaft and valve rockers are lubricated by oil under pressure, likewise the distributor drive shaft bearing, while the timing chains receive their supply from the pressure relief valve.

To assist in the prevention of excessive crankcase oil dilution the carburetor air is drawn through specially designed passages in the valve cover which communicate with the crank chamber. In this way any fuel vapors there are removed. To prevent the entrance of dust the entering air is forced to make a sharp reversal in its normal direction of flow which throws out the abrasive material.

In selecting the correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for the Hupmobile Eight these and many other factors were taken into consideration. The temperature conditions to be expected and their effect on the lubricating and sealing properties of the oil were studied. The necessity for prompt oil circulation at low temperatures with free flow through the oil screen was also considered; likewise the provisions made in the engine design to prevent over-lubrication and to minimize the effect of carbon formations on fuel detonation and knocking.

After a careful review of the Hupmobile Eight engine design, we advise the use in summer of Gargoyle Mobiloil "A." When freezing temperatures are likely to be encountered, however, Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic should be used. These same grades are also correct for the four cylinder car for all years.

Jewett



Jewett Your Jewett car gets its ability to accelerate rapidly and climb hills easily from the use of a high powered, high compression engine. With a bore of 3¼ inches and a stroke of 5 inches it develops 45 horse power at 2400 revolutions per minute. The high compression now used, 85 pounds per square inch, is an important factor in securing this high power output.

Cast iron pistons of the skeleton type are now employed and these have fairly heavy head sections in order to carry away rapidly the heat received from the fuel charge. In the 1925 car each piston is equipped with three rings above the piston pin, earlier units having two rings above and one below it. Twelve 3-32 inch drain holes are now provided below the lower ring in order to limit the quantity of oil passing into the combustion chambers. With the use of an oil of the proper body and character this construction tends to prevent abnormal quantities of oil from reaching the combustion chambers and forming carbon there.

The main and connecting rod bearings, also the cam and water pump shaft, receive their oil supply by pressure feed from a gear type oil pump located near the front of the engine and slightly above the oil level. The other working parts are lubricated by the oil spray which is thrown from the connecting rod bearings. Supplementing the oil control feature of the piston design, the bearings are specially designed to prevent the escape of excessive quantities of oil and the consequent over-lubrication of the pistons. To prevent the entrance of dirt into the lubricating system, a fine mesh oil screen is located toward the rear of the crankcase, the pump suction line running back to this.

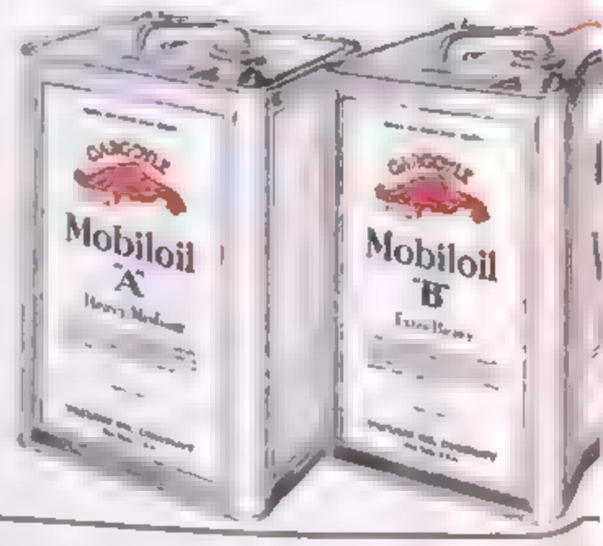
To assist in giving the best possible power when an engine of this design is being accelerated rapidly, particularly from low speed, an oil of pronounced sealing qualities is desirable as it will tend to minimize blow-by. As the Jewett engine does not run at extreme high speeds, such an oil will not induce any power losses that would be detrimental. The effective oil control and force feed type of lubricating system are also features which favor the use of an oil of rich character during warm weather.

For the best results Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" should be used in the 1925 and previous Jewett cars for summer driving. When freezing temperatures are to be expected, however, change to Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic. This is essential in order to assure positive circulation through the oil screen and suction line when the oil has become chilled.

Chevrolet Though the chassis of your 1925 Chevrolet shows some departures from the construction used in previous models, the fundamental design of the engine remains the same, the characteristic valve-in-head construction being continued but protected from dirt and water by cover plates. The weight of the crankshaft has been increased and the bearings made larger, minimizing engine vibration.

All the working parts in the crankcase are lubricated by a combination of force feed and splash. Dippers on

Ask for a 5



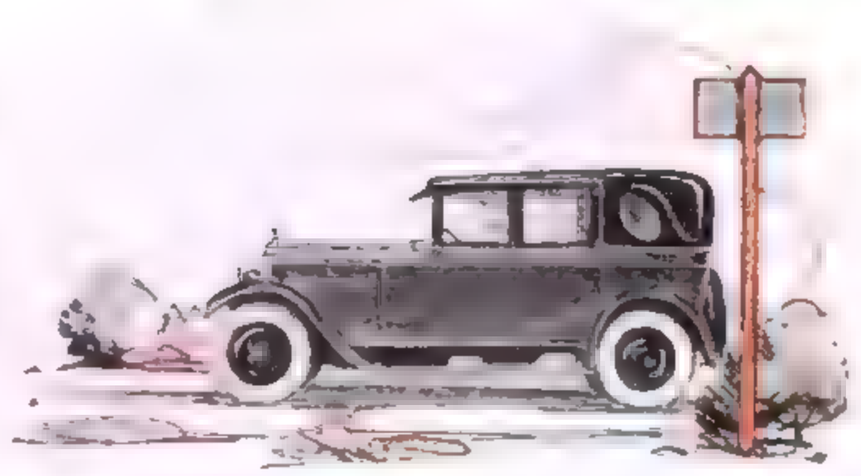
Branches in principal cities.

VACUUM O

and power-toll in your

Chevrolet

Willys-Knight



the connecting rod big ends create an oil mist as they splash into the oil in the dipper troughs. These are kept filled by a gear type oil pump which also supplies oil under pressure direct to the center main bearing. The pump is located on the rear of the generator and draws its supply from the crankcase reservoir.

To obtain economy with rapid acceleration, the Chevrolet engine is designed with a high compression ratio. The pistons are of cast iron, of light weight design and fitted with three rings. The lower ring is slotted and acts as an oil scraper to return any excess oil to the crankcase through the drain holes drilled in the ring groove back of the scraper ring.

When high compression ratios are used to give rapid acceleration and high fuel economy as in the Chevrolet engine, the presence of carbon deposits in the combustion chambers is apt to cause knocking or pinging, a condition induced by the character of present day fuels. Consequently, it is important to minimize the possibilities for carbon formations through the use of a clean burning oil.

It is also important that the oil be of such character that it will atomize readily under the splashing action of the connecting rod dippers and thus assure effective distribution to the various parts.

Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic satisfies these and other needs of the Chevrolet engine and should be used both summer and winter in the 1925 model, also in the earlier Superior and 490 models.

gallon can

Willys-Knight The engine of your Willys-Knight Six marks an advance in Willys-Knight engine construction. While many of the features of the four cylinder unit have been retained in this model, there are new features of design in the six cylinder engine which have an important bearing upon its lubrication needs.

Cooling of the new Six is by the pump system with thermostatic regulation to maintain uniform temperatures. In order to provide for rapid transfer of heat at the cylinder head, this is made of aluminum because of the greater heat conductivity of this metal. The head is also so formed that a forced circulation of water takes place over the heated surfaces. This feature permits the use of an unusually high compression without promoting the knocking or pinging which is a characteristic tendency of present day fuels when used in high compression engines.

Lubrication is, by a force feed system, similar in type to that employed in the four cylinder Knight. A gear type pump forces oil to each of the seven main bearings from which it is delivered under pressure through drillings in the crankshaft to the crankpins. The eccentric shaft, generator drive shaft and timing chain idler also receive oil under pressure while the pistons, piston pins, likewise the sleeves and their driving mechanism are lubricated by the oil mist thrown from the connecting rods.

To keep the oil in good condition a rectifying device is used which draws oil from the sleeves and pistons and heats it sufficiently to minimize dilution by unvaporized fuel, the oil then returning to the crankcase supply. An air cleaner is also used to keep out road dust, thus minimizing wear.

The pistons employed are of aluminum alloy of the constant clearance type and carry four rings, all above the piston pin, the same construction as used in the four cylinder Knight engine. The lower ring is of the oil control type, acting with the oil rectifier to prevent over-lubrication and smoking.

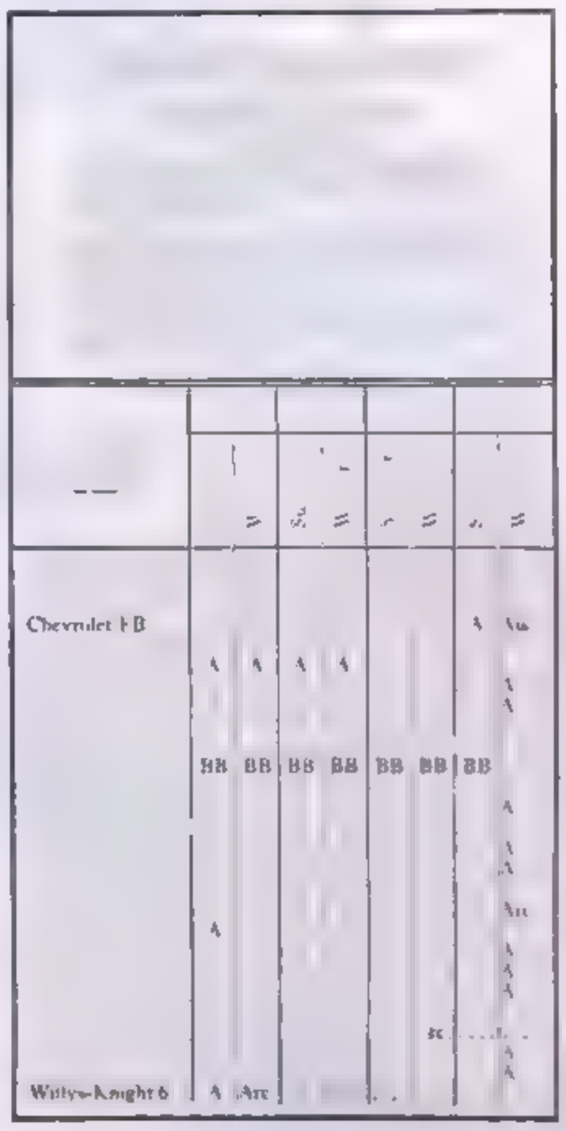
While in Knight engines the piston temperatures generally tend to run somewhat higher than in poppet valve engines, thus making desirable the use of oils of special heat resisting character, the fact that dilution is minimized in the new Willys-Knight Six offsets this by keeping the oil in condition to resist higher temperatures. Hence, a more fluid oil is desirable. As the possibilities of over-oiling are also minimized in the new Willys-Knight Six by the action of the rectifier, oils of more fluid character than desirable in the four cylinder unit are preferable.

For best results in the new Willys-Knight Six we advise the use of Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" in summer. To facilitate starting in cold weather and to assure prompt circulation of the oil when cold, Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic should be employed. For the four cylinder models, Gargoyle Mobiloil "B" is correct oil for summer use, Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic for winter.

General Instructions

Your engine will operate at its best if the level of the oil in the crankcase reservoir is maintained in accordance with manufacturer's instructions. Replenish oil frequently as required. Never fill above full mark on indicator. With a 5-gallon can or 15- or 30-gallon drum of the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil on hand you will always be ready to give your car this valuable attention.

Crankcase oil should be entirely drained at least every 1000 miles in summer and every 500 miles in winter unless manufacturer's instructions are to the contrary. When draining the oil, the oil strainer screen (if your car has one) should also be removed and cleaned. Draw off the old oil when the engine is warm, as the oil then flows more freely and tends to wash out any foreign matter. (Never flush the crankcase with kerosene.) Then refill with the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil.



L COMPANY

Address: New York, Chicago, or Kansas City

Cro-quette', . . A ball or cake of minced beef, chicken, etc., fried brown [C.F. croquer crunch.]

This dry dictionary definition is all a croquette *might* be without the addition of a savory condiment such as Snider's Tomato Catsup.

For Snider's adds zest and character to every dish it graces.

Made from sun-ripened tomatoes, rich in vitamins, spiced to perfection and cooked slowly to the exact requirements of the famous Snider recipe, it has remained for over thirty years a standard of quality to old friends—a delightful surprise to new.

Snider's
TOMATO CATSUP

CHILI SAUCE
COCKTAIL SAUCE
TOMATO SOUP

(Continued from Page 86)

I talk to her clever, and the next thing comes off she is not only agreeing to let me fight son Tim against this tough baby but she is promising to take in the fight. That is a point I am after, and I am just leading her along.

"Only," says I, "don't wise son Tim."

Well, to make a sad story short and sweet, when I bring in son Tim for his cuffing on Tuesday night, she is there in a ringside seat with the old red shawl over her head as big as life. That seat costs me three berries, which comes right out of my hundred and a quarter, but it is an investment. They are carrying out the two boys that Dal Grimm smacks, and while the announcer is wise-cracking about the next course and getting his laugh, I am keeping Tim from making that old red shawl. The announcer's stuff goes over only so-so; there are some folks out there are sweet on Tim on account of his rough ways. But at last they call the boys out. Shake hands first and fight on the bell.

Dal looks good. He has been dieting and he looks like a statue; but then, as you might say, even a very good statue cannot put up a real fight. The papers are giving out that he is in the prime of life; but he is forty-five years old, and that again is the prime of life for only a statue. He will not stand hard treatment. Well, the idea is that he will not get any until the public is inveigled into the big fight, and even then nothing will be done to hurt the pictures. He shakes hands with the old joshing smile. You remember Dal Grimm when he was good, don't you? A big strong dub was his favorite dish, and he liked to linger over it. He is not going to linger over this boy because it will not look good, and he knows the arrangement.

My boy is on the edge of his chair, rumbling in his throat and with his hair raising. There goes the bell.

"Go get him, Tim!" I says, loosing him.

Well, Dal Grimm didn't mean a thing to my boy. He didn't know nothing about the fight game. The two other boys were licked before they pulled on a glove, and while that makes Dal look very good, it don't satisfy, and the crowd lets out a yell of relish when they see my boy come out shooting. He sails right across the ring, letting one hand go and the other like any night in the week. Well, he doesn't land this night. Dal walks around him, and then shoots one in—smack! But that don't mean anything either, and my boy is after him swinging six fists, and Dal standing like a man under a tree picking them off like apples. And I reach over to Mrs. Keefe, whose eyes are bugging out and her lips moving, and I say, "Speak to him, quick!"

Say, she went off like a gun. She jumps up and hollers, "Tim!"

I know how it will be. He pulls in like hitting a snail on the horns, and his knees give, and he turns to look.

"Aw, listen, mom," he begins. And Dal takes a wind-up and puts his fast one over. He always had a mean wallop, and he sets for this one, knowing it was due. He shot the whole works.

"That licks him, mother," I said, looking at Tim laying there in dreamless slumber.

"And he won't be a decent champion now?" she says, leaning over toward him.

"Not if he don't get up," I says. "And he won't."

"Do you hear me, Tim?" she shouts, trying to climb into the ring so I got to hold her back. "Get up out of that!"

Darned if he don't lift up his head and look at her. The crowd catches on to the joke and hollers, "Get up, you Tim!"

"Aw, mom, ain't I getting up?" he grumbles, lifting to his hands and knees. "Lay off me, will you? I wasn't fighting, honest."

"Then fight now, Timmy boy," she says. "Fight for yourself and fight for me. Knock fire out of him!"

The timekeeper is giving Tim a good count. Twice he forgets what number he is up to and goes back to get it just right. If he was in on the arrangement, he forgets that too, but I don't guess he was. And there is son Tim on his pins, and while he is not a fighter and never will be, he has got instinct to cover up and hold on when he is hurt. And he does take a lacing. Dear, dear, and goodness gracious, what Dal give him. Mrs. Keefe is looking at him and crying.

"It's not fighting I would have him," she says, turning to the men right and left of her. "They was always decent people, all belonging to him. His own grandfather—God have mercy on him!—was a great soldier in his day and a sight to behold; a drum major he was, no but. And I tried to rear this one to be decent; but sure, what could I do with working in the house the lee-long day? 'Tis bad company and the drink and running the streets. If it's fight he will, it's fight he must, and I'm taking the advice of Mr. Frisk over beyond, and making a champion of him. Will you hit him back there, Tim? Ah, and you're getting it now, and it's often I told you—bad luck to that other for a coward to hit the poor child like that!"

"Ma-a-a!" whinnied the back benches in a note of rising delight.

A naked thigh, beautifully and powerfully molded, brushed my knee as a fighting man passed down the aisle toward the ring. He turned his head slowly about, smiling graciously and with a trace of condescension as one smiles who enters among friends to whom his superior worth has been amply proved. The face was heavy but well shaped; the line was straight from the ridge above the deep-set gray eyes to the point of the chin; the lips were thin and did not part in smiling. Such cheerful, handsome, unmeditative and rather cruel faces are to be seen on the ancient statues in museums; the tightly curling red-bronze hair did not detract from this effect. The fighting man threw up his hands and shook them in air, causing the huge deltoid muscles to erect themselves under the hirsute skin. His walk was a swagger; he bore himself with the easy insolence of a man who has found his work.

The crowd dwelt on him, gloated over him, worshiped him for the moment; but the cry, with its commingling of rough raillery and simple affection, had not been for him.

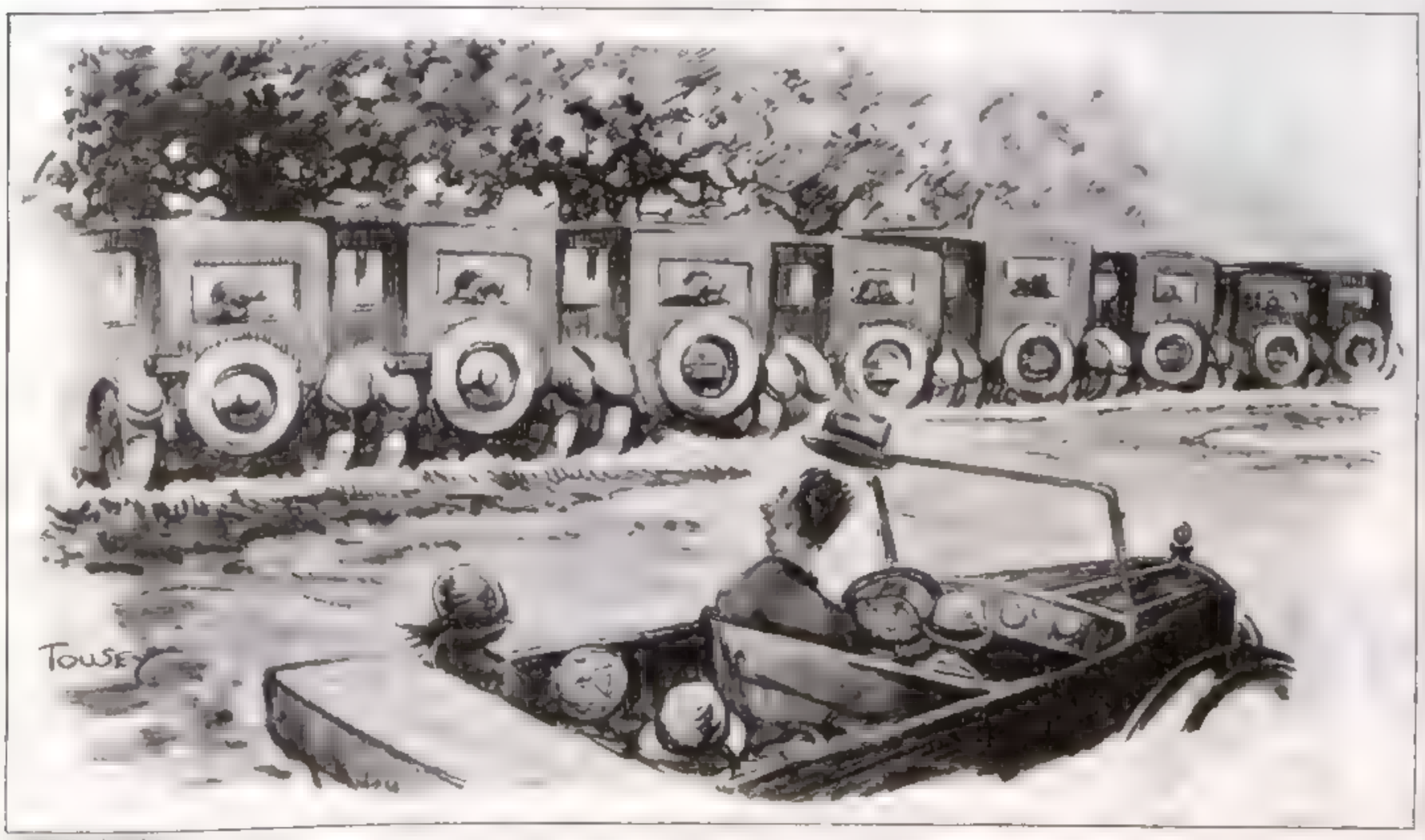
A little woman was following him, an overdressed little old woman, a vulgar-looking little old woman. A big diamond threw yellow flames from her bony red hand, and she was pridefully conscious of the new seal sack across her arm. And yet there was something grave and compelling of respect in her hard little face, something of dauntless character; it resided perhaps in the great black eyes, bright as a bird's, that were now upon the easily striding youth before her. She gave the crowd no heed. "Do you mind me, Tim?" she called in a tense whisper.

"Introducing Tim Keefe," bawled the gentleman in evening dress, "a boy that needs no introduction! A right boy and a fighting boy, with a record that's a credit to the game. Put out the great Dal Grimm in thirty seconds of the second round after taking a count himself in the first. Up and coming all the time! This contest tonight, gents—you ladies, too—is an elimination contest, winner to meet the champ for the light-heavy championship of the world! Remember what I says now, boys, about using language, and ——"

"Turn off the breeze, you're blowing my hat off!"

"Never was and never will be!" shouted the man beside me.

"Let 'em go!"



Snapshot of the Jones Family Trying to Find a Spot for an Old-Fashioned Picnic

"Finders *keepers*, losers *weepers*" too often comes true when you lose your pocket money

Anyone who has lost money out of pocket will tell you *how true* it is. And if you want to insult the loser, just ask him if he *ever* got it back.

If, on the other hand, he happened to be carrying his money in travelers cheques he will probably say: "I should worry. I'll get it back. It's no possible good to anyone but *me.* No crook could use it, except by forging my name, and if he does that they'll *get* him sure. You see, *it was in travelers cheques".* And then he will laugh.

The loss of money is no laughing matter *unless it was in travelers cheques—*

American Express Travelers Cheques

—the safest and most serviceable form of money for pocket use at home or abroad.

Easy to obtain, easy to use—spendable anywhere—acceptable everywhere.

Far Better than any kind of loose money. If lost or stolen you simply report to the nearest American Express office and your loss has immediate attention.

Far Better than your own personal cheques, which so often require identification. The American Express Co. is one of the best and most widely known financial and commercial institutions in the world. Its credit is never questioned. Its travelers cheques represent its credit.

Your personal signature, twice, upon these cheques, once when you purchase them, again when you spend them, insures the safety of the money you invest in them.

Issued in convenient leather wallets in amounts of $10, $20, $50 and $100, American Express Travelers Cheques are easy to obtain, easy to use, and ease all fear of the safety of your money. The cost is only 75 cents for $100.

FOR SALE AT 22,000 BANKS AND EXPRESS OFFICES

Secure your steamship tickets, hotel reservations and itineraries, or plan your cruise or tour through American Express Travel Department.

American Express Travelers Cheques

No man can honestly say—

¶ he knows how far an automobile tire will go until he has tried a Brunswick.

¶ All his experience has been with ordinary tires and standard ideas of what constitutes tire service—Brunswick is a step far beyond.

¶ A step far beyond in quality, in durability and economy.

and more—

A type of service from the Brunswick Distributor that doubles the value of your investment.

K

THE RED COAT

Continued from Page 19

longest drive off the tee; who would be nearest the cup on the second shot; who would go plopping into the river on the third hole and who wouldn't; which gentleman would first hit a tree, and some gentleman was certain to hit a tree within twenty minutes of the start. It required usually one hour of intense wrangling at the finish of a match to unscramble the bets, and the names heard in the locker room would probably be familiar wherever the little white ball is pushed across the face of Nature.

Among other members of the club, when the future was discussed, it was agreed that the man who would first smash one hundred, if anyone ever did it, was Elmer Grant. This opinion was not arrived at because members regarded Mr. Grant as innately a better golfer than his companions, but because he was larger than they. In the beginning, Elmer was bulky and powerful, and standing with his three enemies, he loomed as a giant. Consequently his drives had distance compared with the flabby tee shots of Messrs. Halstead, Langdon and Schramm

When the contest was at its best Elmer hit the ball a rousing whack whenever he connected with it, which was once in a while, and it was club belief that some lucky day he would run into a streak of straight hitting, as well as long hitting, and trot off with the red reefer. Usually his drives, though far and high, were not notably accurate. Elmer whaled the ball with a grunting send-off and it climbed into the ozone like a frightened ether wave; but the man never lived who could say with certainty where it was going to land. If he was on smooth ground, he banged the ball into rough ground. If on rough ground, Elmer looked carefully about him and pasted it into still rougher ground.

Six times out of seven he sliced, and the seventh time he hooked, and though he could reach the two-shot holes in two shots, he rarely did so. On the long four-par holes at San Rafael, the other gentlemen required three pushes to reach the green and were not particularly ashamed, because a long hole is a long hole anywhere in the world. Number One, for example, is four hundred and eighty yards from tee to green, and par is four, which means two rousing smacks by anybody, up to and including Abe Mitchell and Bobby Jones.

On the first day of May, Doc Halstead observed that Elmer Grant was looking a bit off his feed. The ruddy bloom seemed to have faded from his cheek and his manner was listless as he plodded over the course.

The foursome was assembled on the fifth green at the time of Doc's discovery, waiting for Tommy Schramm to sink a putt or miss it, and with Mr. Schramm pondering over a putt, there is plenty of time to reflect, add up income tax, eat a meal, shave or otherwise while away the afternoon. Mr. Schramm's method of putting is what scientists call deliberate. He gets down upon his elderly thigh bones and examines each spear of grass with fatherly interest. He squints at the mythical line of the proposed putt from all known and several unknown angles, meanwhile murmuring incantations to himself. He bends over slowly, places the blade of his putter first on this side of the ball and then on that side of it. He holds it directly over the white missile, as though blessing it before hitting. He squeezes up the muscles of his face into a fantastic grimace, shuffles the vertebræ of his spinal column, bends his knees, unbends his knees, moves his head to the left and then to the right, asks for complete silence, thinks intently, examines the line again for the twelfth time, says a short prayer and finally, after everybody has decided that he will never within the memory of living man putt the ball, Mr. Schramm putts the ball.

Meanwhile the exasperated foursome coming up off the stern quarter has watched all this hyperbole from a distance, leaning upon mashies and niblicks, swishing despondently at the grass, murmuring to one another and finally sitting down beside their motionless balls and cursing Mr. Schramm feebly, as he stands there in the way, a frozen statue upon the green, ruining the afternoon for fellow creatures who never did him any harm. Mr. Schramm was now about to sink a ball, or try to, and he had been going through the details of his ritual.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, putt, will you, if you are going to putt!" snapped Elmer Grant, a thing he had never done before, because speaking to a prospective putter crouched above his putt is not only *lèse-majesté*, but is also the worst kind of *flagrante delicto*.

Mr. Schramm glanced up in undisguised astonishment, waggling his putter gently over the ball.

"How would you like to ——" he asked in an acid tone, inquiring of Elmer how he would like to go to a locality of practically no merit whatever. "Do you know anything of golf etiquette at all?"

The other players stared at their large companion in amazement.

"He certainly ain't looking any too well," said Doc Halstead, addressing Tex Langdon.

Mr. Schramm continued to approach the vital instant of putting and Elmer wearily sat down upon a grassy hummock and gazed at the horizon. This, in itself, was surprising, for Elmer Grant never sits down during a golf game and is frightfully proud of his strength.

"Are you feeling all right?" Tex asked, in a kindly tone, approaching the prostrate giant.

"What do you care how I feel?" Elmer snarled. He was four down on the match and had lost money to everyone.

"Amiable little garter snake this afternoon, aren't you?" said Tex. "If you drop dead anywhere from here in, I'll be among those kicking the remains aside."

"Let him alone," advised Doc Halstead in a low voice. "Certainly got a pale, washed-out look to him."

This was indeed true. Elmer finished his eighteen holes in sulky silence, paid his creditors, and instead of hurrying to the showers as usual, he walked slowly into the grill and stretched himself upon a bench. Obviously, something was wrong with Elmer Grant.

However, he continued to play golf with his three pals, and as spring drifted into summer his brisk manner departed and he lagged behind the others, walking slowly and with effort from tee to green. The solid plumpness of his figure melted from him and his face thinned until his cheek bones stuck out. His shoulders stooped. Invalidism laid its clammy paw upon him.

"Certainly he's sick," announced Doc Halstead. "Why wouldn't he be? He's got a mouthful of bum teeth, which I told him to take out a year ago."

"I had mine out," Tex stated proudly. "Felt better ever since."

"There's nothing the matter with me," Elmer declared, when spoken to directly by the physician.

"Nothing except you're full of poison," Doc growled. "You go have your teeth out, will you?"

"You go chase yourself," said Elmer, and there the matter rested. He continued to play golf and to look thinner and more decrepit as the weeks slipped by.

The remarkable thing about the invalid was that as he continued to grow ill and weak, his golf game improved. His strength was gone completely before long and he no longer clouted the ball far beyond the drives of Messrs. Schramm, Langdon and Halstead; but as his distance left him, he acquired the thing he had never had accuracy. He began hitting them straight

Continued on Page 94

Where shall I buy a Radio Set?

RADIOLAS, Radiotrons and Radiola loudspeakers are in such demand throughout the United States that they are to be found in all kinds of stores, and in some kind of store in pretty nearly every neighborhood.

There is no limit to the number of reliable dealers which the wholesale distributors of the Radio Corporation of America may serve.

While the number of wholesale distributors is limited, the Radio Corporation of America has felt that no artificial restraint should be placed upon the flow of its merchandise through retail outlets, especially while radio sets are in such spontaneous and universal demand.

IN this way it is believed that the public itself will select the stores where it is desirable to have RADIOLAS, RADIOTRONS, and RADIOLA LOUDSPEAKERS always in stock.

By selecting its own dealers the public will aid industry in the much-discussed task of reducing the cost of distribution.

It will give an incentive to honest and reliable dealers whose interest in the customer does not stop with the ringing of the cash register after the sale is made.

THE *first infallible sign of an honest dealer is his willingness to sell you, without argument, a quality product of known reputation.*

He may, because he has a large stock of some other radio sets, wish you had not wanted a RADIOLA, but he does not try to substitute his wish for yours, nor an inferior product for ours.

AND you will find almost invariably that he sells at the fair prices at which we advertise RADIOLAS, RADIOTRONS and RADIOLA LOUDSPEAKERS—no more and no less.

He adheres to the advertised price, not because we advertise it, but because if he figures his own cost of doing business, he knows that the price from us to him is fair, as well as the price from him to you.

The margin of profit allowed to him permits him to run his business with due regard to his *responsibility to the public.*

IT *isn't hard to identify a progressive dealer.*

He is selling RADIOLAS and RADIOTRONS, not as a lure to get people into his store to sell them something else, but because he believes in the high quality of these products, and is familiar with the sense of responsibility to the public that has been the impulse behind them.

Such a dealer as this immediately reveals his sincerity. He knows what type of RADIOLA will please you best.

When you find him it is good policy to stick to him and recommend your friends to deal with him.

Testing a dealer by the simple process of noting whether he suggests substitution of an inferior product is as old as the hills in all public contacts with all trades.

This test can well be applied to radio purchases.

THIS is the second of three advertisements by the Radio Corporation of America. The first—"WHAT RADIO SET SHALL I BUY?"—appeared in the Saturday Evening Post of May 23. The third—"WHEN SHALL I BUY A RADIO SET?"—will appear in the issue of June 6. Write for the booklet "What, Where and When in Radio." Address RCA, 233 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 92)

down the course and about half as far as in the days of his virility.

"It's because he can't press any more," explained Tommy. "He used to whale with all his might, so he sliced and hooked. Now he's too weak to press and the result is he's hitting a nice straight ball. I got a notion to get sick myself, if it does that for a man."

"Dog-gone if his game hasn't improved," Doc Halstead admitted. "He's been taking my money for the last four weeks."

"Sicker, but better golf," remarked Langdon, who, as Elmer's opponent, likewise had been trimmed.

"And another thing," said the doctor, "if he gets sick enough, he will probably bust the hundred, and there goes our little pot, to say nothing of him beating us to the Red Coat."

This thought had occurred to the two others, but not to Elmer. He continued firm in the belief that there was nothing the matter with his physical health.

"I'm as well as I ever was in my life," he argued. "My golf is simply getting better and it's only what I always said, which is that I'm logically bound to break the hundred before any of you dubs. I'm a better golfer and you can't get away from it."

"You ought to do what Doc says," Tex urged, "and have your teeth out, Elmer. Look at me! I had mine out, and they gave me up once."

"My teeth are all right," replied the sick man.

During June the Grant-Schramm combination steadily defeated the team of Halstead and Langdon, and on two occasions Elmer shot the course in one hundred and six. In July he had a round of a hundred and four and it began to look certain that the former strong man would achieve the honors of the red vestment ahead of his three cronies. Meanwhile he looked more like a dead man day by day, and Mrs. Grant worried. She talked it over with Doc Halstead at intervals.

"His system is full of toxins," said the doctor, "and the cause is his teeth. I told him long ago what to do, but he's obstinate."

"I know he is," the lady agreed sadly. "I'm dreadfully worried about him, but I can't get him to do anything. He insists he's well."

"Take him away somewhere."

"He won't go. He's set his mind on winning that ridiculous coat and he'll probably kill himself doing it. Was there ever such a fool man?"

"A lot of them," replied Doc. "I'll see if I can't throw a scare into him."

In late July the situation approached a crisis with regard to the invalid. The San Rafael Club was seriously concerned, because Elmer's appearance was now really alarming. He no longer ate his meals or profited by the night's slumber, and he persisted in coming out to the course and whacking away feebly at the ball. Mrs. Grant's anxiety had turned to desperation. Elmer's friends in vain urged him to put himself in Doc Halstead's hands and give up golf.

"You birds make me tired," was his reply. "There's nothing the matter with me. Little run down maybe, but nothing to cause all this excitement."

There came a certain sunny Saturday so beautiful that it seemed a pity any man could be ill; and yet when Elmer Grant arrived on the stroke of noon, it required no expert to see that here was a golf player who should be home in bed, or better still, in some good hospital, with cool-fingered nurses about him. He had given up driving his own car and a chauffeur helped him out and up the steps to the locker room, where he stood shaking.

"You don't intend to play golf today, do you?" Doc Halstead asked, genuinely worried, because Elmer looked as if he were going to collapse in the sunlight.

"Certainly I'm going to play golf," he barked. "And if you don't want to play with me, you know what you can do."

"He sure is foolish," the physician said to his partner; and Tex Langdon agreed, adding that if a man didn't have sense enough to remove a battery of malignant teeth and see a good doctor, somebody ought to be in charge and make him.

The old foursome stepped into action at one o'clock, with the sun blazing down and Elmer white-faced and slow in his movements. The usual wagers were made, though the usual insults and jocularities were missing. Halstead, Langdon and Schramm regarded their old friend with sympathetic eyes and mourned over his obstinacy.

"He'll fall over any minute," muttered Tommy, but Elmer did not fall. He hit his drive off the first tee weakly but straight, and dragged down the fairway after it. His second shot carried him toward the green, but, of course, short of it. He rolled a long cleek shot to the green and it piddled onward gently, bobbing up and down and coming to pause six feet from the pin. With a wan smile, Elmer sank the putt for a par four. His companions took two sixes and a seven, having encountered their usual disasters en route.

"Sick man, eh?" Elmer said with a smile. "How do you boys like playing golf against a poor old invalid?"

No one answered. The game proceeded and the Grant-Schramm team wiped the earth with Halstead and Langdon, and it was all Elmer, with his feeble but accurate shooting.

At the end of nine holes, the three players regarded him with mixed emotions, because, in addition to looking worse every moment, as he crawled onward from tee to tee, Mr. Grant had shot those difficult nine holes in the remarkable score of forty-nine strokes.

"What I say," remarked Doc Halstead, "is that Elmer's heart is liable to quit on him any instant. Just have a look at him, will you?"

"And what I say," added Tommy, "is that here's where the poor old wreck breaks a hundred. He's got forty-nine, ain't he? And with him going like he is, nothing can stop him but a miracle."

"He's been dropping long putts, that's why."

"And his putter shaking like a bowl of jelly."

Elmer sat down heavily on the bench at the tenth tee, wiped his clammy forehead with a hand that trembled, and looked about him, smiling weakly but triumphantly.

"Forty-nine," he said. "Pretty good for a cripple. And you know what that means. I never before shot that half in forty-nine. Here is where three dubs watch a gentleman break a hundred."

"Listen, Elmer," Doc said, his voice betraying his worry. "Speaking as a friend and a physician, I want to warn you for your own good."

"About what?"

"About going any further with this game. It's too hot, and you're a sicker man than you think. Suppose you quit here. I'll get my car and take you home and you go to bed."

"Huh!" said Elmer, trying to rise suddenly and failing. "That's you all over, Mr. Halstead. That's the kind of a man you are. When, for the first time in my life, I stand to win the pot and get the coat, you ask me to quit. A real sport you are, aren't you?"

For at least half a minute, Elmer described Doc Halstead, using the most withering terms, and including Tommy and Tex in his bitter denunciation. Doc stood by in worried silence, paying no heed to the vilification of one who might not be long for this world.

"Go home, Elmer," Tommy implored. "You're liable to die."

Elmer turned upon his partner with a snarl, and at that moment a brown sedan rolled down the roadway which borders the course on Number Ten. Mrs. Elmer Grant leaned from a window, waved and came to a quick stop. She hurried out of the car and approached the motionless four and there was wifely alarm in her manner as she stared at her husband.

"A fine doctor you are," she said acridly, addressing Doc Halstead. "Can't you see with your own eyes that Elmer is in no state to play golf?"

"Certainly. That's what I've been telling him. You tell him awhile."

"Then why do you persist in dragging him around when he can hardly walk?"

"Drag him around!" said Doc. "That's good—me dragging him!"

"He got away from me this morning," the lady continued. "I came out as fast as I could, and I certainly think he ought to stop right here."

"You can't stop him," answered Doc. "What do you want me to do—have him arrested?"

"He's sick! Look at him!"

"I know he's sick."

"I am not sick," said Elmer. "Ethel, you go home."

"I will not—I certainly will not! Elmer, please—please come home with me!"

"Come on," Elmer said, rising with an effort and looking ghastly. "I have fifty strokes to do these nine holes, and I win everything. Tomorrow I wear the Red Coat, and after that—maybe I might do something about my teeth. Come on."

He walked toward the tee. There was a momentary silence in the little group at the bench, and then Doc Halstead whispered something to Mrs. Grant and she nodded. The doctor walked over to Elmer, who was settling a ball into a bit of sand.

"Listen, Elmer," said the physician. "You're too ill to go further, so why be obstinate? You get into that car and go home with your wife."

"I will not," said Elmer doggedly. "You're trying to stop me because you know I'm going to get into the nineties."

"I'll have a man come tomorrow morning and take your teeth out," Halstead continued calmly, "and you'll stay in bed from now on."

"No!" roared Elmer. "Not a chance!"

"Boys," Doc said, "walk over here."

Tommy and Tex approached.

"This obstinate old imbecile refuses to quit and we know he's liable to die if he plays nine more holes. He won't quit by himself, so we'll make him quit."

"Ha!" said Elmer, waving his driver. "Just try it! How you going to do it?"

"We won't play with you. We hereby quit the golf game and leave you flat. You can't break any hundred alone, because it's against the rules. You have to have witnesses, and we quit. Smoke that!"

There was a moment's silence. Mrs. Grant breathed a sigh of relief.

"Well," said Elmer slowly. "I've known some dirty golfers in my time, and I've met some dirty golfers, but of all the low, degraded human reptiles crawling around and offending the world with their slimy presence, you three take the prize."

"You can break the hundred when you get better," said Tommy Schramm soothingly.

"You won't play with me, either?"

"No," said Tommy. "Go home with your wife and have your teeth out."

Mrs Grant put her arm about her once-powerful husband and led him like a babe to the machine. She helped him in gently and sat down beside him.

"Dirty golf," he murmured, closing his eyes and collapsing upon the velvet cushions.

"He'll be all right," said Tex as the car started, "when he gets them teeth out. I had mine out a year ago and —."

"Oh, dry up!" said Doc Halstead.

The trio that remained watched the Grant car disappear and then finished a listless, uninteresting game. The zest was gone out of golf for the day. Next morning, Doc Halstead called at the Grant home and found Elmer in bed, where he belonged. A trained nurse had him in charge. Arrangements were made and the offending teeth were out within the week, and as everyone prophesied, Elmer Grant started upon the road to recovery. He remained in bed for days, working out cross-word puzzles; and when he was able to be about, Mrs. Grant packed him into a steamer going south and they set sail for the remote places of the world, where golf is not even a word and the swish of the mashie is unknown. It was just eight months before the Grant family returned to the purlieus of San Rafael

What a change! Elmer was himself again, plump, rosy of cheek and gigantic as of yore. He strode briskly and stood erect. The old fighting gleam was in his eye and the power was in his arm as he shook hands with the boys and responded to congratulations.

"Certainly never felt better in my life," he said heartily, his voice booming again. Everyone believed him. He slapped Martin Davis on the back and all but dislocated some spine and part of a lung.

There was, of course, immediate curiosity about his golf game. What would it be like, now that Cæsar was himself again? Having potency, would he press his drives?

"Matter of fact," the new man explained cheerily, "that lay-off did me a world of good. My game, of course, is first class. You fellows must have noticed how I was improving just before we went to Europe. Why, I shot the first half in forty-nine on my last appearance."

"We noticed," said Tommy Schramm, grinning.

It did not occur to Elmer to associate the excellence of his game with the weakness that had laid him low. As he beheld it, he had simply become a finished golfer, due to concentration and the natural course of events. He confidently expected, now that he was back, to step forth upon the velvet face of San Rafael and shoot the same straight game he had played in the days of his natural teeth eight months before. There was a triumphant glitter in his eye the day he took out his long-unused clubs and patted them with a loving hand. There was a smile upon his face and his new store teeth glistened brightly. Laughing and joking, he joined his mates.

The first game he played was a miserable hundred and twenty-four, with Elmer busily explaining, as he slued around from rough to rough, that he was rusty and would step back into his regular stride in a day or two. He lost all bets and came in sweating, but moderately cheerful. Every ounce of his old drive had returned and he outdistanced his competitors. His iron shots sang like merry bullets, weaving off the course into cabbage patches.

"Look at 'em go!" he shouted in delight.

"Look at where they go!" replied Tommy.

Wilder than a hooded hawk, Elmer hit them viciously and his little caddie trotted hither and yon. During the first afternoon Mr. Grant hit twelve trees, five small mountains, a telephone pole and a milk wagon.

"He's all right," said Doc Halstead. "The old boy is himself."

On the following day Elmer arrived at the course shortly after seven in the morning and practiced tee shots, with five breathless caddies chasing balls. That afternoon he came through with a snappy hundred and twenty-two. The next day it was one hundred and twenty-six, and on the fifth day of regular play the powerful Mr. Grant had one hundred and thirty for eighteen holes. There his game remained, fixed like the obelisks. He viewed this condition at first with complete disbelief and finally with cold rage.

"The old army game," announced Tex Langdon, who was making tidy sums daily. "Out in sixty-four and back in sixty-five."

His companions now trimmed him, paying him sarcastic insults, and it dawned little by little upon Elmer that the Red Coat and the pot were gone beyond recall. His mind skipped back to that fateful afternoon. For a time he brooded in regretful silence, practicing for hours without improving his dismal golf; but as the ghastly

(Continued on Page 98)

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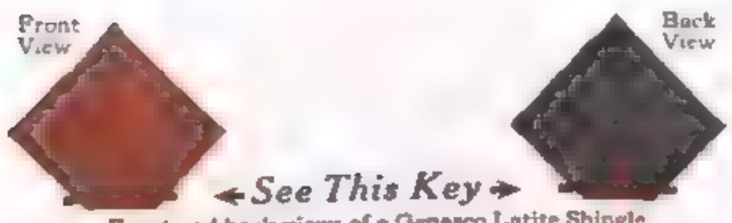

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GOODYEAR

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Do you think that aside from brand names and tread designs, all balloon tires are pretty much alike?

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"The Goodyear balloon tires on my car have been driven over six thousand miles and are as good as new—only one puncture, caused by a nail. I can make better mileage and more mileage with less gas, and drive with much more ease and comfort with balloons than with the regular tires. I never expect to use a car without balloons."—J. H. HILL, *Decatur, Ala.*

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"On or about April 1st, last year, I equipped my Paige touring car with Goodyear balloon tires. My speedometer at this writing shows over 15,000 miles. My tires look good for at least another 5,000 miles. I am very much pleased with the riding comfort and mileage I am receiving from my Goodyear balloons."—D. L. PRINCLIN, *Scranton, Pa.*

"BALLOONS"

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Before we start the day's work, let us digest our breakfast, sweeten the mouth, soothe the throat and cleanse the teeth with WRIGLEY'S

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In the middle of the day when time is limited and we eat too fast, WRIGLEY'S is of greatest help. It makes your food do you more good.

After Supper

Let WRIGLEY'S sweeten the mouth, remove the odors of food and help your stomach in its work so that sleep comes easily

WRIGLEY'S

"After Every Meal"

(Continued from Page 94)

truth became a settled thing in his mind, he revolted.

"This is your doing," he said, addressing himself to Doc Halstead on another Saturday. The sun was slowly sinking. Elmer had sunk sometime before. His score was unmentionable.

"What's my doing?" Doc asked, having won money, Elmer's money, for three and a half hours.

"The way my game's shot to pieces," Elmer said, his tone rather deadly.

"You never had any game," Doc laughed, and the others joined in the merriment.

"Didn't I? And well you know I had a game. It's the contemptible spirit you displayed on that afternoon when Ethel came out."

He paused and seemed about to choke.

"And you too," he added, looking at Messrs. Schramm and Langdon, who had enjoyed a profitable afternoon.

"Who?" demanded Tommy.

"And what?" asked Tex.

"I had the Red Coat won that day and the three of you knew it. You also knew I'd set my mind on winning it, and the pot, although the money was of no consequence. It was the coat. And what did you three lovely souls do about it? Being the loyal friends that you are, you refused to finish the game and let me win."

He paused again.

"You were a sick man," muttered Doc Halstead, surprised at the intensity of the speech.

"You're a liar. I never was sick in my life. I was playing high-grade golf, that's what I was doing. Now my game is gone and you think it's funny."

Tommy laughed.

"All right," Elmer continued in a voice that shook with emotion. "Laugh! You did your miserable little job with a friend, and now my turn comes. From here and now, you can all three go by yourselves. I play golf with you no more."

"Elmer," said Doc, "listen to reason."

"Don't talk to me!" Elmer roared. "You're a second Judas."

There were pleas for the enthronement of common sense and reconsideration, but Elmer waved them aside and strode to the steps of the locker room unheeding. There he paused and surveyed a group of interested caddies, who were listening with all their ears.

"Come on, Gopher," he said in a quieter tone. "And you, too, Julius. All you boys come with me. It's going to be Christmas for caddies."

The astounded lads flocked behind the somber Mr. Grant and he walked directly to his locker. His nonplused companions entered the room later and found him bestowing gifts—gifts of old sweaters, old golf shoes, balls, eye shades, shirts, socks, caps, mid-irons and all the accumulated junk of a golf locker.

"You don't mean this, Elmer," Doc Halstead protested, now in genuine alarm.

"Don't I, you shad-faced old he reptile? I'll show you! Here, Gopher. You're to have my bag, for I'll never use it again. Pete, you take my clubs."

The bright-eyed boys fell upon their gifts eagerly, and yet gingerly, as though fearing a catch.

"All but that niblick, Pete," said Elmer sadly. "I'll keep that for old time's sake."

He withdrew the niblick, the first golf club he had ever owned.

"Now, boys," he said, "run along."

The caddies disappeared, smiling delightedly. Elmer slipped into his overcoat, took his niblick, glared over at the group of semisubdued men whom he had once regarded as friends.

"You know what you can all do," he said quietly, and he marched down the aisle between the rows of green lockers. Men standing like cranes on one leg, struggling into underwear, paused to regard him as he tragically passed by.

"Huh!" said Doc. "He'll be back. I've seen such cases, and they always come back when the fever dies."

"You don't think he's quitting the club, do you?" Tommy asked anxiously.

"He ain't quitting anything," Doc responded. "It's just a gentleman enjoying a nutty afternoon."

Elmer, carrying an empty hand bag and the rusty niblick, marched through the hall to the grillroom, where four or five members idled over dice boxes and tea. A cheery fire burned in the big fireplace. The last rays of sunshine filtered through the curtains, lighting the room, and someone called a greeting to Mr. Grant, which he either did not hear or chose to ignore. Passing the fireplace, he paused and stared, for there at one side, surrounded by its elegant plate-glass walls and its nickeled decorations, was the Red Coat for which he had struggled in vain. Two or three silver cups stood proudly atop the case, but Elmer paid no heed to them.

"You so-and-so!" he said bitterly, addressing the red garment directly, and if a coat can ever be said to grin, the regal garment mocked him. It was then, as excited members afterward described the scene, that Elmer Grant seemed to lose control of himself. It was almost as if some superhuman surge of emotion rose within him and took command; and if so, that same surge cost the club money, because Elmer was seen by at least six members, and heard too. What he said was, in a rather loud voice, again addressing the Red Coat, "You qualified so-and-so!"

He then raised his niblick, as the boys told it afterward, without bothering to take any particular stance, brought it down upon the glass show case and smashed that object into some forty-four thousand bits. The Red Coat fell off a pedestal and dropped to the floor, where it lay amid broken glass. Elmer lifted it without further comment and hurled it into the fireplace, which was going well, and where the coat caught immediately and blazed up. In a flash, it was no longer a royal garment, but a mere burning rag, and presently ashes.

While the club members watched this drama in dumb motionless astonishment, Elmer threw his niblick after the Red Coat. He then departed without a word to anyone, and stunned waiters began gathering up fragments of glass.

Nick Gunther, the grill manager, walked over and watched the last vestige of sleeve as it burned.

"What do you suppose happened to Mr. Grant?" he inquired.

"Seems annoyed about something," replied John Lewis, of the Lewis Copper Company.

And that is the way the Grant affair now stands. Nobody in our club has laid an eye upon him since the regrettable incident. The secretary sent him a timid bill for one hundred and thirty-five dollars, covering coat, case and one dented cup, and got it back with a notation saying that the club could sue and be blessed.

"I never thought the old boy would blow up like that," Doc Halstead commented sadly.

"Trouble with him," said Tex, "was he didn't have them teeth out soon enough."

"And whoever took 'em out," added Tommy Schramm, "should ought to have opened up his skull and looked in."

Spring is again gloriously upon San Rafael and the dandelions are creeping out upon the velvet of the fairways. Ever and anon can be heard the soft swish of the flying divot, the low-toned murmur of golfers digging holes in the river bed and the plaintive wailing of business men searching for lost balls amid the lush clover. Little robins feed gayly upon angleworms on the tender new greens and water finches warble amid the live oaks; but Elmer Grant is far, far away, and it is now rumored that the old-time ceremonial of the Red Coat will become a thing of the past, a mere memory.

"Why should we be buying coats for soreheads to burn up?" demanded President William Hodge, of the club, and those present agreed that it would seem a bit foolish.

THE KIND DUKE

(Continued from Page 25)

"You appear to have a poor opinion of Frederica," mused the duke, and this, after Frederica's expressed ideas of his mother, struck him as a curious parallel. Then he drew himself up sternly.

"I don't see why we should drag Frederica into this, and as for Muriel, Peggy and Marta, I reserve complete liberty of action," he said with finality.

The author of his being looked him up and down.

"I am your mother and I am a duchess. A mother is always right and so is a duchess. It simply means I shall set my wits against yours and we shall see which of us wins. Even a fool could realize you're in love with the Lune girl. There is no more to be said. Are you staying to luncheon?" Rollo shook his head. "Just as well. We never have anything fit to eat on Mondays," commented the duchess, and returned calmly to her correspondence. Nevertheless, when he had gone, she rang up General Barragan instantly.

"Rollo is still idiotic over Frederica Lune. His association with these young women is quite innocent."

"My dear duchess, you relieve my mind intensely."

"No doubt," said the duchess dryly, and paused. "One is Scrymgeour's secretary, one is a female artist and one an out-of-work chorus girl I think you said. Please persuade the theatrical manager you spoke of to give the chorus girl employment. I"—the duchess swallowed painfully—"I will consent to be seen in his dreadful theater, in a box, naturally, as some kind of compensation."

"I am sure there will be no difficulty whatever about that. Need I say how much I admire the beauty of your maternal sacrifice?"

But the duchess had hung up the receiver.

III

IN MARTA'S studio a tea party ran its appointed course. Peggy lounged characteristically on a homemade divan; Muriel, less bohemian by nature and training, sat in the only armchair; Marta had curled up on the rug beside the teapot and tea things. She spoke at last with the brutality of one who sees life stripped of illusion.

"We can't all have him," she said.

"Well, I met him first. I shall never forget it. He was such a darling to me," declared Muriel.

"A nice boy—a perfectly dear boy, but he wants a lot of understanding. One would need a great deal of worldly wisdom," reflected Peggy. She looked, as she spoke, supremely worldwise.

"And if we go about in a mob always, none of us will ever have him," pursued Marta. "At the best, it's a thin prospect. He'd have to be grabbed irrevocably before he comes out of his trance. Men don't stay knocked out forever by a love disappointment. They enjoy remarkable powers of recovery; and besides, he must have relatives who might come to his rescue at any moment. Obviously we three are all out to cut one another's throats ——"

"Oh, Marta!" protested Muriel.

"—— but it's more comfortable to arrange things between ourselves; so wearing to be always on the alert. I suggest we each have him alone for a week at a time. That gives everyone a fair chance."

(Continued on Page 101)

Mermaids and Mere Men !..*Greetings from Spalding*

WELCOME back to sun-drenched beaches and sparkling pools! We've been busy while you were away . . . have prepared something to fire your enthusiasm and win your applause: Swimming suits such as had never been made before! Here is complete freedom at last . . . fabric as supple as the form it sheathes; responsive to every movement . . .

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(Continued from Page 98)

"He'd smell a rat," Peggy objected.

"Not if we start at once. He's still pretty dazed. The thing to decide is which of us shall take first turn."

Peggy directed her lazy eyes to the hostess.

"Dorian wants me in his new show at the Folly Theater. I start rehearsals in a week's time and after that I'll be up to my eyes in work, so if you two don't mind I'd rather begin on him at once."

"I could take a fortnight's holiday as soon as Peggy starts rehearsals," said Muriel eagerly. Marta smiled her oblique smile.

"All right, I don't mind being last." She got up and retrieved an envelope from the mantelpiece. "Here's an invitation to dine at his flat tomorrow night. It came just before you two, so there's probably one waiting for each of you at home. You can accept, Peggy, and I'll write and say I'm going away for a fortnight, and Muriel can be too busy working late at the office this next week to go out at all. You must spend your second week in the country, Muriel, to leave him clear for me. Peggy, of course, will be rehearsing still."

The Sabbath afternoon drifted unnoticed into twilight. They went on eating Marta's cakes, smoking her cigarettes, furtively summing up one another's chances.

Peggy found Rollo in a curious mood. He was giving the dinner party from a sense of duty to his adopted. He found no pleasure therein, but he had put his hand to the plow. Turning from the adored specter of Frederica to the dispensing of barren benevolence, he watched Peggy curve into his sitting room. His nose reminded him that he had forgotten to buy her a perfume of tolerable quality, and his eyes told him she was alone.

She came forward, hands outstretched, her fair, shingled head delicately poised, and said caressingly, "So glad to see you, Rollo; I'm all alone. I've brought notes from the others; Marta's had to run away for a fortnight and Muriel's too busy to go out at all this week. Isn't it hard lines? Still, I'll love to have you all to myself."

She gave him the notes; he excused himself, tore the envelopes. Peggy groomed her faultless coiffure infinitesimally and went on half shyly:

"And, oh, Rollo, would it seem beastly if I asked you to take me somewhere to dinner? You see, it's different with all three of us; but alone in a man's rooms——"

"By all means, if you prefer it," said the duke, hating her for it in his heart. "I'll ask Gregg to bring the car round."

"Should you mind awfully if we had a taxi? I love your bus, but, you see, even with the hood up, one does get one's hair blown about in a touring car."

"Certainly we'll have a taxi. Where would you like to dine?" inquired her fairy godfather; and Peggy answered very sweetly, "Well, of course, I adore the Cosmopolis Roof."

On the way to that earthly paradise of the stage, the turf, the stock exchange, heretics and infidels, he was made supremely conscious of feminine allurement close at his side; cool arms and slender legs, silk and sophistication, powder and lipstick, the whole battery of modern beauty. She pattered through the vestibule with the dainty fastidiousness of a kitten. She sat opposite him at their ringside table as one offering all the enchantments of Elysium. She danced with him as only the professional dancing girl can dance—thistledown, with every thread drilled for lightness. Wailing and crashing of jazz bands wrought a tempest for their nerves and senses. Rollo could have screamed in anguish and fled, but it happened to be a late night, intensified by carnival novelties. The air quivered with colored balloons and a cabaret chorus tossed its dainty limbs literally under his nose. At midnight not a vacant seat remained in the place.

As he returned Peggy to her tiny flat Rollo felt roseleaf fingers steal into his. Their contact aroused in his heart no æsthetic sensation. His body reposed in a rather elderly taxicab, but his spirit roamed far away. He saw Frederica, lovely as some dream at dawn, passing through gracious houses, dancing in exclusive circles, moving with the unconscious perfection of her type and training amid surroundings where no one used obvious perfume to excess or baited a hook with not too subtle charms or held one's hand or caused her hand to be held. His soul went wailing through the night to the premises of the Blue Moon dance club, and a sick ache tore at his vitals, because he knew Frederica to be in the arms of another. And though he saw in his vision Frederica insulated from those arms by her customary air of cool detachment, Rollo longed to strangle the man, not out of hate but from the simple working of natural forces which impel agonized males to these crude actions.

"Shall you come in just for one moment?" cooed Peggy on her doorstep.

Achieving a wan smile, Rollo declined. She looked up at him with disarming sweetness.

"But you will motor me to the seaside tomorrow, won't you, just by ourselves? I love your car; it's so different. Could you call for me 'bout half past eleven? Good night, Rollo, you dear thing."

He lit a cigarette and rode home under the mocking stars.

"It must be so, of course. Girls are all children, and obviously one has to give up to them. It's just as natural for her to want to go to Brighton as for me to loathe going," he told himself, while the twelve-year-old Blitz thundered seaward, massive and reliable as some state elephant which has seen the passing of generations. Peggy nestled beside him in the front seat, trying to conceal her misery at the presence of Gregg in the back. They fled between spring hedges starred with primrose and fields where lambs played their simple games.

"Beautiful! Beautiful!" sighed Rollo, and Peggy answered, "But of course, darling!" and thought of lunch at the Monopole Hotel and the new suit beneath her motoring coat, contrived heaven knows how, and the fact that Mr. David, an eminent manager, sheltered himself at the Monopole for the time being.

"A duke looks very well, even in this rattletrap," she reflected, and crooned aloud, "Not cross with me, are you, Rollo?"

"Of course not," responded Rollo, who had completely forgotten her existence.

They lunched in a cloud of glory under the eyes of Mr. David and three ladies, each reputed to be the most beautiful actress in the world. Since in this way a girl shows her power, Peggy coaxed champagne and out-of-season dishes. Rollo sighed faintly.

Undoubtedly a godchild may be expensive, though virtue is its own reward. Nevertheless, she cradled her head on his shoulder very affectionately on the way home, in spite of Gregg, until Rollo, who had ideals about his driving, said, "Sit up like a good girl, Peggy. You make an awful drag on the steering wheel."

Through a week of dances and entertainment she led him, till the final Sunday, when she considered herself justified in having tea at his apartment. At her master's earnest request, Mrs. Gregg waited upon them, a solid, reassuring body of a woman.

Over the crumbs of the final cake and the ashes of the final cigarette, Peggy said softly, "This is our last time together for ages."

Rollo nodded. He had the desire to get in a few days of golf practice. Peggy laid her hand gently over his.

"Do you love me the least little tiny bit?"

"But, my dear Peggy, it's scarcely a fortnight since I told you my heart was broken and I could never love any girl again. Have you forgotten what I said when first you and Muriel and Marta came to dinner?"

For a moment the grim shade of the duchess hovered before his eyes. Could she

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have seen even further into the hearts of his godchildren than he himself?

"A fortnight's a long time. Men don't make themselves miserable over a girl who turns them down. Men ——"

"Pooh! What do you know about men? What can the average girl's shallow little mind know of the depth of feeling in a man?" inquired Rollo loftily. "I am a walking tragedy all the time I take you here and there. Never forget that."

"So a week wasn't long enough," she reflected. "Well, I'm not afraid of the two others. Muriel's a mere baby and Marta's too cynical. It's fatal to be cynical before you're married."

She got up and made her farewells with a pretty reserve.

"Good-by for ever so long. Swear you'll come to the first night," she ended. The duke swore.

Nevertheless, he got his golf. Barely had he read the professional's telegram making an appointment for a lesson when Muriel's clear voice over the telephone announced that she had nothing to do and all the week to do it in.

Rollo qualified in his soul the responsibilities of a godfather, yet being by nature kindly, he said, "Why not come down to Oxwood Heath with me? It's a lovely day."

He let Gregg drive and sat with her in the back of the car. She looked very sweet, round-faced, wide-eyed and innocent. Her gayly patterned knitted suit contrasted with her dark hair. He could imagine her getting married and saying, when a demand for rent came in, "Oh, George, do we really have to pay the landlord for being allowed to live here? What a horrid man he must be!"

"Such a helpmate," he mused cynically. "Or is it a helpmeet? I dunno. Anyway, I feel like a baby snatcher."

As she, Rollo, the professional and the caddie moved off to the first tee Muriel said, "What a sweet little boy to carry the tennis bats—golf sticks, I mean."

"Clubs," corrected Rollo mechanically, and pulled his first drive into the rough.

Still she pleased him, because she was so happy. She liked everything—the links, the clubhouse, the lunch, the weather, his plus-fours and the caddie's face. They motored home, as it were, sticky with balm. The least he felt he could do was to offer her a theater party. They sat in a box on the next night, following with breathless interest that breathless drama entitled Only a Girl's Love.

"Oh, Frederica, Frederica," murmured Rollo time after time, "why did you forsake me, when I would rather black your shoes than kiss any other girl?"

As she drew off her best silk stockings, examined them carefully for incipient ladders, and rolled them into a ball, Muriel yawned frankly.

"How I'd have loved to be taken to the Somerset Maugham comedy," she thought. "But there it is; I must be the sort of girl men like to marry. Peggy's all right for a violent flirtation, and Marta's witty and cynical and amusing; but men don't marry those kinds. They want the eternal mother-woman with roses round the door, tying up a cut finger with one hand and bathing the baby with the other."

At the end of the week, Rollo, by request, motored Muriel forty miles into Sussex to visit her uncle, the Rev. Broadwood Hopkinson, his wife and Muriel's seven cousins. Littlefield is not a great journey from London, and Muriel steadfastly refused to allow the presence of a luncheon basket in the car or to lunch at a roadside inn.

"There's sure to be something to eat at the vicarage, and if not, I'll get Aunt Mary to let me make you an omelet," she insisted in her calm fashion.

Rollo sighed. The omelet of an amateur cook is a poor reward for several hours' driving.

"Still," he reflected, "it's the child's day out, and as matters are, does it signify whether I do one thing or another?"

Naturally, they took Aunt Mary completely by surprise; but in these large families no one is ever seriously put out. What there was just had to do. Rollo ate his cold mutton like a man, surrounded by Muriel's cousins, beginning with Erica, aged seventeen, and ending with Leofric, aged three.

After luncheon the Rev. Broadwood Hopkinson insisted on showing him the church. St. Agnes is one of the few thousand genuine Norman fabrics in the country, rich in historic monuments. The vicar explained them all and later took his guest up into the belfry to look at the bells.

They returned to find Muriel on the best of terms with the children, assisting in the preparation of tea. Aunt Mary, with a mother's instinct, asked gently across the teacups, "And are you two engaged, did you say?"

"Oh, no," responded the duke instantly, "we are not engaged."

"No," echoed Muriel, "we are not engaged"

It was dark when they reached Muriel's boarding house. Rollo put the gear lever in neutral and pulled over the hand brake with a little sigh. Life appeared desperately crowded these days.

Muriel said, "I'm going away to Devonshire for my second week's holiday."

"Good luck!" replied her host. Silence fell except for the tick-over of the engine.

"Is that all?" asked Muriel at last.

"Yes. 'Fraid I can't come and see you off. Wish I could." He felt old and tired. At home waited a bath, food, drink and, above all, rest.

"Good-by," she murmured, not moving.

Rollo got down and opened the car door on her side.

"Good-by," he said firmly, and watched her pass up a flight of steps to the entrance of the boarding house.

It seemed delightful to step into a hot bath, to put on clean linen and fresh clothes. Dinner among his own possessions had never tasted so good. Later, stretched in his favorite armchair, Rollo began to overlook at least some of a godfather's responsibilities. Upon his pleasant musing there broke the voice of Mrs. Gregg.

"I beg Your Grace's pardon, but if it is convenient, here are this week's accounts. I'm afraid Your Grace will find three rather large items—house linen, fifty pounds; wine merchant, twenty pounds ten shillings; and new boiler and fitting, eighteen pounds six and tenpence."

An expression of almost physical pain stole over her employer's face.

"But, Mrs. Gregg, can this be true? Nearly a hundred pounds, and only a boiler and a few sheets to show for it!"

Mrs. Gregg shook her head gravely.

"You've never done with an 'ouse, Your Grace. It comes in waves. I'm afraid it'll be new curtains next."

She sighed, being fond of him, and retired, creaking faintly.

In the financial circumstances, Rollo was glad when Marta Stevens telephoned, asking him to dine with her at the Town Mouse Café in Chelsea.

"She at least returns one's hospitality as well as she can," he thought, and met her at 7:30 in a small caravansary decorated in strange taste. She gave him scrambled eggs, cheese savory and a pear, and afterward led him out onto the Embankment to look at the river. She was the same Marta, in the same blue suit and *cloche* hat, smoking the same cheap cigarettes. She leaned on the parapet and talked to him in the half dark.

"Look at all those blues and grays with lumps of orange from the lights on the other side. Can't you see Drian or Domergue painting it in a couple of smears and a blob? You don't know anything about art, Rollo. People like you had to have court painters to keep them straight about pictures."

"I like pictures of a man in a pink coat on a horse jumping a fence in the hunting field," said Rollo wistfully.

He saw a tug towing two barges in line ahead, and the leading barge seemed like Frederica and the one astern like himself, because it would never catch up the one ahead of it.

"You're so restless. Why don't you sit back and let life go by? Come and loaf in my studio tomorrow afternoon while I work. You needn't talk, or do anything you don't want to."

"Thank you," he answered, for he had heard a great deal about studios and believed the worst. Nevertheless, he found no beautiful girl posing as Eve before the fall—only Marta in a faded smock, her auburn head flaming above it, at work on a vast length of canvas strung along the wall. Not being able to grasp the scheme of it, Rollo wished her good afternoon and made tactful inquiries.

"Flop on the divan and have a cigarette. . . . This? This is a fresco for a cathedral—the battle between Barak and Sisera."

"Good work," exclaimed Rollo admiringly. "Which cathedral's ordered it?"

"Oh, no cathedral, you dear idiot. It's a fresco suitable for a cathedral that wants a suitable fresco. Sometimes I simply have to work in masses. These limited designs cramp the intellect."

Presently she laid aside her brushes and made tea for him. Up to a point, she was clever with men, and she had a new world to show him. Besides, as she said, he could do as he liked. He felt as free as the bond slave of love can ever feel.

"Come again," suggested Marta. "If you think you're being an expense to me, you can bring your own cakes; I don't mind."

"How the poor devil suffers," she thought when he had gone. "From the way he moons over his lost love, one would think no two women were alike. However, she is lost, and he feels more at home here than anywhere."

On Friday, an unlucky day, as everyone knows, she took him to a studio rag. There were light and laughter, fancy dress and frivolity. Rollo as Harlequin and Marta as Pierrette made a pretty pair. Much wine flowed, and Zaza d'Alençon, from the Cosmopolis Roof, danced the cancan, only more so.

At three A.M. Marta laid her face against Rollo's, and being candid for the first and last time, said, "My poor lost darling, you're so sad. Forget this will-o'-the-wisp girl and look at me. I've forgotten more about love than she ever knew. Kiss me and see if I don't."

Her scarlet mouth lay an inch from his, and through his brain ran icy clear, for no sane reason, an absurd phrase learned as a child: "He saw the gnu was a new gnu and not the gnu he knew." Somehow he walked out of the studio, found his overcoat, beckoned a taxicab and went home, no longer in any sense a godfather.

IV

MUSING in bed over his morning tea and a cigarette, Rollo came to certain conclusions.

"If your ideas on life are eternally busted, they are eternally busted and that's that," he sighed.

"Mine being busted higher than a kite, I shall go away and play some golf. Golf is a satisfactory game. Either you play a shade above your handicap, which is a victorious and buoyant thing to do, or else you play so badly that it sets your other works in a favorable light. No wonder golf was invented by Scotsmen."

He rose up, and Gregg packed for him, and he went and dwelt at the golf club, where spring had flung a lilt in the air, and through his window the joyous sun came peeping in at morn. He played mighty golf with a man he had not seen since they were at school together, and read of events in a far-off world, among them the production by Mr. Dorian of Pink Peaches at the Folly Theater. The Duchess of Jermyn had occupied a box on the first night.

"Mother must be getting gay," he thought; but a man in his old regiment came home on leave from the East and took a rough shoot and some fishing in Devonshire. He persuaded Rollo to go there with him and kill things. It was three weeks before Rollo returned to London.

Faced by the prospect of the season—the Derby, Ascot with its regimental and club tents and hospitality, debutantes, dances, fashionable polo, the horse show—his soul revolted. He sat in his own room and summed up life with the lucidity of twenty-six years:

"I shall never win Frederica and I shall never love anybody else. I have an unsatisfactory touch with women. The only girl I want won't marry me, and the ones I merely wish to befriend all want to marry me. There's only one life to live. Why stay and be torn in pieces? I shall draw out my nest egg, make my tour round the world and let everything else rip."

He slept peacefully, as a man does whose mind is made up. After breakfast he went out and bought four farewell gifts in the form of bracelets, platinum and diamonds for Frederica, gold and diamonds for Peggy, Marta and Muriel.

"Sound thing to choose, diamonds; they go with any frock," he told himself, and carried the bracelets home.

It is a sweet and comely thing to bid good-by to all one loves. Pen in hand, Rollo sought for such words as would move even Frederica's frigid heart. Luncheon had gone by and the hour of tea approached, when there came a purposeful ringing at the hall-door bell. A moment more brought Gregg, announcing Peggy, Marta and Muriel.

Rollo arose with guarded greeting, but it became evident they brought not peace but a sword. They spoke all at once, interrupting one another mercilessly. A wordy battle fought itself out in the calm air of his home. Mingled accusations hurtled to and fro.

At last he raised a compelling hand and said, "Marta, you used to have a little sense. If the others would kindly be quiet, I should be glad if you would tell me what all the fuss is about."

Marta, in her worn blue suit, stood out before the rest and flung the situation in his teeth:

"Muriel's been sacked by Scrymgeour because he says her association with you compromises her too much for a high-class solicitor's office. He considers a duke can't have a respectable friendship with a typist. Dorian's sacked Peggy because Pink Peaches is on its last legs, and she wouldn't encourage a millionaire ironmaster who might have put money into the show, simply because she felt it wouldn't be fair to you. I'm in debt up to my ears and the landlord's going to distrain on my furniture, because you've upset my entire life and I haven't been able to work for weeks. A temperament like mine can't stand these emotional disturbances. The thing we'd all like to know is, What you propose to do about us."

Editor's Note—This is the second of three stories by Mr. Bally. The last will appear in an early issue.

Stamp out Typhoid!

"IF only we had known!" Over and over again these words of helpless self-reproach echo in the hearts of those whose loved ones were taken from them by diseases now known to be preventable.

Perhaps in your own circle some one was stricken with typhoid fever—that sinister disease which comes without warning and strikes with deadly force, which spares neither rich nor poor, high nor low, young nor old, which so often leaves its victims physically bankrupt and subject to other ailments.

Typhoid fever is a disease of filth caused by a germ that is taken into the body through the mouth. The germ is conveyed into the intestines where it rapidly multiplies, sets up inflammation and creates a poison that floods the body. Sewage-contaminated water, unclean milk, shell-fish from polluted water, uncooked vegetables, house flies—all of these may carry typhoid. That is why it is so important that rigid supervision of water, milk and food supplies be maintained in every section of our country.

There Need Never Be Another Epidemic of Typhoid Fever

Science has bestowed a wonderful blessing in offering protection from typhoid. This merciless disease can be made as rare as yellow fever. Inoculation by means of a simple injection of vaccine under the skin will in most cases prevent typhoid. The injection is repeated at intervals of a week until three treatments have been given. No scar is left. In the rare cases where typhoid is contracted, even after inoculation, this protection makes the siege much less severe.

Campers, hikers, vacationists and all persons who are traveling, as well as those who regularly eat in public places should be the first to be inoculated against typhoid.

It is true that at times people who are exposed to typhoid do not contract it. They are temporarily immune. But it is *never* safe to take immunity for granted.

Be Inoculated and Advise Others to Protect Themselves

Could you ever excuse yourself had you advised a friend against inoculation who subsequently contracted the disease? Would you ever cease to reproach yourself should this dread disease strike your home? Make an appointment with your doctor for yourself and all your family. Avoid danger so far as possible regarding what you eat and drink.

DANGER!

THIS is the sort of thing that may mean typhoid fever for the whole family—a satisfying drink of cold, sparkling water that came from no-one-knows-where!

It is never safe to drink from any wayside streams or strange wells. Typhoid inoculation offers immunity to most people for two or three years, but to be absolutely safe, unknown water must be boiled.

Inoculation also tends to protect you from the danger of contracting typhoid right in your own home. In many cities the Health Department gives such inoculations free.

Household helpers who are "typhoid carriers" have been known to infect entire families.

Inoculation against typhoid has no relation to vaccinations for smallpox and diphtheria. It is an added health protection.

Typhoid fever kills one out of every ten persons who have it. Those who recover are left in such a weakened condition that for three years following an attack, the death-rate among such persons is twice the normal rate.

Wherever cities protect their supply of drinking water from sewage or purify the water by chlorination the death-rate from typhoid drops. A marked reduction also takes place in communities where milk and food supplies are carefully protected and food handlers thoroughly inspected.

The value of typhoid inoculation was proved during the World War. Inoculation of our four million men was compulsory. In France and in our training camps at home there was practically no typhoid in our ranks.

Contrast this with the records of the Spanish-American War. There our men—100,000 of them—went into typhoid-producing districts. One out of every *five* contracted the disease. Typhoid killed more than twice as many as were killed by bullets.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will be glad to mail its booklet, "The Conquest of Typhoid Fever" to all who are interested in stamping out this disease.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

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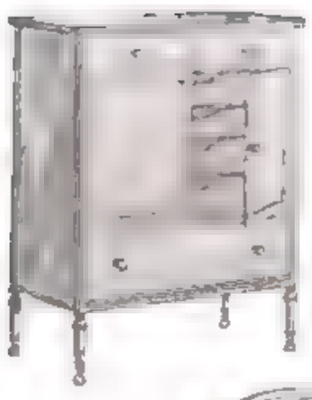
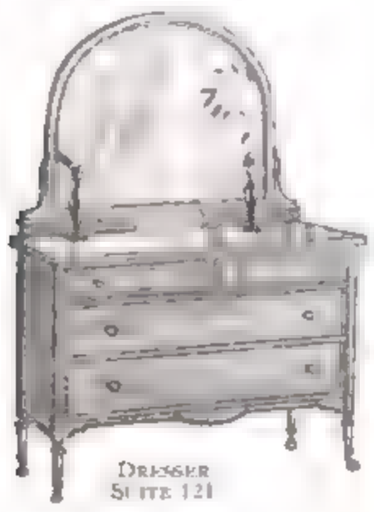


Dresser Table
Suite 109

Chiffrobe
Suite 109



Dresser
Suite 121

Night Table
Suite 121

SIMMONS NEW *Bedroom*

Not beds alone, but dressers, chiffoniers, chairs, vanities, tables, chifforobes, dressing tables, desks, and everything in bedroom furniture for the finest or simplest homes, at very moderate cost.

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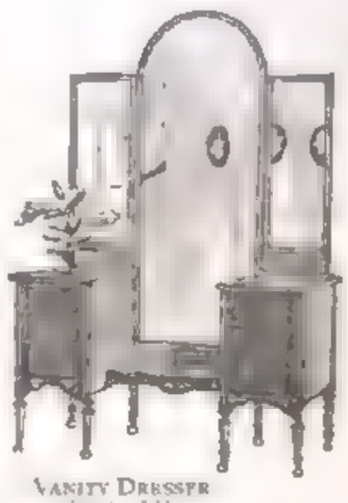
of bedroom furniture are included in eight Simmons suites. Here are twenty-four pieces typical of various styles.



Vanity Dresser
Suite 121

Dresser
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Night Table
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In a wide range of interesting new colors and designs, Simmons bedroom furniture brings you amazing advantages never before offered by any make of furniture.

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In the short time Simmons furniture has been on the market, 160,000 pieces have been bought for 650 hotels, clubs, etc., from the Sevilla-Biltmore at Havana, to the Pythian club house, Vancouver, B. C.

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The furniture itself is affected by neither dryness nor dampness. Drawers open freely, shut snugly in all kinds of weather. Careless handling will do no harm.

Never has furniture required so little care. Practical for fine or simple homes, cottage or camp, it keeps its beauty and serves twice as long as ordinary furniture.

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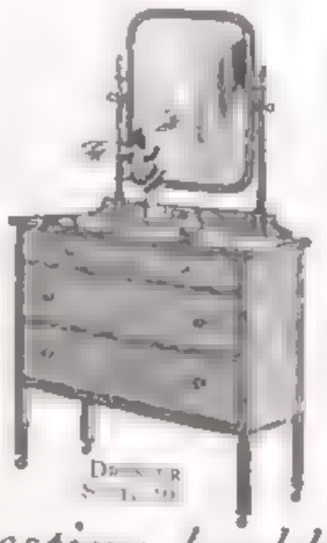

Dresser
Suite 107

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DRESSER CHAIR CHIFFORETTE AND BED, SUITE 113, IN ROSE CORAL, PALE GOLD AND BLACK

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SIMMONS Furniture

Be sure you find this label on the bedroom furniture you buy

color, picturing SIMMONS NEW FURNITURE *in tasteful schemes of bedroom decoration*

AN IMPERFECT IMPOSTOR

(Continued from Page 32)

by a mine? Anyway, it doesn't matter. You've had shell shock, and the result is you don't know B from a bull's foot. Pull yourself together, man. And where's your ticket?"

"I lost it, sir."

"That's all right, Milton," said Jeremy. "I'll see that it's all right. I'll answer for him."

"Yes, my lord," said Milton, puzzled. "If you say so, my lord. But I don't know what the company would say. All right, my lord. Good night, my lord."

But as the two men passed up the road alone, and he went the rounds to lock up the station, he mumbled to himself:

"Shell shock, eh? Rummy sort of shell shock. Something very deep here. Now why did that man recognize his lordship as Mr. Laytree or Maytree or Haytree, whatever it is. I'm sure it's no business of mine. But it looks decidedly fishy. Now I wonder ——"

"Ballan," said Jeremy as they walked up the road toward the castle, "you're an idiot."

"Yes, sir," said Ballan.

"A first-prize boob. You've given the show away to old Methuselah there."

"Yes, sir. What show, sir?"

"Well, I'm not Lord Amlett at all."

"No, sir; I never said you was."

"Don't be an ass. I'm supposed to be."

"Yes, sir."

For the second time within a few hours Jeremy found himself telling the unvarnished truth about himself. It was so refreshing that he began to fear he was contracting the habit. Ballan listened in silence.

Then he volunteered a suggestion.

"I'm sorry if I've put my foot in it, sir," he said. "But I saw your picture in a paper as the new owner of Pulldan Castle. It said nothing about lords, so I just thought you'd struck it lucky and came right along for the sake of old times to look you up. I'll go back right away, for I can see you're in a fix. But there's one idea, sir: You remember Colonel Jackson? Well, he's got a post in the Criminal Investigation Department at Scotland Yard. He was going to get me a job as a policeman. He's the man for your problem, sir."

"That's just what I'm afraid of," said Jeremy. "The less the C. I. D. hears about me, the better."

"But Colonel Jackson could hear the whole story, and he's got means of finding the missing Lord Amlett, and nothing need be said. He'd do it in a friendly way. Suppose I go back to town tomorrow and take a letter from you ——"

"No, you don't; no letters."

"Well, I could go and explain things to him. He'd come up like a shot, I'm sure, sir. I'd like to help, now I've made a bloomer. I'm not such a thundering ass usually, you know."

"That's true," said Jeremy. "I believe there's something in it. You go back to town tomorrow morning and fetch Colonel Jackson back here. Goodness knows, I've got into such a holy mess here, I'd like to have another man's opinion. I can't see the blessed wood for the bally trees."

Jeremy didn't tell Ballan the worst of his difficulties. He didn't tell him of the anomalous position of Olivia, who was bravely pretending to be the sister of a man whom so many people were beginning to know was not the man he was supposed to be; of Lady Dorothy and her unwelcome love for him; of the thousand and one elaborate pretenses by which his miserable position was bolstered up; of the money difficulty; of the countless little mistakes and omissions which added to the cloud of suspicion and general bewilderment which was settling down on all who lived in Pulldan Castle. After all, if Ballan grasped the main idea, that surely should be enough for him. No use clogging his brain up with useless details.

The butler was puzzled when his lordship arrived at the castle late and in the company of an entire stranger, with whom he sat up until two A.M. in the gun room, talking. It wasn't for him to gossip in the servants' hall. He could leave that for the footmen, who nobly fulfilled their duty in the matter. But it was queer. The following morning the car was ordered for the stranger, and his lordship saw him off in person. That was queer too.

"Who was that?" the butler heard Olivia ask Jeremy after breakfast. But the butler did not hear the answer.

Jeremy told her the whole story. He also told her that Lady Dorothy knew he was not Lord Amlett.

"My dear," she said, "if you tell many more people, there'll be no one left to know, and then it will be delightfully simple."

"Yes, and each one I tell immediately has a hold over me and limits my freedom of action. I feel like Gulliver already."

He did not tell Olivia the reason for his disclosures to Lady Dorothy, but she guessed.

"Poor old Jeremy," she said. "Was it very bad?"

"It was awful," he answered. "Worse than waiting to have a tooth out."

"By the way," said Olivia, "I wanted to ask you something. Have you heard any chance gossip about a mysterious woman in green?"

"No; why?"

"Well, I think you ought to know. I heard one or two odd remarks from villagers the other day, but they wouldn't say anything definite."

"What sort of remarks?"

"Oh, quite vague. Only it seems there is a stranger somewhere about who is asking questions. You know how anything out of the ordinary causes gossip in a village."

"I do—to my cost. . . . Have you ever seen her?"

"No. She comes into the village by train, I understand, and has been seen wandering about the castle gates. I wondered ——"

"My dear," he said gravely, "I don't quite know what your meaning is. But I can assure you I have no horrible past to come to sudden flower in a green frock. My present is quite horrible enough in parts. But whoever the lady in green may be, she has nothing to do with me."

The following day as he went down to meet Colonel Jackson, who had wired "Coming immediately" the station platform was deserted. But as he drove off with his guest he chanced to look back, and there for the first time he saw the woman in green, in deep conversation with old Milton, the station master.

"Let 'em all come!" said Jeremy grimly, as he put the car at full speed up the road.

VIII

COLONEL JACKSON, of the C. I. D., Ballan, Jeremy and Olivia held a council of war in the breakfast room the following morning. The first nip of early autumn was in the air, and a wood fire had been lighted, for at Pulldan very early rising was the usual habit. Jeremy sat on the high fender, cleaning a favorite pipe; Colonel Jackson sat opposite him, and Olivia remained in her high-backed chair, her head held high and an imp of amusement dancing in her eyes. Ballan kept in the background. He felt that he was out of place—a feeling which was, by the way, shared by the butler. But his lordship's orders was orders, and there you were.

"You seem to have involved yourself fairly completely in every direction," said Colonel Jackson. "You might have got away with it if you hadn't begun signing documents. Put a pen into a grown man's hand and he immediately relapses into second childhood. You should see some of the love letters —— Well, as I was saying, the mess now is largely a financial one. If any of the injured parties ——"

"There are no injured parties," said Jeremy. "I'm the only injured party."

"What about the next heir to the title? What about Aleck Thane? What about Lady Dorothy? Not financial injury, I grant it; but they've all reasons for not appreciating your imposture."

"Yes, and I'm up to be shot at by every one of the bunch! And they've all a grouse against me."

"If you take my advice," said Colonel Jackson, "you will gently and quietly disappear. Back to London. Never mind the title, never mind the castle, forget all about Lady Dorothy and Thane. You'd better both disappear—and don't come back until the real Lord Amlett turns up. Don't show your face."

"But what about money? We've been living on Olivia's share all this time, and we're both fairly stony by now. The agent has enough in his general account to carry on with, but until I start playing with the ancestral booty he's living from hand to mouth."

Colonel Jackson was one of those men who have the happy knack of seeing life as a series of possible alternatives. He considered the chances, ruthlessly rejected all but one, accepted that and carried it out without a backward glance. Such is the stuff of success.

His calm gray eyes showed no trace of emotion as he said, "Why not let the castle furnished?"

Jeremy glanced towards Olivia, fearful lest this vandalism toward her old home might disturb her.

"Pull yourself together," said Jeremy. "Pulldan's not exactly a seaside bungalow."

"But, Jeremy, it would be the very thing!" said Olivia.

"You really think so? Then we'll let it. Brilliant idea. I must confess I haven't the foggiest notion how to set about it. Had Ballan better slip down to the village and put a notice in the post-office window?"

"You'll want an agent," said Colonel Jackson, "to look after your interests, make inventories, fix and collect the rent, and see to ingoings and outgoings, repairs, and so on. Fortunately, I've a tenant who's looking for such a spot. He's American, and ——"

"Say no more," said Jeremy. "It's his money we want. Oh, Lord Amlett, what a tangled web we weave since you first taught us to deceive! You're going to have some nice surprises when you do come back. I had mine in installments. You'll get yours in one single issue, all with your name on."

"Poor old Arthur!" said Olivia. "I wonder where he is, really."

Olivia had been rather more serious lately, thought Jeremy. He wondered occasionally, when he had time to wonder—which was not often—at her absorption. He could not follow her there. Of course, he could realize when he began to think about it that all this which was something of a set strategical problem to him was a matter of infinite concern to her.

She was still profoundly disturbed by the sudden death of her brother and her father. The first had not been entirely unexpected, but the second had shocked her by its swift tragedy. She had cut herself off from all her friends and the word had gone forth through the county that Pulldan Castle was not a place to visit for some time to come. She was disturbed, too, about Aleck Thane. She had not told Jeremy of the scene she had had with him when she had told him that his suit was hopeless. Only then had she really fathomed the bully that lay at the bottom of Thane's character. That was a bitter disappointment. She had been fond of Thane, in a spirit of friendliness; she knew now that that friendship was dead. She had been fond of Lady Dorothy; amused by her vagaries, her ultra-fashionable whims, her extravagances; now she was afraid of her. She loved Pulldan Castle, knew every inch of its perfect park and woods; now it was to be let to strangers. All these things combined to trouble her; and, more important than all of them, there was the position of Jeremy himself. She could see the clouds gathering round him in every quarter; could see the position becoming more and more hopeless every day.

He bore it all, as she knew he would bear it, with a high courage, a joke, a laugh, in spite of the serious issues involved—and she loved him.

Since the day when they had ridden together in the early morning, and they had kissed, few words had escaped either of them as to their real feelings. They had joked and laughed about their difficulties, made light of them, and even at times referred to some distant happy period when they might be free to marry. But they had both avoided any serious declaration of their feelings.

"I'm going to send Ballan off," said Colonel Jackson, "to make some inquiries. You'll excuse us, Ballan!"

"Yes, sir."

The two men went out, and, save for the crackling of the wood fire, there was silence in the room for a while. Then: "Jeremy!" The voice was soft, pleading.

"Yes?"

"Come here."

He rose and stood beside her chair. She rose and faced him.

"Make a fuss of me," she whispered; "just a little. I'm—oh, I don't know—but I'm afraid. It's all so complicated, and there are so many things against you."

He took her gently in his arms.

"Whatever happens, my dear one," he said at last, "we've got each other. We've done nothing dishonest. We've been forced into a particularly awkward corner. If it hadn't been for you I'd have thrown in my hand long ago. As long as you're here I don't care."

There were tears in her eyes as she looked up at him.

"I've waited a long time, Jeremy, and really I'm not a very good waiter. At times things seem almost too difficult to be borne."

"I'm a rotten waiter, too," said Jeremy; "but it seems to me that we're making a great mistake waiting at all. I'm not sure that what is wanted isn't some sort of swift action."

"I should have thought you had had enough of swift action," she smiled. "Life has been fairly well packed with difficulties since first you met me."

"Since first I met your precious brother, you mean. He's the nigger in the woodpile. If it hadn't been for him, there would have been no difficulty. I wonder where he is. You see, if he was anywhere in touch with civilization, he would have been certain to have heard of what has happened. I sometimes wonder ——" He broke off.

"What?"

"—— whether he is ever coming back any more. Ah, don't take me too seriously, my dear," he went on, seeing her look of bewilderment. "It's only my pet nightmare. I ride it occasionally at night when I've had a fairly peaceful day, just to keep my hand in and to get used to the idea of the worst that can possibly happen."

"You're not making much of a fuss of me," she suggested.

"It's very difficult," he began. "I mean, it's difficult not to; but honestly, Olivia, I feel—well, I'm here under false pretenses. I don't want to take advantage ——"

"I hardly believed there were men like you," she said. "Now I know there is at least one, and in spite of all, I feel glad."

"I'm not much of a miracle," he said, smiling. "Just plain swab Jeremy Laytree. But I love you, Olivia. You see, somewhere in the world there is one man always for one woman. Sometimes they have all the luck

(Continued on Page 111)

When the SKEPTICS speak— Smile!

(But when your own engine speaks, listen)

"I never knew there was any power in oil"

(Nobody considered it until the Motor Check discovered it.)

"Been in the business for twenty years, and you can't tell me...."

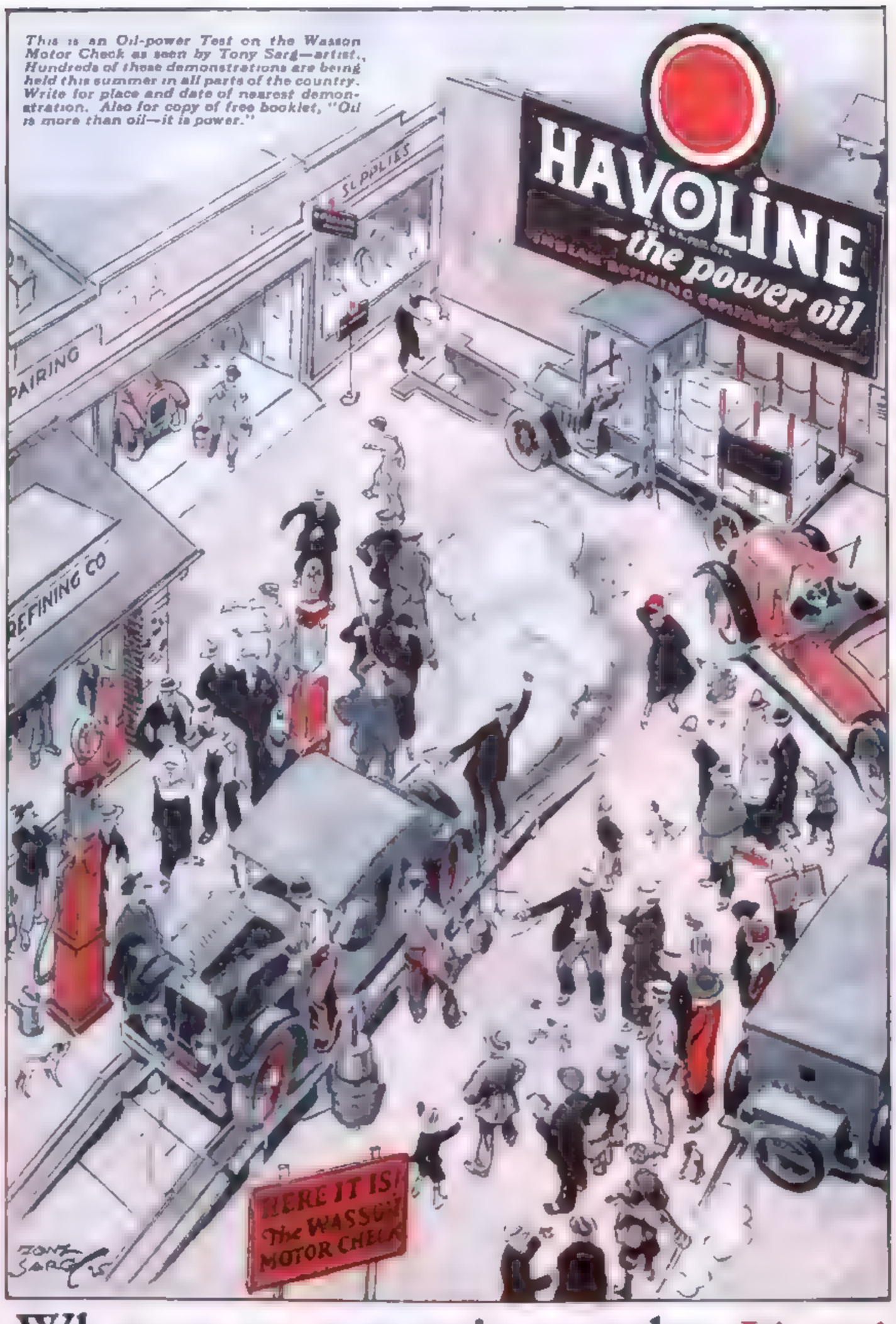
(All right; try Havoline and let your own engine tell you)

"Power nothing! Oil's oil"

(Until you feel the difference with Havoline—the power oil)

"How can it change your horse power? Oil isn't a fuel"

(Havoline doesn't let your fuel power slip past the pistons)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When your own engine speaks—*Listen!*

THE Wasson Motor Check has given your dumb engine a voice. It speaks the truth about oil. It says: "The right oil gives me power; the wrong oil steals my power." Until a year ago there was a confusion of tongues. Technical talk about lubrication. Then came the Wasson Motor Check and the discovery of this simple truth

—When your engine shows more power with one oil than with another, that oil is your best lubricant.

Over twenty thousand cars have spoken on the Motor Check—average cars in actual service, like yours and your neighbor's. They have convicted cheap oil, diluted oil, and oil of wrong body as power extinguishers. These tests have proved what millions of car owners have discovered for themselves on the road: that a fine motor oil, like Havoline, is power itself.

Prove it in your own car. Fill up with Havoline—a clean crank-case full. You will never know your power until you try it. Indian Refining Co., Inc., Lawrenceville, Ill.

When the CRITICS speak— Laugh!

(But when your own engine speaks, listen)

"Nothing new about that...just an oil draining rack"

(Plus scientific instruments to measure power and slippage.)

"Huh! One test doesn't prove much"

(But thousands of tests in over 50 cities are conclusive.)

"Not scientific! They'd get power with any fresh oil"

(But power will fade away with low quality or wrong grade oil.)

"Too intricate! I don't fall for every new invention"

(You fall for the intricate and new radio.)

Havoline by the single quart sells for 30c. Slightly higher in western states and in Canada.

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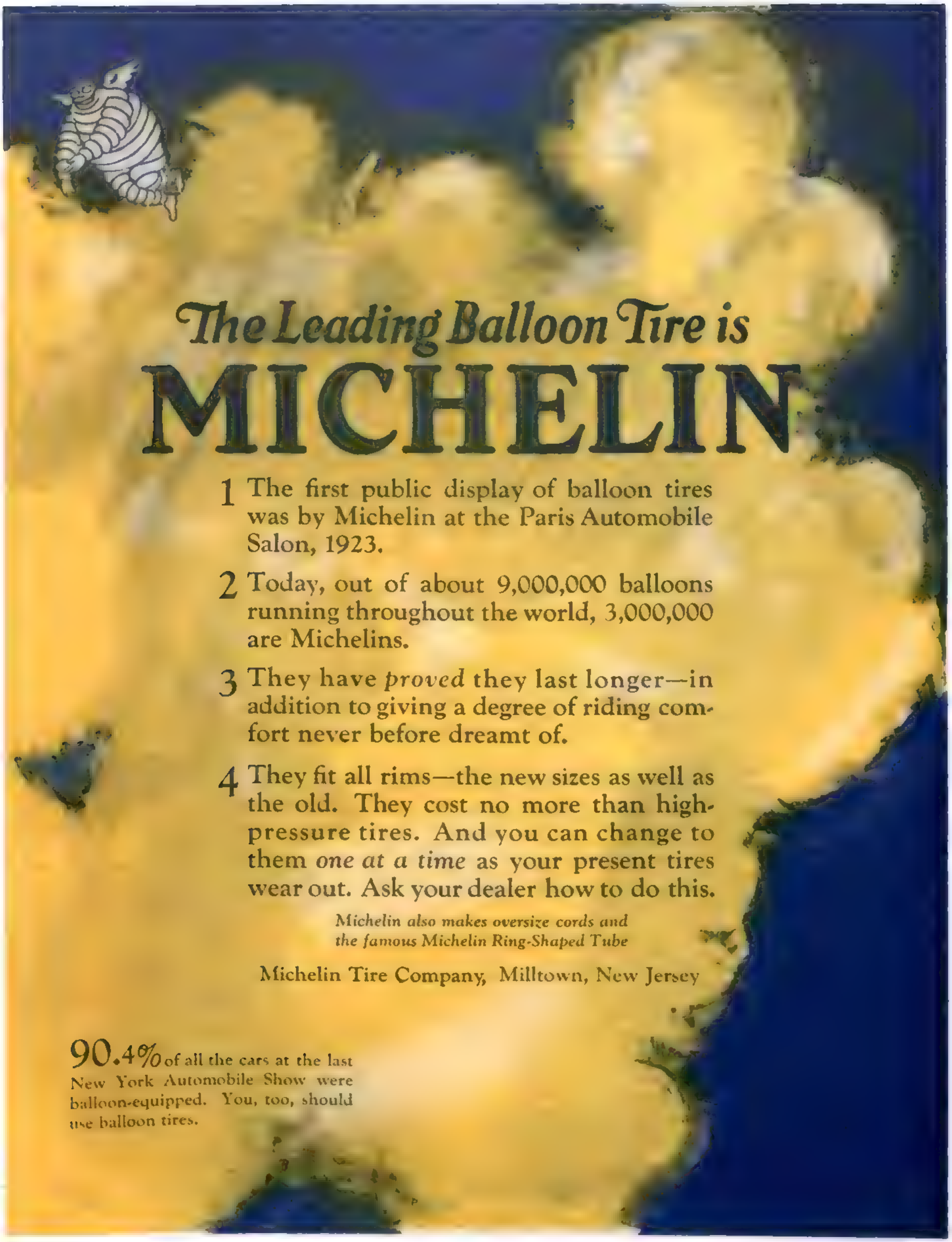
Michelin is the oldest of the world's automobile tire makers. Always a leader, Michelin is now forging ahead faster than ever. Last year Michelin's sales grew three times as fast as those of the tire industry as a whole. Today, 25,000 men are kept busy in Michelin factories to supply the great demand for Michelin Tires and Tubes.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1 The first public display of balloon tires was by Michelin at the Paris Automobile Salon, 1923.
2 Today, out of about 9,000,000 balloons running throughout the world, 3,000,000 are Michelins.
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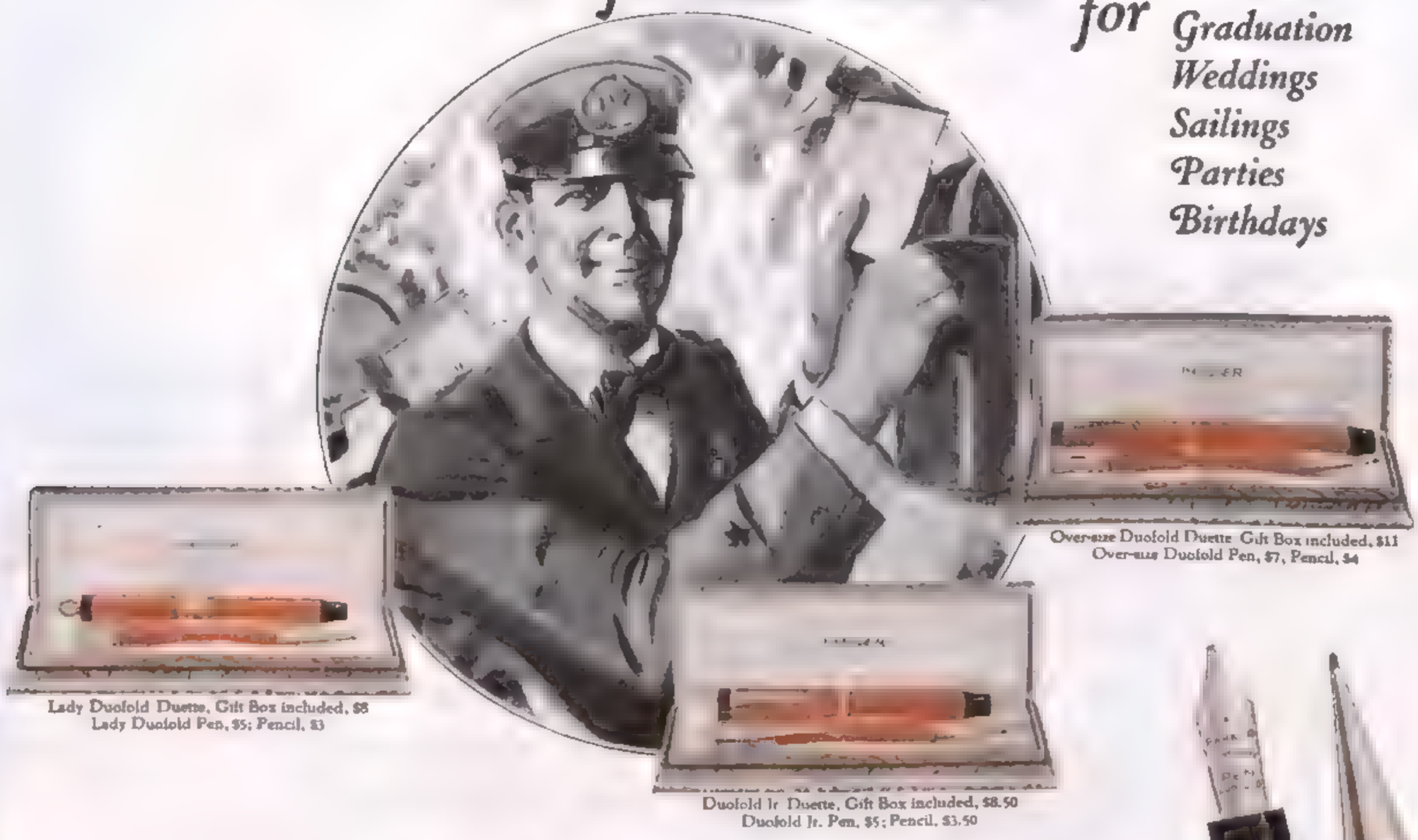

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Satin-lined Gift Case de luxe included

AS a Gift of Greeting or of Going-Away what present affords your friends as much every-day utility, or serves as such a subtile invitation to write, while furnishing them the urge to dash off those gossipy letters that you like the postman to bring.

This Parker writing team has won the heart of the world—balanced, symmetrical, handsomer than gold. And the Chinese lacquer-red color makes them hard to mislay besides.

Pencil Now Over-size, Too

Lady Duofold Pencil is still of small girth to fit slim fingers. But the Duofold Jr. and "Big Brother" Duofold Pencils are both built Over-size—"Big Brother" largest of all.

For men learned from the Duofold Pen how an Over-size barrel affords a full-handed grip that abolishes finger cramp.

All three have the Parker Non-Clog Propeller that turns the lead both OUT for writing and IN for carrying. Thus the lead can't snap off in the pocket or the hand-bag, or mark up the contents of either.

The Pen has the super-smooth Duofold point that's guaranteed, if not misused, for 25-years' wear. A pen that gives one's hand the speed and character that are daily assets to any career.

An Ink-Tight Pen on account of the Inner-Sleeve of the Duo-Sleeve Cap which forms a leak-proof seal. And no exposed filler—just a Button to Press, and it's capped inside the barrel—out of sight—out of harm's way.

Look at the pictures—note the prices below them. Then stop at the first pen counter and pick out your Duofold June Gift.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY · JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

NEW YORK · CHICAGO · THE PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN COMPANY, LTD., TORONTO, CANADA · SAN FRANCISCO

THE PARKER PEN CO., LIMITED, 2 AND 3 NORFOLK ST., STRAND, LONDON, ENGLAND

Red and Black Color Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

"Big Brother" Over-size Pencil $4

Over-size Duofold $7

Parker LUCKY CURVE Duofold Duette

Pen has 25 Year Point *Pencil turns lead OUT and IN*

(Continued from Page 108)

and they meet, and then nothing else matters. Sometimes they haven't any more luck than a lost dog, and they don't meet, and there you are. Anyway, we met, and when we've worked our way out of this jigsaw puzzle we'll tell the world."

For a long minute he held her to him, and then kissed her. She clung to him, happy in the knowledge of his love and in the certainty of her trust in him.

Three weeks later the supposed Lord Amlett sat alone in the gun room. He was facing the writing desk at which Philip Arthurton had worked, and he hated his task. It was littered with papers, all of which had to be dealt with. There was the usual litter of bills, many of them now urgently in need of payment. There was a bank pass book, which was a monument of human irony. It showed that the account of Arthur Arthurton, now Lord Amlett, was in credit to the amount of £5764. 13s. 11d, and a deposit-account pass book showed a credit of £13,-474. 9. 7.

"'Water, water, everywhere, nor any drop to drink,'" thought Jeremy.

He was painfully hard up. Difficulties had arisen over the amounts received from the letting of the castle, and the advance rent had been paid in to Lord Amlett's account. It was thus as inaccessible as any of the other money. For personal expenses Jeremy had borrowed a hundred pounds cash from Colonel Jackson, but the needs of his exalted position demanded that he should be able to sign checks. Several times, in his extremity, he had essayed the absent Arthur's signature. There was no doubt that if he presented a check at the bank himself it would be met. No one knowing all the story could blame him. There was nothing wrong in it. He had been commissioned to carry on the absent man's life *in toto*. He had done so under incredible difficulties. He had not touched a penny of the man's money. Nor did he intend to; and every time the idea had presented itself of using a signature that was not his own, to pay even the other man's bills, he had avoided the issue, hoping against hope that the other man would turn up.

Now he was alone. Colonel Jackson had gone back to town; Ballan was on some obscure trail somewhere. Olivia was in town arranging for her stay in London, and once he was clear of details of business, Jeremy himself was going back to the flat in St. John's Wood. The new tenants were due at the castle at the end of the week.

There was a knock at the door.

"Mr. Thane to see you, my lord."

"Show him in," said Jeremy.

Aleck Thane entered. He was dressed for riding and carried a heavy crop. He looked the picture of health and physical fitness. But Jeremy did not like the expression of his eyes.

"He looks like something out of the Inquisition," he thought. "Perhaps it's only my guilty conscience."

"'Morning, Thane," he said cheerily. "Take a pew. Will you smoke? You'll find Virginia in that silver box. Or do you prefer a pipe?"

"Thanks, I'll have a pipe," said Thane.

"Have a drink?"

"Don't mind if I do. I've been riding since eight."

Jeremy touched a bell and ordered port and biscuits. He had learned that much of the habits of the Dragoons—that mid-morning was the time for port and biscuits.

"You're leaving the castle, I hear."

"Yes; letting it furnished to an American who's stuck all over with loot. I'm going away."

"Ah! For long?"

"I don't know. I think we all need a change. May go down to Egypt later on."

"Findin' the place too expensive? We all come to it. I'm a bit hard up myself."

"Now I wonder exactly what Brer Rabbit's little game is," thought Jeremy. "He's got some perfectly beastly proposition up his sleeve which is going to take me in the wind in about five minutes. I can see it in his open countenance."

"And by the way," went on Thane, "you may remember that monkey you owe me."

"Ugh! It's come!" said Jeremy to himself. "And a monkey, too! By which he means five hundred of the best! Blest if I knew I owed him five hundred pounds. I suppose it's another legacy from my missing self."

"Yes, I remember," said Jeremy aloud.

"I'd be much obliged if you could—I hate to have to ask, but the fact is I'm in rather a hard corner myself."

"When do you want it?"

"Fact is I want it now. I've had a sort of an ultimatum which expires in about an hour."

Open on the desk in front of Jeremy was the pass book with its tantalizing balance. Next to it lay the check book. Thane must have seen both of them. Indeed he was looking in their direction now. No use saying he hadn't got the money. No use confessing, nothing was any use, save five hundred pounds immediately.

"It's a bit sudden," he said in a flat, lifeless voice.

"Hardly that. It's been on the stocks for well over three months!"

The man's voice was hard, determined. Jeremy disliked him more and more. It was obvious the fellow would have no mercy if he once really suspected the truth. After all, why not give him a check? The real Lord Amlett apparently owed him the money.

"There's your I. O. U.," said Thane, putting a slip of paper on the desk. "I hate to have to insist on it like this."

There was that in the tone of his voice which made refusal impossible. Jeremy's mind was made up.

"Cheer up!" he said. "I hate it far worse than you do."

He drew the check book toward him, wrote the check, signed it and passed it over. Thane put it away in an inside pocket without glancing at it, and then walked over to the fireplace.

"There's one other thing," he said.

"Yes?"

"May as well be outspoken about it."

"My experience is, when people begin in that way, what they really mean is may as well be rude about it! I hope that's not what you mean."

The man's arrogant attitude angered Jeremy. He was the more angry because he felt that Aleck Thane had, after all, more right to be there than he himself had. He knew, too, that he had made a mistake in signing the check. It was curious how he reacted in spite of himself to Thane's brusqueness. Thane's hardness seemed to call up an answering hardness in Jeremy, so that he always went further than he intended to go. When he was alone he was always making good resolutions about using tact and being diplomatic; when he was with Thane he had an irresistible impulse to follow impulsive reckless whims.

"That's not what I mean," said Thane.

"Good! 'Cos I don't see why we should quarrel."

"It's about Olivia," said Thane, swinging his crop in his hand.

"I thought that subject was closed."

"Well, it's not. So far as I'm concerned, it never will be closed."

"I thought you had spoken to Olivia herself about it."

"What's that got to do with you?"

"Don't be a prize idiot, Thane. Be an idiot if you like, but don't be a prize idiot. When you brought the subject up before I told you my advice was to clear out. You wouldn't listen. My advice is still to clear out. Not that I suppose you'll listen any more now than then."

"When I spoke to you last, you were not the head of the family. You are now. For what it's worth, you've got all that was coming to you. Once and for all—I'm not asking for your advice—I want to know whether you stand by what you said in Palestine when you told me to go in and win. If I can persuade Olivia to change her mind, have I your support, or must I count you on the other side—against me?"

"You've put the matter in a nutshell," said Jeremy. "I'm center forward on the other side. You've spoken out. You want me to speak out. Well, you can have it. If you were the last man on earth but one, and I was the other one, I'd say nothing doing. You can put that in your pipe and smoke it. If I can help it, you're not going to marry Olivia, now or at any other time. So that's that."

For one long silent moment Jeremy thought that Aleck Thane intended to hit him. They faced each other, two perfectly sane and respectable English gentlemen, who, because of some inherent difference in their composition, hated each other like poison. The overwhelming desire to let their dislike have its way with them welled up, struggled for the mastery—and sank back. They had not moved.

Then Thane turned on his heel, and with a heavy irony said, "Thanks for your courtesy."

As the door closed behind him Jeremy sighed.

"Ah, well!" he said, and turned once more to his papers.

But he was not left in peace for long. There was another knock on the door, and the butler entered.

"Begging your pardon, my lord."

"Yes, what is it?"

"I beg to give notice, my lord."

"Ah?"

"Yes, my lord. I'm sorry."

"So am I. What's all that whispering outside?"

"It's the other servants, my lord."

"Do they wish to give notice too?"

"Yes, my lord."

"All of them?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Have 'em in."

The butler showed the waiting servants in. Jeremy surveyed the crowd. Those nearest to him did not meet his eye, but their efforts to efface themselves were subtly circumvented by those in the background, who had even less wish to take the front-rank places.

"So you're all going?"

There was a faint murmur of assent, as though the wind had passed through a copse of dead trees.

"Any complaints?"

"It's not complaints, my lord," said the butler, who was spokesman. "But we'd rather go."

"You don't like the idea of the castle being let furnished?"

"No, my lord. But it's not that. We'd rather go."

This was something of a poser. Some of these people were old servants. He didn't like the idea of wholesale interference on these lines.

"Tell me," he said to the butler, "how long have you been with us?"

"Thirteen years next Michaelmas, my lord."

"That's a long time."

"Yes, my lord."

He turned to the housekeeper.

"And you?"

"Five years, my lord," she answered with a curtsy.

"What do you complain of?"

"Nothing, my lord."

"And you?" This to the first footman.

"Three years only, my lord. But I beg to give notice just the same, my lord."

"Um—I suppose you realize that you may put me in a very awkward position, all of you? I suppose that you will all want to leave in a week's time?"

"Excuse me, my lord," said the butler, "but perhaps I had better explain. We do not wish to work out our notice. We are quite ready to forfeit our notice money. We want to go at once."

This was a bombshell.

"Is that so?" Jeremy asked the general company. Again that faint murmur of assent passed through their ranks. "You'd like to go now?"

(Continued on Page 113)

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(Continued from Page 111)

"Yes, my lord," answered the butler.

"Right," said Jeremy. "You can go."

He turned away as though he had no more to say to them. His hands were tied; he could not speak out. He could see from their attitude that they were suspicious of him. The butler, for example—that rich and fruity old specimen must have known the man who ought to be Lord Amlett for thirteen years. Butlers saw a good deal. They were accustomed to watch and to say nothing. It was quite clear that they all expected to see him arrested at any minute. They were fearful, too, for their positions. They wanted to get away before the ship went down and the state of Pulldan Castle collapsed beneath them. He understood their feelings and realized that it was his fault. These people were going to lose good positions just because he, Jeremy Laytree, was not the man he was supposed to be.

"Just one moment," he said, as the movement toward the door began among them. The whisperings ceased. Jeremy had seen a possible way out. It wasn't good enough that these people should suffer through him. "You rather expected this to surprise me, I suppose. Well, it did. I hand it to you there. I hadn't exactly thought of anything of the kind. But I can tell you one thing: You're making the biggest mistake of your young lives. But because you're young and foolish, I wouldn't like you to hurt yourselves. I've accepted your notices, and I've told you that you can go, as you wished to go, at once. But I prophesy that within three months at the very outside you'll wish you'd counted ten. You'll want to be back at Pulldan again. Now listen! I'm going to write an order to Mr. Wilkins that the whole lot of you have been granted three months' leave, with pay, as from today."

There was a gasp of astonishment. They had imagined all kinds of endings to this momentous interview, but not that one. There was something princely in the idea, something superaristocratic in the gesture.

"If at the end of that time," went on Jeremy, "you are still of the same stiff-necked opinion, then your notices will be accepted. If, on the other hand, you wish to come back to Pulldan at the end of the period, you will be welcome. That will do then. I will send orders to Mr. Wilkins immediately."

"Ought to be full board wages," said a thin, sour voice—that of the second footman, a newcomer to Pulldan, a man generally disliked

"Ah!" said Jeremy, seizing the advantage. "That was Hopkinson, was it? Well, Hopkinson, as my offer does not meet with your approval, it does not apply to you. You are dismissed."

"Serves you jolly well right," muttered the parlor maid. "I'd have bitten my tongue out rather than said that."

They filed out at last, and Jeremy was left alone, uncertain whether he had won or lost.

Once more came a knock at the door. The butler entered.

"Begging your pardon, my lord," he began.

"Yes? What is the trouble now?"

"Well, my lord, we've been thinking it over below stairs, my lord ——"

"You're not going to apologize?" said Jeremy. "Never apologize when once you've made up your mind you're doing the right thing."

"No, my lord. But it's not that, my lord."

"Then what is it?"

"Well, if it's all the same to you, my lord, we'd rather not go. We've changed our minds, my lord. We don't wish to make things any more difficult than they are already, my lord."

"Thank you," said Jeremy.

"Then may I take it you will overlook what has happened, my lord?"

"Do you speak for all of them?"

"Yes, my lord. I may say when we were in the servants' hall someone proposed three cheers for his lordship."

"Ha! That's a rum idea!"

"Yes, my lord. That's what I thought."

Jeremy looked at the man who gave him the title and yet knew that he had no right to it.

There was a subtle humor in the situation which appealed to both of them. But their faces remained comically grave.

"I shall be very happy for you to carry on as usual," said Jeremy, his eyes twinkling.

"Yes, my lord. Thank you, my lord."

And Jeremy turned once more to his littered table, remarking to himself, "I think I won that round on points."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

JARRAD, LAST OF THE PINEYS

Continued from Page 5

September ushered in cranberry time. Nobody could lawfully forbid the gathering of blueberries on unfenced land; but with cranberries it was different—all the bogs of any size were owned and guarded. Here again Jarrad's minute knowledge of the woods and of every hidden bottom from the headwaters of Cedar Creek to the gurgling course of the Pennypot stood him in good stead. He knew of strayed bushes in forgotten mudholes far withdrawn from the ken of their rightful owners.

The grocer at Two Heads was a kindly man, but not above trying to find out the secret of the Ohne boy's increasing wealth. He asked questions as to the source of the cranberries, and when Jarrad, smiling with delight at being noticed, impulsively pointed north, south and east, the grocer decided his strange customer was not so simple as he looked and started the legend of Ohne's shrewdness. It was a legend that grew apace among the habitués of the corner store, for while Jarrad's friendly glances were ever eager and open, his tongue was as consistently tied. It occurred to no one that the few words he uttered formed his entire working vocabulary, for there were many he could read and yet never dared try to pronounce.

The second high light in Jarrad's existence was a veritable blaze, which all but blinded him; in truth, it belonged not so much to his insignificant body as to his exaggerated hunger for companionship as an abstract. No man could see or know the forest more clearly than he, but in all matters not pertaining to the actual physical contact of the woods he lived in an impenetrable fog. To him, formal funerals, marriages, christenings, were almost in the nature of bodiless ideas, interesting in the same way as are the peasant customs of the Bretons to a schoolma'am going abroad.

Into this fog walked a girl—a woman, really, for she was older than he. Anyone else would have been frightened at her appearance—tangled hair, sallow face, with eyes unequally placed, a Mother Hubbard belted above the hips, thus shortened to display several inches of grimy bare legs and grimier feet. But any other woman under the sun would have frightened Jarrad: not this one, for she melted into the background of just the things he had known all his days. It was her presence, dissociated from her misshapen body and her vacant face, that formed a miracle.

While he was absorbed in picking berries from a high bush she had come to stand on its farther side, and presently began silently adding her labor to his, pouring handfuls of pale-blue fruit into his bucket. It was a day of terrific heat, made resonant by a myriad insect noises. Close to the earth, under the blanket of the shrill din, there was silence. Jarrad was the first to break it, rebuking the girl sharply for including too many undersized berries. She docilely accepted the reproof and corrected her error. They had gone on from bush to bush, and just as naturally they came to his cabin together.

She stayed with him for a year and two months. That was the dream period, the unalloyed idyl, of a meager life. Out of material so crude as to be repulsive to others, Jarrad molded the perfect sphere of happiness. He drank from a brimming cup of content and lived in a state of mild inebriation—a sort of simmering ecstasy. For once, intuition made him genuinely secretive; he said nothing of the bewildering whirl of the wheel of fortune on his visits to Two Heads.

One day, returning hastily from the grocer's, caring little whether any of the innumerable twists in the road should yield a chance encounter or not, he came to the entrance to his cabin and noticed wheel tracks which were not his own. They entered by one side of the grass-grown fork and left by the other; but at the stem of the Y there were signs, easily readable, that a horse had stood there for some time, stamping his feet in the sand, apparently hard and dry on the surface, treacherously soft and moist beneath. The woman was gone.

No idea of pursuit occurred to Jarrad; as she had come of her own free will, so she had disappeared. Whether she had been enticed by a chance visitor or coerced by someone with authority over her was an event equally beyond the range of his speculation. She had not seemed beautiful to him at any time, nor had he loved her in the sense of devotion to an individual as such; but she had been with him within the fog, and as long as she had stayed and miserable as was her person, from her presence had emanated the warmth and illumination of fellowship. That seemed to him a great thing. To look back upon the months she had spent in his hovel would always be like coming suddenly from the shadowed depths of the woods into the sunlit blaze of a clearing.

At her going he felt a dumb pain to which he could give no name. For a time it even dulled his eyes; but as days lengthened into months it passed, leaving him just as he had been before her advent, only enriched by a knowledge of the possession of buried gold—something he could drag out and gloat over in the lonely hours of the long nights of winter. What mattered now, as before, was not herself, but the sheer miracle of her having been with him.

After four years, which were as like to the four which had preceded her coming as peas from the same pod, we come to the third high light in Jarrad's life. It was concerned with a double murder. Two men in the front seat of a motor car had been shot in the back while driving on one of the many lonely trails that led eventually to Chatsworth. It was evident that whoever committed the outrage had subsequently thrown the gears into reverse, gained momentum, swerved the car sharply and backed it into the brush as deep as it would go. The rear wheels had churned themselves in to the hubs. If the intent had been either to bury the car from sight or to turn it and flee, the purpose had been frustrated by the treacherous sand.

Jarrad happened to drive by the scene of the murder before anyone else. His first impulse after stopping his mule was to leap out and run to the assistance of the car in trouble, but something startlingly grotesque in the pose of its occupants arrested him. Like most woodsmen, however deliberate, he was keen of eye and rapid in deduction. Before he had time to think he knew the two men were dead. He stood up, then climbed on the board seat in his ramshackle wagon, and remained erect for a long time, reading as from an open book.

Here was a language he could understand and for which his mental vocabulary was

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more complete than that of any other man within a hundred miles. He was even unconscious of effort as he interpreted sign after sign in the exact sequence of the event. It was a vicious story, beginning with the double whang of a revolver and ending with the roar of an impotent engine, quickly stilled because of its terrifying threat of betrayal.

Jarrad had never killed anything in his whole life; he had never trapped a muskrat or skinned a skunk for easy money, even when his exchequer was at its lowest ebb. As for shooting a squirrel when he himself happened to be hungry, he would far rather have starved to death. He could not have explained this uncompromising aversion to slaughter; but it was simple enough, as are all things fundamental. Since the day of his first memory the live things of the woods had been his friends, blood brothers in his solitude. Without knowing it he looked upon their friendship as a recompense for his lack of human companionship. The killing of the least of them was consequently something he could not bring himself to do. Others might, but he would not.

Imagine the effect on such a person of the willful murder of two fellow beings. The world was a lonely place, and yet someone had not hesitated to do away with two men, possibly two friends. His eyes grew large and his swarthy cheeks were set afire by a glow from the smoldering excitement within him. He was frightened. He did not, however, place the horror on the crime, but on the waste.

"Police," "sheriff," "justice of the peace," were terms which meant nothing to him; hence he omitted the formality of hurrying to report his discovery to the proper authority. Instead, he drove on home at top speed, unharnessed the mule and turned her loose. He scarcely slept that night, and on the next day and the next he stayed within the cabin, held indoors by an instinctive impulse to hide, combined with a strange feeling of shame.

On the third day a posse followed the wagon tracks to his door and arrested him. The county had latterly been much in the public eye by reason of certain atrocious crimes which had remained unraveled and unpunished. The mood of prosecutor, constables and jury was one which demanded summary action of some sort, even as a measure of self-preservation in the esteem of the community. Consequently, for lack of any better clew, Jarrad was in due course indicted for murder. Upon his appearance in court, the judge, after a single glance, appointed a young lawyer to defend him.

This latest scion of the county bar was a shrewd, somewhat ironical young man who labored under the name of Leonidas Smith, and realized his handicap. Something out of the ordinary, some unusually striking trick of procedure, is necessary to lift a Smith so high above countless fellow Smiths that his name will stand out alone and be remembered when the smaller plums of the professional legal pie are being handed around. In Jarrad, Mr. Smith had reason to believe he had stumbled on his chance.

Never had lawyer a more mystifying client, for Jarrad, dragged into close contact with his fellow beings, was a happier man than he had been at any time save for those months set aside from life by companionship with the woman who had come and gone. His body might wince, shrinking from truths, suspicions and accusations which plunged like long-handled spears into the foggy regions of his brain; but his brown eyes never wavered from their proclamation of content, of well-being and such a joy as was quite foreign to Mr. Smith's limited experience.

Here was a man who had lived all his life in a poverty far more abject than the mere lack of riches; who scarcely knew how to read and write; who had no friend to say a good word for him except the storekeeper at Two Heads; who was accused of an atrocious murder; whose body was miserable and raggedly clothed—and who yet carried in his confiding eyes such a look of happiness as Mr. Smith had never before seen.

Idiocy, perhaps. He had heard of those Pineys. Probably the man was guilty; if so, here was the old defense of insanity more than half ready to hand.

But because insanity was so old and worn a subterfuge, Mr. Smith preferred to have none of it. He wanted something new, something striking, and began an intensive study of Jarrad as a possible forcing bed for an original idea as grotesque as Jarrad himself. He talked to him by the hour and gradually pieced out a fairly true picture of his life. He had approached these conversations in a spirit of good-humored condescension; but without knowing quite when it happened, he awoke suddenly to the fact that he was dealing with a personality so fresh and unused to contacts that to touch it anywhere was to light a warm spark.

From that moment Mr. Smith's attitude toward the case and his client changed completely. He was no longer intent on throwing the limelight on his own name and granting to the accused only such benefit as might chance to further his cause. What had begun to matter now was Jarrad himself—Jarrad, as a manifestation of simplicity and of unqualified trust. You couldn't abandon a man who looked at you like that, no matter what he had done. You couldn't turn your back on anyone so utterly confiding as to brush away the hair line between fortitude and faith and make you wonder whether he was the embodiment of courage or merely the reincarnation of God's fool.

In his gropings through Jarrad's past, Mr. Smith inevitably unearthed three events which were like spurs to the imagination. Posthumously, he became an eyewitness to the burial of Jarrad's mother. Against the somber background of scrub oak, pine and bog, he saw the picture as Jarrad himself could not see it—the gaunt body, laid away without a shroud; the glowering man, putting aside pick, shovel and ax to stand thenceforth alone with his thoughts; and finally the little boy, all eyes and tangled hair, rubbing one bare foot against the calf of his other leg as he balanced in uncertain wonder at the edge of the black grave

When the incident of the visiting woman was revealed in sparse outline, Mr. Smith asked a casual question:

"What was her name, Jarrad?"

Jarrad frowned in concentration before he answered, "I never asked her no name."

"What?" cried Mr. Smith, glad of a chance to smile. "You lived with a woman for more than a year and never found out her name?"

"She never asked mine neither," said Jarrad, his face crinkling into companionable laughter while his eyes remained puzzled.

Then a strange thing happened to his face—it turned grave and sweet in its subconscious allegiance to memory. It was as though a straying breath of air, laden with a faint fragrance of balsam, had slipped through the narrow window to fan his nostrils. They distended; for a moment he

(Continued on Page 119)

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(Continued from Page 114)

was far away from bars and walls, and even from his new-found friend. Forgotten was everything that had come in between; gone the level years of lonely toil, and even the day of horror which had thrown him out of the Pineys into the midst of men. He was back at that instant in life when he had discovered the woman, standing beside him, picking pale-blue berries from the same bush, dropping them into his bucket.

What a day that had been! Hot—so hot that the leaves of towering fox grapes had gasped and turned up the white bellies of their undersides in surrender to the sun. He could still see that startling sheen of silver against the shadowed background of the singing woods. Yes, the woods sang on a day like that—a high, shrill note with a smell to it, vibrating minutely in unison with the dry, sawing wings of a million noisy insects—fanning themselves, talking to one another, all yelling the same thing: "Heat! Heat! Heat!"

"It was a vurry hot day when she come," he murmured, staring absently before him; "and when she go, I feel cold for a long time."

It was Mr. Smith's turn to frown. There were people who could live like that, for weeks, for months, for more than a year, so close to the ground that names did not matter—and Jarrad was one of them. What had they said to each other in all that time? Short phrases must have done the work of whole arguments: "Fetch water." "Get wood." "Where we going?" "Moss." "Blueberries." "Cranberries." "Snowing." "Make the fire." "Two Heads." "You back by night time?" "Ye-ah." A score of words, occasionally changing the order of their march, might have stretched from one end to the other of the happiest year of Jarrad's life.

After a long silence Mr. Smith put another question.

"Now what about the murder?" he asked quietly.

"Heh?"

"The murder," repeated Mr. Smith. "You know—the two men dead in the automobile."

"Ah!"

A film seemed to spread over Jarrad's eager face. Smith could see that here was a subject he could not talk about without genuine pain—not the pain of a physical injury, but that deeper agony of the bruised stalk of one's inner self. He gulped and turned red. He displayed all those symptoms of hesitancy, embarrassment and confusion which juries have been wont to accept only too often as presumptive evidences of guilt.

"Go on," prompted Mr. Smith. "Don't be afraid. Tell me about it, exactly as it happened."

Jarrad was sitting on a bench set against the wall of his cell. Through the small barred window on his left poured a shaft of light which struck across his face, throwing the web of fine lines upon it into startling relief. He sat with his legs open, his hands placed on his knees and his head fallen forward. Presently he sighed profoundly, slowly raised his head, fixed his eyes on a picture far outside the prison walls and began to talk. In language as lean and direct as an arrow, he told the story of his discovery of the murdered men.

Mr. Smith was surprised and then stupefied by its effect on himself. A strange thing had happened. He was left without a single doubt as to Jarrad's innocence, and also without a single hook upon which he could hang a plausible defense. It had taken him many days to begin to understand Jarrad; how could he expect a dozen men, hard pressed by mob opinion and the lash of a smarting prosecutor's tongue, to learn in a few hours to accept what fell from an apparent half-wit's mouth as the distillation of truth, incapable of distention or adornment?

In desperation, he began to ask a string of questions, all based on motive, which he knew Jarrad could not answer. Why had he not gone for the police, or to his friend, the grocer at Two Heads? Why had he driven his mule at a gallop? Why had he gone home? And, once there, why had he locked himself in for two days? With exasperation, the young lawyer realized that he himself knew the answer to all these questions, but could not make it intelligible in words, and that Jarrad neither knew his motive nor had the capacity to make it evident.

But all these considerations suddenly shriveled into insignificance in the face of Mr. Smith's next astonishing discovery. He had not seen it coming. It had crept upon him slowly from behind, leaped upon his back and struck a penetrating claw into his brain before he knew it was there. Even so, the discovery remained for a moment unbelievable, for who could credit what Mr. Smith now knew—that Jarrad had not an inkling of the fact that he was on trial for what had already come to be called the Piney murders?

Mr. Smith left the cell hurriedly and went for a long walk. Here was such a situation as had surely never before confronted a lawyer—an exception to the father of all rules which declares that there is nothing new under the sun. He might, of course, hammer into Jarrad's restricted consciousness the intelligence of his predicament, but that was the last thing he wished to do. Of what would it avail to see a spirit suddenly wither at its innermost source? Any one of us can kill the thing that matters most in another, but to few is it given to keep that thing alive.

From that hour the defense of Jarrad's neck became a mere contributory action. Only if he could conduct this trial in such a way that his friend and client might never know of the horrible accusation against him could Mr. Smith feel that he had risen to the measure of his opportunity. A few days ago he would have looked upon such an attempt as an aberration of his legal mind; but now that he had perceived Jarrad's innocence as something miraculously warm and alive, protected by a thick wall of silence built of unintelligible words, the feat seemed well within the limits of possibility. All that was needed was a summary acquittal.

As he walked rapidly along a wood path, eyes on the ground, hands clenching and unclenching, Mr. Smith wondered if more seasoned lawyers ever felt what he was feeling—a personal and vindictive reaction against a hypothetical miscarriage of justice. He could even imagine himself leaping at the throats of the men who should convict Jarrad of murder. Yes; if they should do that, it wouldn't be safe for him to have a gun in his pocket!

What made things worse was that such a conviction was by no means improbable, owing to the accumulation of onus on the state. The series of atrocious murders, unsolved and unpunished, had made a futility of judges and juries and a laughingstock of detectors of crime, professional and amateur. Great names had faded away in the blight of failure, and even the public at large had come to feel itself duped—a condition which any beginner in the study of mob psychology could size up as loaded with menace to the ancient tradition of the benefit of the doubt.

The times were peculiarly ripe for convictions on circumstantial evidence; and not more than a week before, Mr. Smith had heard two legal lights agree that a certain man, serving a sentence of twenty years in the penitentiary, had been guilty of nothing but fright. Well, if that was a crime, Jarrad was guilty too—even though what he had felt had not been fright, but a horror indistinguishable from fear.

Then, with an abruptness which would have been comical to any onlooker, Mr. Smith's walk came to an end. He stopped with a jolt and stood quite still for the space of thirty seconds, while his eyes brightened, his lips curved into a smile and his head drew slowly erect. After that he turned and sauntered homeward. During the days which followed he saw a great deal of Jarrad, but never again mentioned the murder. He did not consider the time he spent at the jail wasted, for in reading his strange client he was studying the only book of precedents applicable to his cause.

At last the case came to trial, and Mr. Smith welcomed the event. He had his defense ready—so ready that he could think of it with a chuckle and dismiss it with a shrug. His smiling confidence created something of a stir, but its effect was as nothing compared with that of the prisoner's bearing. It amused Mr. Smith to watch the puzzled expression on the faces of the judge, of the jurors and, most of all, of the audience, for he knew what it was that puzzled them. They were stumped by the fact that when they looked at Jarrad Ohne they saw a prisoner in the dock; but when Jarrad's eyes chanced to look at them they caught their breath, overwhelmed by a visualization of release. It was as if the abstract idea of freedom could be reduced to something more substantial than an essence—something as real as a friendly dog, roaming around the room, wagging his tail, asking to be petted by every stranger's hand.

But when the prosecuting attorney began to pile up his circumstantial evidence, it was Mr. Smith's turn to wonder if he was dreaming. The confidence he had in his argument for acquittal almost deserted him. He was appalled at the manner in which details, casual and trifling in themselves, could be linked together by a mind with a fixed goal in view so that they seemed to form an unbreakable chain, a web without a loophole. He realized what no amount of reading and didactic warning had been able to drill into his head—the abysmal treachery of indirect evidence. But in the end he regained his assurance.

"Your Honor," he began, "one point stands out above all others in the able presentation made by the state, and that is the clearness with which it has been established that the perpetrator of this outrage was cold-blooded enough to sit on the knees of the dead driver and back the car of his victims off the road into the scrub growth, almost but not quite out of sight of passers-by.

"My insignificance as a lawyer is emphasized by the fact that I have been appointed to defend a man so destitute of money, friends and reputation that no other voice has been raised in protest against his indictment. But I wish the court and the prosecution to know that if I believed the defendant to be guilty of this atrocious murder I would immediately withdraw and let justice take its course rather than traffic for specious fame with the safety of the community."

The judge bowed solemnly in recognition of the noble sentiments of the youthful defending attorney; the prosecutor smiled cynically; the jury and many of the spectators stared unbelievingly. Only Jarrad, tremendously impressed at the ready flow of long and meaningless words, gasped with admiration, nodded encouragingly and grinned from ear to ear. He was delighted that he and his friend should simultaneously appear thus prominently in the public eye.

"Your Honor," continued Mr. Smith, "before any witnesses are called, and especially before the defendant is sworn, I wish to present an exhibit too large to be introduced into this building. I believe it will have a decided influence on the course of this case. I consequently take the liberty to beg that court be adjourned to the yard for a few minutes."

The judge conceded the request. The prisoner, under escort, was led out first; the judge followed, and in his train went clerk, counsel and spectators. Court was called to order in the shade of the jail wall where a few privileged cars were parked. Mr. Smith walked around one of them, took up an easy position with his foot on the running board, and leaned inward, resting one elbow on the back of the front seat.

"Come here, Jarrad."

Jarrad glanced around questioningly. His face was solemn, but not perturbed; it had the intent, earnest look of a child learning a new game. The judge nodded; the constable gave him a push forward. He went to join his counsel at the farther side of the car and thus was placed facing the assembly of authorities and onlookers. Mr. Smith laid his hand on the wheel.

"Jarrad," he asked, "what is this?"

"Automobile," said Jarrad eagerly.

"And this?" asked Mr. Smith, switching on the lights, which threw pale moons on the red brick wall.

"Automobile," answered Jarrad.

"And this?" continued Mr. Smith as he leaned over and pressed the starter till it ground like a broken coffee mill.

"Automobile," declared Jarrad fervently.

"Now, Jarrad, come here." Mr. Smith led the way to the back of the car, knelt down and turned the cock of the gas tank. "What's that?" he asked as the gasoline began to trickle.

"Water," said Jarrad.

"No, no!" cried Mr. Smith. "Don't be stupid. Take your time and think. Don't say another word until I tell you to speak. Kneel down."

Jarrad obeyed, his mind more than acquiescent, but his body wary against his will by force of its long training in caution. Mr. Smith cupped one hand and caught some of the gasoline.

"So. Don't be afraid. Catch some of it in your hand like this."

Jarrad held out a browned and grimy paw. The gasoline had a warm, soft feeling. Its exhalation made it seem to creep actively. His hand quivered.

"Now don't say anything yet. Just smell it—taste it, if you like—it won't hurt you. Here, watch this."

With his free hand Mr. Smith drew out a handkerchief, sopped it in the gas, turned off the flow, tossed the handkerchief to a safe distance, went to it, struck a match and set it afire.

As it blazed he drew erect.

"Is that water?" he cried. "You know it isn't! Would water burn like that? Now tell the judge what it is."

"Automobile," declared Jarrad vehemently.

There was a long pause. Mr. Smith dusted off his knees, then threw up his head and faced the judge.

"Your Honor," he said gravely, "we live in a community where one person in every four owns a motor car, a tractor or a truck. It has become natural to us—judge, jurors and lawyers alike—to presuppose a certain knowledge of mechanics in every grown man. That fact comprises the only vestige of excuse for the stupidity with which the accused has been arraigned, indicted and prosecuted for a crime for which you or I or any man or boy present might have been tried with much more reason. I move that the case be dismissed."

"Motion granted," said the judge, a congratulatory twinkle in his eye. "Prisoner discharged."

"You are free, Jarrad," said his young counsel.

Jarrad was still on his knees. He looked up at Mr. Smith, at the judge and his aids, who were already hurrying away, and at the curious crowd, studying him with the rapt faces of children at the Zoo.

"Free?"

"Just that and no more. The law provides conveyance for suspected persons and convicts, but none for a man who has done no wrong. I'm afraid you'll have to walk, but you are free to go back home."

"Home, eh?" asked Jarrad, frowning.

"Yes; to the Pineys."

Jarrad had enough money in the lining of his boot to have paid his defender quite a respectable fee, and much more than enough to provide himself with any grade of transportation; but no one present, not even Mr. Smith, had sufficient imagination to overcome the deduction that cash and such tattered clothing must be strangers to each other. Much less was there anyone in the curious group who could sense that for one more hour of sociable imprisonment

(Continued on Page 121)

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A glimpse of the studio of HARRISON FISHER, *the artist, where the Model 20 is installed*

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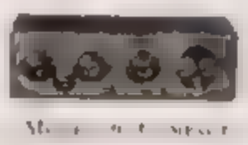

(Continued from Page 119)

Jarrad would gladly have handed over his entire savings.

He saw his lawyer turn from him with a friendly nod and the throng begin to melt. The eager light went out of his eyes. He got to his feet, raised his head, glanced at the sun, pointed his nose like a hound taking a scent and started off in a bee line for the Pineys. At the first corner, however, he turned back and intercepted Mr. Smith on his way into the courthouse.

"Say," he asked with an uncertain smile, "are me and you friends?"

"You bet we are," replied Mr. Smith, holding out his hand. "Don't you ever dare come into town without looking me up. Do you understand that, Jarrad?"

"Sure!" cried Jarrad, laughter suddenly reborn in his eyes. "It's a long way to my place. I buy me an automobile tomorrow—come to town every Saturday."

The judge was waiting on the courthouse steps to speak to Mr. Smith.

"That was a queer client I handed you," he said, "but I offer you my hearty congratulations. I'll never forget the way you handled the case. I'm afraid there was no fee, but you needn't mind that."

"Judge," said Mr. Smith, "you are patting me on the back for having won one case, while I'm congratulating myself on having won quite another."

"What do you mean by that, young man?" asked the judge with a puzzled frown.

"Well, for one thing, my client isn't a pauper by a long shot. He's going to buy himself a motor car tomorrow."

"So he paid you, did he?"

"No, he didn't—not in cash. He would have if I had asked him, but I couldn't."

"Why not?"

"Because if I had I'd have lost the main case I won for him."

"That's enough of riddles. Speak out or I'll begin to think your head is turned."

"Not mine, judge," said Mr. Smith with a confident smile. "Think this over: Your Honor has just presided at a murder trial where the prisoner didn't know he was accused of murder, doesn't know it yet, and never will know it if you and I can keep our mouths shut."

DOWN THE STRETCH

(Continued from Page 7)

Over at Walker Station, not many miles from our home—we had moved back to Missouri from Kentucky—lived a rich man who owned some horses. I found out that he wanted a pony for his young son, so I rode over to see him.

"This is a fine pony," I said. "I traded the fastest mule in the world for him."

"What do you mean by the fastest mule in the world?" the man asked.

"Why, my mule—the one I traded for this pony. She could run so fast my father wanted to know what kind of oats I gave her to eat."

"Oh, I see! That means I've got to give you a pretty good horse in exchange for your pony."

I assured him he had grasped my idea and we went to the barn to look over his horses. I picked out a trim-looking gelding, and as he was willing we closed the deal. When I got the gelding back to our stable, riding him all the way, the old gentleman met me and asked what had become of my pony.

"I traded him over at Walker Station for this here gelding," I told him.

My father looked over the gelding from head to foot, examining him carefully to see if he was sound. He was chuckling all over, right down to his boot tops.

"Son, there sure ain't any doubt about you being a Hildreth; that there's a pretty nice horse you got."

Bodkins' Bargain

That very afternoon I started in training the gelding. In a couple of weeks I had him so he could step along with some of the fastest horses in our stable. One day Perry, my oldest brother, got astride of him on the training field and sent him along a quarter while my father held the stop watch on him. Then father took charge of training the gelding and a few weeks later entered him in the State Fair races at Nevada, Missouri. He cantalouped home a winner in two races and father sold him for $750, feeling certain that the gelding was a Kentucky Thoroughbred that had been stolen by the drover who had sold him to the man at Walker Station. At any rate, I'd made a neat profit on my first horse transaction. The only sad part of it was that father was a little harder up than usual and kept the money.

The drovers used to thrive in Kentucky and Missouri. Some of them were on the square and others weren't always particular how they got their horses. Sometimes you could pick up a fine Thoroughbred for a shoe string. My father was training once for old man Bodkins at Joplin. Bodkins had a three-year-old named Vapor that ran on the tracks at Joplin, Mexico, Columbia and Moberly. In the next stall to Vapor was a four-year-old gelding. He was built along racy lines and he took my father's eye.

"That fellow looks like a real race horse. Suppose I train him and see how fast he is," my father suggested to old man Bodkins. Bodkins was willing.

"Go ahead, but I don't reckon he's much good. Only paid fifty dollars for him off a drover."

In a month father had him primed for a race and entered him. I was a little older then and had taken to riding. I was the greatest jock the turf has ever known too—ask Earl Sande or Laverne Fator. Earl and Laverne asked me the other night what my record was for straight winners and I told them I never lost a race.

"How many races did you ride?" asked Earl.

"Two hundred and forty-eight races and a half, and never lost a race," I told him.

"Can you find it in the record books?" Earl wanted to know.

I said maybe he could if he could find the record books. And I want to say right now that I didn't like the way Earl and Laverne laughed when I told them about my great riding record.

Anyway, I won hands down with old man Bodkins' gelding and I can prove that. He turned out to be one of the fastest tricks of the year and won many races. His name comes to my mind and slips away again, and I can't just remember it now. But I do remember that he beat, among others, Mr. Peine's Bonnie Scotland colt, John W. Norton, which was as good a race horse as the little tracks knew back in 1880. There's no doubt in the world that that little gelding had been bred in the purple, as they say nowadays—a real Kentucky or Missouri Thoroughbred that had the blood of racing kinds in his veins. And just think, old man Bodkins got him for fifty dollars! I hope John Madden hears about this. Next time he looks me in the eye and says in his offhand way, "Sam, I'll sell you this one dirt cheap for $100,000," I'm going to tell him about how much old man Bodkins paid the drover for that gelding.

Next to his family, my father loved two things best—his horses and his rovings. I was about five years old, so it must have been 1871, when he was down at the general store one evening and heard some fellows talking about horse racing in Texas.

"There's a horseman named Jim Brown down in Texas who's got some mighty sweet ones; and say, boy, how that little devil will bet on his horses!" one of them told my father.

"I'll just bet he hasn't anything in his barn can beat Red Morocco. I'll take any bet he wants to make—that's me all over," said father, in that cool, calculated tone he used when he got to talking match races.

When he got home a little later he told mother to pack up the things in the house—everything, kids, horses and all; we are going down to Texas on a matter of important business. It didn't faze mother any; she was a thoroughbred all the way through—came from the Crawfords of Virginia—and I reckon she got so used to roving with father that she liked it.

A few days later, had you been in the country where Missouri hitches up with Kansas, you would have seen the whole Hildreth family and all their belongings on the move, kicking up an awful dust with their four wagons, ten or twelve race horses and six or seven riding horses. When night fell you would have seen old man Hildreth and his six sons busy pitching the tents for the family and the best racers to quarter in for the night, while Ma Hildreth and the girls were puttering around a camp fire, cooking things to eat that had a tangier taste to them, after the day's travel, than anything I've ever found since. Corn bread, fried bacon and sweet potatoes roasted in the hot wood embers. What an appetite and what a meal! You can just bet there wasn't anybody in our family off his feed on that trip.

A Go-Getter Sheriff

When we got down to Fort Scott they told us we'd better be a little careful about going through the Indian Nations by ourselves. They told us about the awful things that had happened to families traveling alone—how the Indians would lie in wait and massacre a whole outfit of white men. They cheered us up, too, about the road agents who would take a fancy to our little store of money and a stronger liking even to our string of Thoroughbreds. There wasn't anything they forgot to say about the dangers of the trip, and I reckon they laid it on a little thick. But I remember the old gentleman thought it best not to take any chances with his family and his horses; so we lay over for a few days to join a caravan of fifty or sixty wagons going in our direction. Everybody in the crew was on horseback except the very old women and the babies. At night the men would take turns standing watch for the Indians and road agents. But they never came. We got to Texas without trouble.

Now I was such a little codger at the time I don't quite remember in what part of Texas it was we found Jim Brown. I believe he came originally from Fort Worth, but he was once sheriff of Lee County and it might have been there. Everybody knew him through that part of Texas. He was a little bit of a whippersnapper, leather-faced, thin and wiry and as courageous as they made them, even in that country, where a fellow couldn't get by unless he had his nerve with him. Lee County had as ornery a bunch of horse thieves, road agents and murderers as you could find in any part of the South. It got so bad people were afraid to live in the county and they began flocking away to safer places.

Jim Brown, the runt, told them if they'd elect him sheriff he'd clean the county up in no time. They took him at his word and gave him the sheriff's badge. First thing Jim did was to set sail for the leaders of the gang, Wesley Hardin and Bill Langley, a couple of nice fellows who were proud of their reputation for terrorizing and killing. Thirteen dead men—that's what Langley's record was, and Hardin's eleven. Brown picked up Hardin's trail in a jiffy, followed him hundreds of miles on horseback through Texas, the Indian Nations, Kansas and back to Lee County. There he bagged him.

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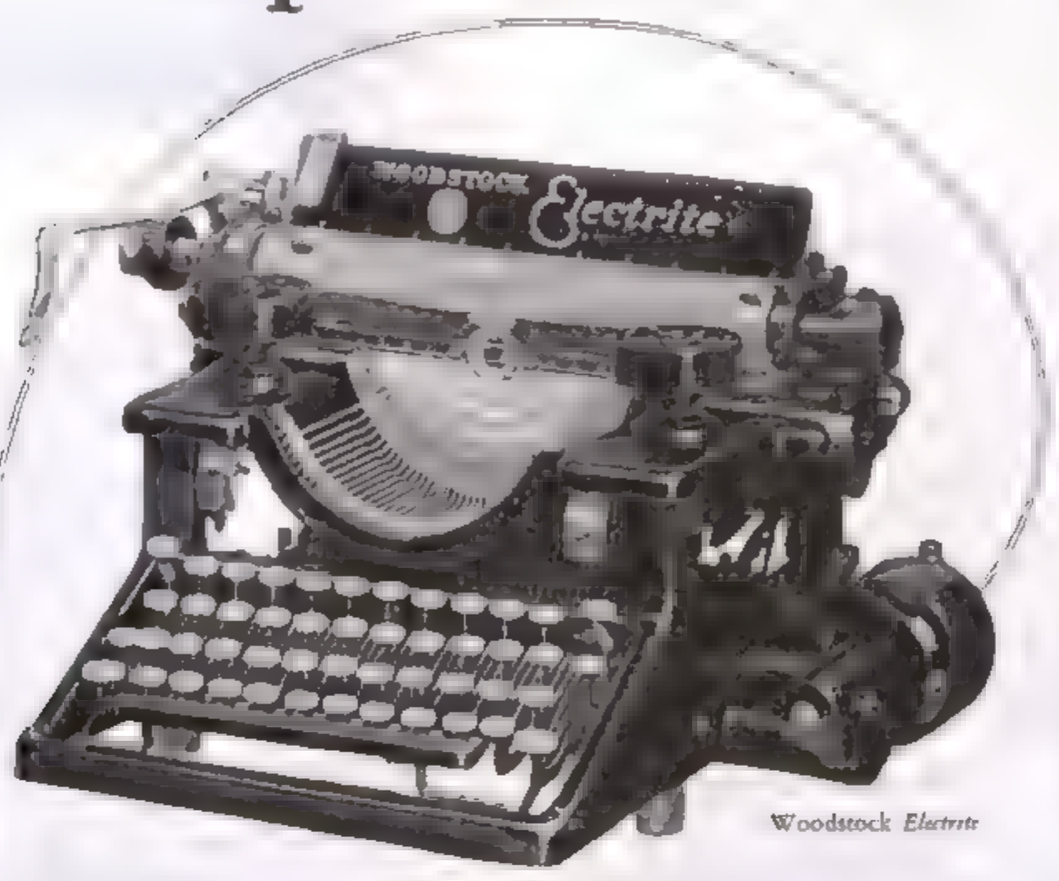

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When he tied him up and toted him back to the town jail a mob tried to take Hardin away from him so they could string him up, but that wasn't Brown's idea of the law and he saw to it that the killer got a square trial. The jury sent him to prison for life.

Langley boasted he'd never be taken alive, but he didn't know the little sheriff. One day soon afterward Brown got the drop on him, bound him up with a lariat and landed him in jail. The county hangman did the rest. And those two little happenings took so much steam out of the Langley-Hardin gang they either quit banditing or went some place where the sheriffs weren't so runty and active.

But Lee County didn't really get cleaned up until some horse thieves made a night raid on a racing barn and stole the best race horse in Brown's string and a valuable mule of his. That was the blow-off. It was bad enough for them to go around shooting up people, but the limit was reached when they swiped Brown's race horse on him. There were three of them in the gang and Brown started hot after them. Two hundred miles out of Lee County he came face to face with them in the dusk of evening. Everybody reached for his gun at the same time, but the three horse thieves never had a chance. That was Brown's particular game—a quick draw. With his very first shot he killed one of the robbers and with his second he wounded another—all this even before they had their guns out of the holsters. The third knew when he was beaten and threw his hands up. Brown tied the wounded man to the stolen mule, bound the other to the saddle of his own horse, rounded up the stolen Thoroughbred and headed for Giddings. The two horse thieves went to prison for a long time.

There came a time twenty-two years later when I saw this same Sheriff Jim Brown make his last stand in the worst shooting-up tragedy the American turf has ever known. I'm going to tell about that when the right time comes, because I was at the old Garfield track in Chicago when it all happened, and the young girl I had just married was watching from a third-story window across the street, hearing all the firing and scared to death for fear I should get hurt. The Great Steward ruled old Sheriff Jim off for life that day, and I guess if he had been given a choice he would have picked that way of going out—fighting off his enemies, fighting them to a standstill and taking the last fling at them with the odds a thousand to one against him.

Sheriff Brown is Willing

Fifty-four years ago! Think of that! For that's how long ago it was when the Hildreth caravan separated from the big prairie train after crossing through the Indian Nations and we pulled into Texas to race Red Morocco against the best Brown had in his barn. Since that time I've seen a horse race or two; Hanover and Kingston, Salvator and Tenny, Domino and Hamburg, Colin and Artful, Fitz Herbert and Novelty, Purchase and Grey Lag, Man 'o War and Zev—they've all gone parading to the post before my eyes. And Fred Taral and Snapper Garrison, Tod Sloan and Frankie O'Neill, Carroll Shilling and Lester Reiff, Johnny Loftus and Earl Sande—I've seen these boys come whipping and tearing down the stretch in the greatest races these last thirty years. And I've talked horse to John W. Gates and John A. Drake, William C. Whitney and James R. Keene, Pittsburgh Phil and Riley Grannan, August Belmont and R. T. Wilson, and I've been round a lot here and there; but I'll never see horse racing again as I saw it then, out on the Texas plains, where a fellow had to be a smart horseman to win a race and a smarter one to win a bet—and collect it.

My father hunted Jim Brown up soon after we pitched tent in the little town where he lived. He told the little sheriff we had come all the way from Missouri just to race our horses against the best they had down there, especially his own. Brown was cordial. He told father he had a mare named Gray Alice that was just about as speedy as anything on four legs in that section. Glad to race Gray Alice against Red Morocco any time we said the word, for any side bet up to $5000.

"Then it's $5000 a side; the bigger the stake the better I like it—that's me all over," my father agreed.

They didn't have any telephones or radio down there then; but, say, the way they broadcast that race was a caution. In less than ten days the cowboys and ranchmen for miles round in all directions began pouring into town in droves. All they talked about was the coming match between the Texas and Missouri mares. And when they got to betting big money on the race, with Gray Alice a red-hot favorite, that led up to some troubles we hadn't figured on. Some of the bigger backers of Gray Alice got to our stable jockey, staked him to a hundred dollars or so and told him to disappear. This he did, leaving us with no rider and the race only a few days off. But some of the other Texans thought we'd been handed a raw deal and they told my father there was a jockey who lived 200 miles away and who was just as good as any boy that had ever ridden in that section. On their say-so the old gentleman sent a messenger after this jockey, and he arrived about four days later.

An Old-Time Prairie Race

The race course was laid out over a quarter-mile stretch of smooth ground on the prairie. Every horse owner had his own course and they were all about the same—two narrow pathways running alongside of each other in a straightaway, with a narrow strip of green turf between. They used to make the running lanes by hitching a team of horses to a big iron caldron resting sideways on the ground, and scooping the grass up by dragging the kettle along a straight line. Then they raked the grass from the loose earth, packed the dirt down a little on the sides and the track was made. Down where the horses started, some of the tracks had fences running about eighty yards along the course to keep the crowds back. Brown's track had rails like that.

There were about 500 or 600 cowboys and ranch owners lining the course when Gray Alice and Red Morocco took their places for the ask-and-answer start. That was the old system of sending them away from the post, and they worked it by getting the two horses in a sixteen-foot score. Then one of the owners, when his horse was headed the right way and close to the starting line, would yell out, "Are you ready?" and if the other horse was in position his owner would say "Go!" If his horse wasn't facing down the track, or if he was too far back from the starting line, he just wouldn't say anything. It was turn about, first one of the owners asking "Are you ready?" and then the other. You can see that the fellow who got the last word had all the best of it, for by the time the word came to go the other horse might have wheeled or done some other fool thing. And the start was a whole lot in quarter-mile races. If you got left at the post, with only two furlongs to go, you didn't have a ghost of a show.

Our new jockey got Red Morocco away to an even start with Gray Alice. But before they had reached the end of the fenced-in part of the track—about eighty yards from the starting line, mind you—she was two lengths in front and widening the gap at every jump. Missouri let out a whoop you could hear over the prairie a mile off. Old Red was running straight and true and it looked like she would win by eight or ten lengths, even in that short distance. Didn't seem a chance she could lose.

But when she reached the end of the chute something happened. Out she shot to the strip of grass between the two pathways. That turf was hard and she wasn't plated for that kind of racing. After she had run a few yards on it the ground began

(Continued on Page 125)

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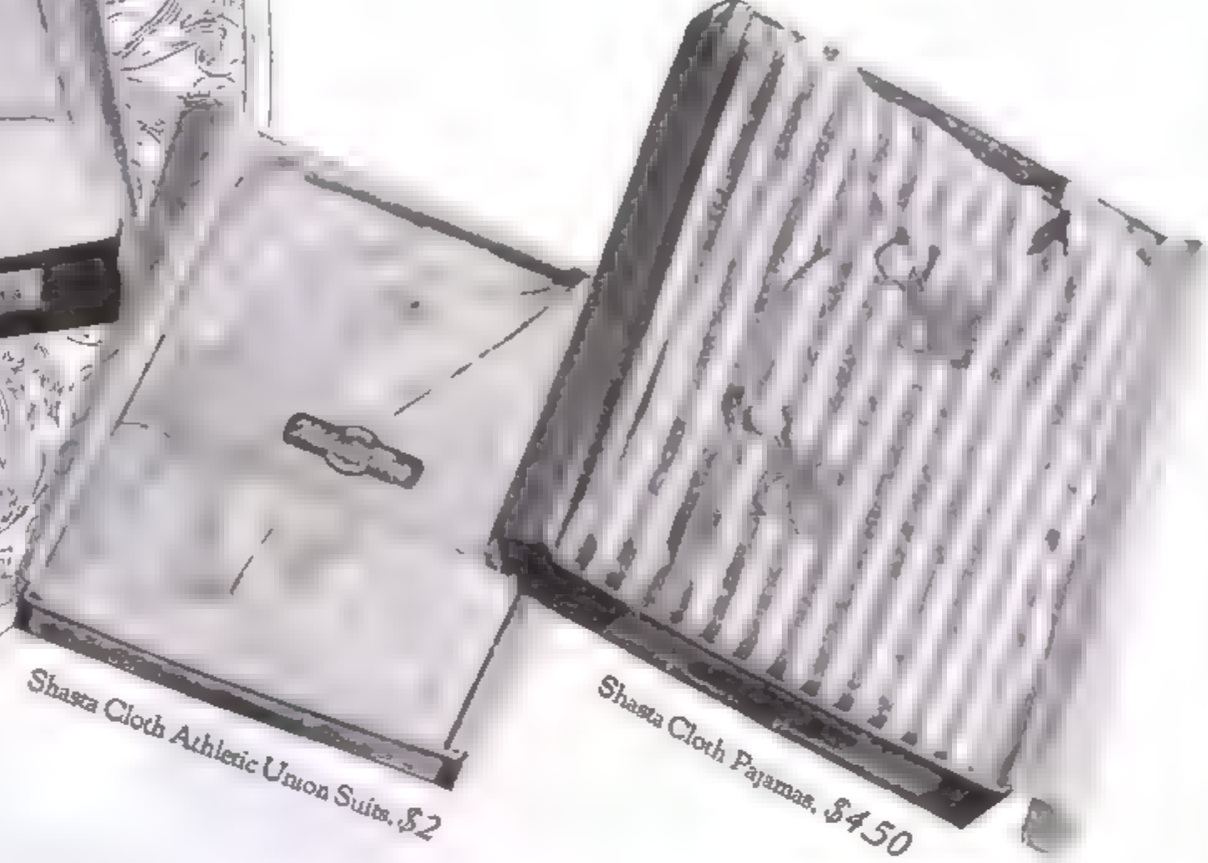

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WILSON BRO'S, CHICAGO
New York *Paris*

(Continued from Page 122)

to burn her feet and she shortened her stride. Gray Alice pulled up on her fast, grabbed her a few steps from home and stuck her nose in front as they crossed the finish line. Our mare, one of the fastest quarter horses that ever wore racing plates, had lost. Our $5000 was gone; all our hopes blown up; all those days of traveling down to Texas wasted.

And the worst part of it was we'd been cheated. The gamblers had got to our new jockey the night before the race and paid him to do just what he did—pull old Red out to the hard turf so she'd have to stop. From the day we set foot in that Texas town we'd never had a chance to win that match race with Jim Brown's horse. And in later years old John Huggins, who was well known around the New York and Chicago tracks in the 80's and early 90's, and who had once been Brown's racing partner, told me that it would have been like pulling teeth to have got that $5000 if we'd won. But I will say for Sheriff Jim that he was pretty white when he saw how discouraged the whole thing had made my father. He gave us $5000, a herd of cattle and some other race horses for Red Morocco before we left Texas. That squared things some, though it nearly broke my father's heart to leave that grand old mare in strange hands.

It was soon after we returned home that I got a yearning to branch out of my own account. So when old Pete Fuller, who had a stable of runners at Moberly, offered me six dollars a month to go jockeying for him, I couldn't pass up a good proposition like that. Fuller's son Cal also was riding for the stable; and if you are up on turf history, you will remember that Cal Fuller turned out to be a mighty fine jockey and rode at the big tracks. There was a mile track at Moberly and Cal and I used to ride the Fuller horses there mostly. Walter Jennings, who was afterward well known on the Western and Eastern race courses, was one of the big men in racing around those parts then. I remember his horses Alloy and Bonnie Errand and Pearl Jennings just as well as though it was yesterday. And so was Newt Douglas a big racing man, and John Rogers, of Colorado, who trained for William C. Whitney after I gave up the Whitney racers around 1900.

Divided Interests

The last race riding I ever did was in Dallas, Texas, along about 1882, when I began to pick up weight fast. Before I knew it I was tipping the scales at 130 and then 140. The next year—I was now seventeen—I went to training for Mr. Paris, proprietor of the Belmont Hotel at Parsons, Kansas, who owned Ace of Diamonds, Julia M. and some other good ones. Mr. Paris paid me forty dollars a month, but I didn't get all that for just training his horses—no, sir. In addition to being trainer, I was clerk and bartender in his hotel, and if there were any little odd jobs to be done around the place I was expected to do them—and did. But I was happy and contented. I began to realize I was accomplishing things in my life—getting to the point I had always aimed for. I was a real horse trainer at last, just like my father. I didn't take a whole lot to tending bar or clerking in the hotel. Sometimes Mr. Paris would go out, leaving me in charge of the office and telling me to be sure to stay on the job. When he'd return he'd go straight over to the racing barn. He wouldn't even bother about looking in the hotel for me. He knew where to find me—out with the Thoroughbreds.

"Hildreth, how the blinkety blank do you expect this hotel to run if somebody don't stick around to run it?" he'd bawl out at me.

That would make me a little nervous, when he got mad like that, and I'd resolve to pay a little less attention to training the horses in Mr. Paris' barn and more to training the guests in Mr. Paris' hotel. I wasn't so much worried over losing the fine salary Mr. Paris was paying me as I was of losing my job training. People round the countryside were beginning to know me as Sam Hildreth, trainer for the Paris stable. That was a glory I couldn't afford to separate myself from, particularly after the boss had added such good ones as Jack Pot and Bingen to our string and we'd started to cut a pretty good swath on the tracks at Fort Scott, Girard and Parsons, in Kansas, and Nevada, Missouri. And Mr. Paris was a true horseman too. Horse racing was a sporting proposition with him. He was on hand every day of racing—there were two race days each week, with purses of from $50 to $100—and there was nothing in the world he liked better than to see his colors roll down the stretch at the head of the procession.

And here I was at seventeen, a retired jockey, horse trainer, hotel clerk, bartender and a young buck who had never stopped romping the pastures of Missouri, Kentucky, Kansas and Texas from his weanling days. What did I know besides horses? Nothing! What people did I know besides horse people? None! My nursery had been a racing barn; my schoolroom a straw-covered box stall; my recreation the teaching of gang leggy colts and fillies and geldings to skedaddle along a narrow prairie lane as fast as their action and courage would take them.

The Horseman's Outlines of History

If anybody had put me over the jumps to find what book learning there was stored away under my mane, I reckon the examination would have proceeded this wise:

QUESTION: What important event marked the last year of the eighteenth century?

ANSWER: They brought the English Derby winner Diomed to Virginia in 1799, and all the best horses we've got can be traced back to Diomed.

Q.: What was the most important battle ever fought in this country?

A.: The battle of Union Course, May 27, 1823, when Sir Henry, the four-year-old from the South, lost to American Eclipse, the nine-year-old of the North; three heats at four miles each; the first won by Sir Henry, carrying 108 pounds, and the two last by American Eclipse, with 126 up, both grandsons of Diomed.

Q.: Give the date of the Battle of Lexington.

A.: April 24, 1855. Lexington, owned by Richard Ten Broeck, beat Lecompte, from the stable of T. J. Wells, in their second match on the Metairie Course, New Orleans; distance four miles, both of them sons of the great Thoroughbred Boston.

Q.: What is the most conspicuous event of national importance within your recollection?

A.: The three-cornered championship match between Mr. Pierre Lorillard's Parole, Mr. Harper's Ten Broeck and Tom Ochiltree, at Baltimore, October 24, 1877; distance, two and a half miles. They thought Ten Broeck was the greatest horse in a hundred years until Parole breezed away from him that day, winning by five lengths; Tom Ochiltree third.

I was looking at the world from the back of a race horse. I was tabbing the humans I met by comparing them with Thoroughbreds I knew much better. The town with the best race course was my idea of the center of civilization; the fellow with the best racing stable the nation's leading citizen. If there was anything of any consequence in this world besides breeding horses and racing them, it had cantered right past me in the first furlong of my life, without even raising a cloud of dust. That was my horizon and I'd never got beyond it.

But there was something beginning to stir around in me. I was getting as restless as some of the colts I'd broken of that habit. Sometimes at night I'd stroll out to the cool green paddocks where the horses grassed in the daytime, and I was alone,

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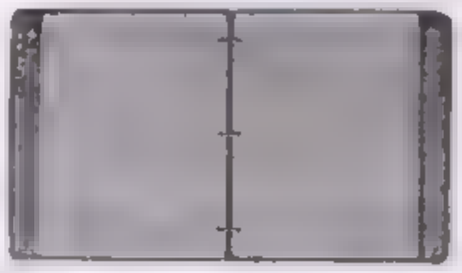

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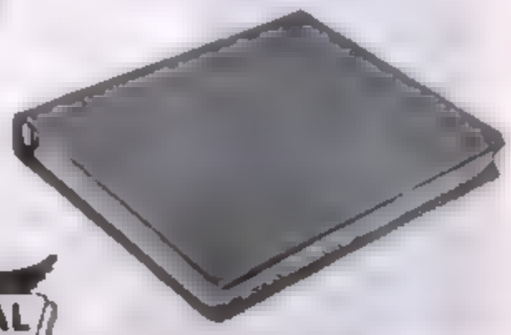

National No. 6408 is canvas bound, has booster levers, holds 200 sheets and index. Rings are flatted to protect sheets; letter size 11x8½, $1.30. Made in 5 sizes and 2 capacities.

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and there was a gnawing inside I couldn't just make out. I'd look to the North and the East and wonder whether they had any faster race horses up there than we had in Missouri and Kentucky. My father had told me a lot about New York—all race and horse talk, the only kind I ever expected to hear.

"In the year 1866 two big things happened in these here United States," he used to say to me every May sixteenth, my birthday. "In Independence, Missouri, Samuel C. Hildreth was born; in New York, they started racing at Jerome Park."

And every night when I'd go out to the paddock, close to my horses, I'd think more and more about the North and the East; and I made up my mind that a traveling colt, such as I'd been always, shouldn't be scared to break away from the home pastures. So I set my heart on going. And for the next four years I worked hard and saved, and gave up my job training for Mr. Paris to go blacksmithing, because there was more money plating race horses than training them. That blacksmithing business was the first I ever owned, and it made me proud as Punch to know I was getting along in the world. My partner was Louis Long, a German and a mighty good blacksmith. You may say to yourself that there isn't much to blacksmithing—anybody can be a blacksmith—but that's where you're wrong. There's a whole lot to blacksmithing, and there's many a race been lost because the blacksmith fell down on his end of the job. And Louis was a sweet blacksmith. We made money.

Famous Colts of the Eighties

I was just twenty-one years old when Louis and I got to the Eastern running tracks—it was 1887. We had branched out a little by this time, and there were a couple of race horses eating our oats and running in our colors. I was an owner—an owner of Thoroughbred race horses, just like my father had been. But we didn't let it go to our heads, because we'd climbed to a new station in life—Louis and I; just kept plugging away at blacksmithing and trying to do a good job for the Eastern horsemen. Not that I intended to stick to plating all my life; I should say not. But I saw that it would lead to the target I was shooting for—horses and more horses in my own barn—and I was content to play along until that day came.

Some horses that will live forever in the history of Thoroughbred racing were running on the New York tracks in the late 80's. There was Hanover, out of Bourbon Belle, the great chestnut colt that Hindoo sent to the races; Kingston, the brown colt by Spendthrift, out of imported Kapanga, by Victorious; and Salvator, the slashing chestnut by imported Prince Charlie, out of Salina, by Lexington. I always had a strong leaning for Kingston myself, though Hanover, foaled in the same year—1884—was supposed to have something on him. Anyway when Kingston retired to the stud after ten years of racing, with a total of 89 wins out of 138 starts to his credit, I started buying up his get and had great luck with them. Admiration and Ballyhoo Bey, the two Kingston's I bought for Mr. Whitney, and Novelty, my own horse, the best two-year-old I ever trained, were three of them that fell into my hands. There were others.

I don't reckon the race tracks ever again will have the same kind of men around as they had then; some of them rough-and-ready fellows who had fought their way to the front with bulldog courage, a battle every inch of the way; rough-and-ready and blustery and scrappy on the outside, but when the pinch came to test the kind of stuff they were made of, as gentle and human on the inside as a chicken-hearted grandmother.

When will you ever find another team like the Dwyer brothers, Mike and Phil?

They were the kind I'm thinking of; out of sturdy parentage, but lacking in aristocratic blood lines; products of the days when fellows had to use their biceps as well as their brains to get everything they got, but God-given with an abundance of the finer qualities of humans; keen and alert and businesslike in their dealings on the race track, but never willing to take an unfair advantage, and sportsmen both to the last drop of their blood. No wonder they moved on from their humble station as neighborhood butchers to become the owners of one of the greatest racing stables the turf has ever seen.

I'm thinking of the Dwyer boys because they were the owners of Hindoo, Hanover and Kingston, among other famous racers that wore their colors. They had bought Hanover from Colonel Clay a year or two before I reached New York. Jimmy McLaughlin was the star jockey riding for the Dwyers, and he it was who piloted the mighty Hindoo colt in many of his races. From a two-year-old, when he won all three races he started in, Hanover went on to do the things, as a three-year-old, that will make his name a racing byword for generations. That season they entered him in twenty-seven races and twenty of these he won, fourteen without a break. A few years later Hanover was sent to Milton Young's McGrathiana Stud, and there he passed his fine speed and courage down to a family of sons and daughters that also made turf history—Hamburg, Yankee, Handspring, Compute and The Commoner, to name a few of them. As a racer, he had won nearly $120,000 for his owners.

In their methods the Dwyers were different from the horsemen I had known all my life. Where the people of Kentucky, Missouri, Texas and Kansas would breed their own horses and take care of them with their own hands, the Dwyers would buy up the horses other men had bred and turn them over to men they hired to handle them. It was all new to me. It was even new to me the way Northerners talked about racing as a sport. A sport? Here they were talking about horse racing as a sport—the thing Vincent Hildreth and his whole family had been doing all their lives and thinking about it all the time as though it was just as much a part of a human's life as going to sleep at night.

Easy Come, Easy Go

And the money they would spend for a horse made me popeyed. Remember, I wasn't many jumps removed from Pete Fuller and six dollars a month for riding and Mr. Paris and forty dollars a month for training. It was Mike Dwyer himself who explained to me what their idea was about buying a good race horse. I was making racing plates for his horses at the time, but he thought a blacksmith was plenty good enough to talk to.

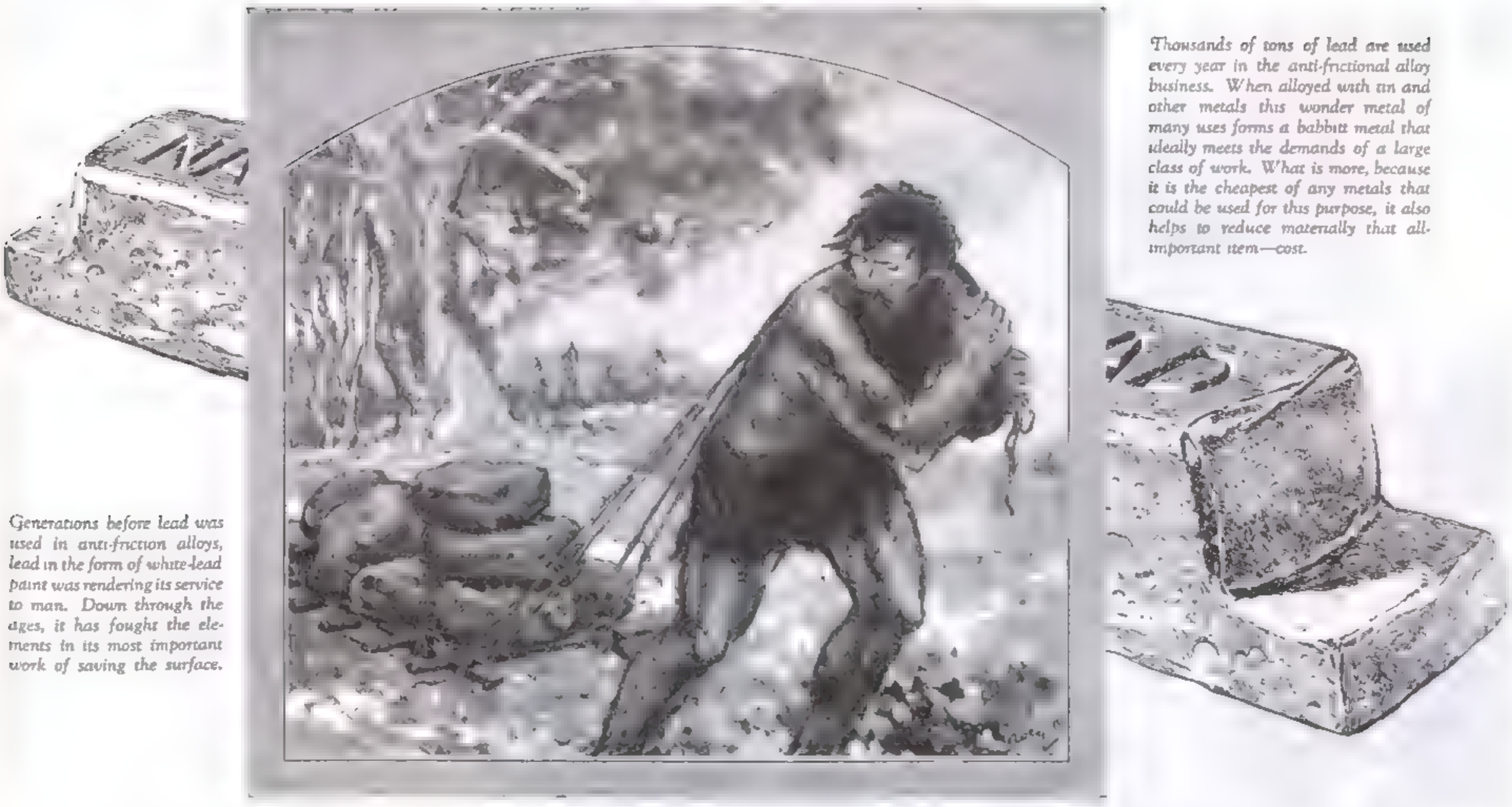
"If you ever want to build up a good racing stable, Hildreth, the only thing to do is to get the best horses the market offers," he would confide to me. "Get plenty of horses, but get fast ones. Then you'll make lots of money."

And that was the principle both brothers followed. They had started out that way when they were butchers and just beginning to take an interest in racing, like so many other Brooklyn boys; they had found it profitable and they couldn't see any reason for changing. If they wanted a horse they went out and bought him. They didn't ask price; they just bought the best horses they could find. In their time they must have owned altogether from 2000 to 3000 horses, all kinds—stake horses for the rich handicaps, selling platers for the cheaper races, and two-year-olds and three-year-olds for that class of racing.

Kingston came to the Dwyer barn in a queer sort of way. It was in the early career of Hanover, and they didn't want any other horse to interfere with the great record the son of Hindoo was making. The stable scouts reported to the brothers how Kingston was burning up the track.

"Then we'll have to get Kingston," they announced.

(Continued on Page 129)



Thousands of tons of lead are used every year in the anti-frictional alloy business. When alloyed with tin and other metals this wonder metal of many uses forms a babbitt metal that ideally meets the demands of a large class of work. What is more, because it is the cheapest of any metals that could be used for this purpose, it also helps to reduce materially that all-important item—cost.

Generations before lead was used in anti-friction alloys, lead in the form of white-lead paint was rendering its service to man. Down through the ages, it has fought the elements in its most important work of saving the surface.

FRICTION
Man's friend . . . . and enemy

How lead helps to control it

THERE'S a fight going on in this picture. The man is winning, but at a terrific expenditure of physical energy. Every time he tugs and pulls, friction does its best to hold back the runners of his improvised carrier. Friction was one of primitive man's worst enemies.

Today man has taught friction its place, has made it his friend. Not only does friction, by transmitting power, help to transport you from place to place, but by means of pulleys, belts, and friction clutches it enables you to do a thousand and one other things.

Yet even today, friction *in the wrong place* is man's enemy. The strategy of machinery is to increase friction at one point and minimize it at another. The points at which friction is not desired are those where parts should slide or rotate. These are known as bearings.

How man fights friction

A little tallow in the hubs of the old carriage wheels stopped the creaking and lightened Dobbin's task. Later, petroleum oils made lubrication simpler, more effective. But with the increasing complexity of machine parts, other bearing problems besides simple lubrication arose. A shaft slightly out of true plays havoc in a high-speed machine. Bearing surfaces must be a little tolerant. In 1839, Isaac B. Babbitt of Boston, Mass., invented a metal alloy which, when cast into bearings, would not only resist high pressures and the wear of rapidly rotating shafts, but would also conform to the play of a shaft without breaking.

From his first formula, many different types of bearing metals or babbitts (as this type of bearing metals have come to be called) have been developed to serve different purposes in industry.

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A complete line of babbitt metals is made under the well-known Dutch Boy trade-mark. These metals are expertly designed to perform every type of service.

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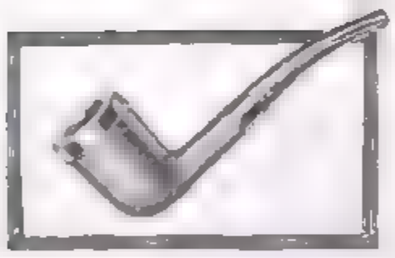

Bakelite Pipes made by the leading pipe manufacturers

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In one industry after another, Bakelite has provided a combination of qualities which never before could be found in any one material.

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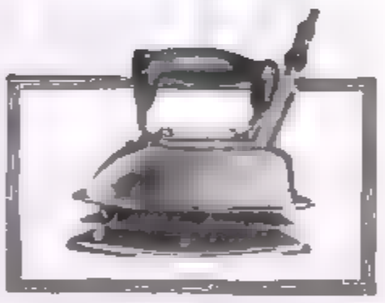
But the important point to remember is that Bakelite is the *only* material in which you can find heat resistance combined with *all* the properties listed at the top of this page.



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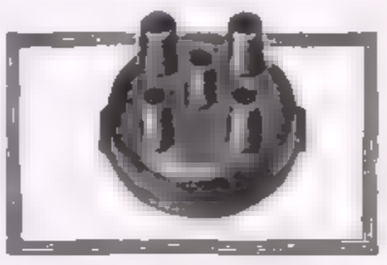
Bakelite Radiator Cap
THE NASH MOTORS CO



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BAKELITE

THE MATERIAL OF A THOUSAND USES

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(Continued from Page 126)

"How much do you want to pay?" asked one of the trainers.

"Who's talking price? Get Kingston and we'll think about how much he cost us after he's in our barn," they answered.

So they bought Kingston for something more than $12,000, just to keep him out of Hanover's way. But Kingston was even better than they had reckoned, and in his three-year-old season he carried their colors to victory in many big stakes, winning thirteen out of eighteen starts. The brown son of Spendthrift continued running even after Hanover's racing days were over, and in 1890, as a six-year-old, won ten straight races without losing one that season. The old fellow was still a fast one when he stopped racing at ten years of age.

In personality the two brothers were opposites. Phil, fine old gentleman that he was, got his enjoyment out of seeing their colors in front and out of the successful business they'd made of horse racing. The betting end of it wasn't for him. Fifty dollars to the race was a fair bet for him and $100 a whopper. And in his quiet way he'd root that small bet home all the way from the barrier to the winning post.

But Mike Dwyer—there was a better, the biggest of his day and never a gamer one. I remember one day he bet $90,000 to win $30,000, on a one-to-three shot. While the race was being run Mike got all het up over an argument he was having with a friend and he clean forgot about his bet. All around him people were squawking and fighting as the field came down the stretch, but Mike just sat there thumping his leg and gabbing for dear life. The horses were galloping back to the judges' stand before he remembered about the race.

"Say, boy, who won that race?" he called to one of the track attendants standing near by.

The Dwyer Luck

"Your horse got beat, Mr. Dwyer; he run second," the man told him.

"Well, I'll be dinged; these ponies are a pesky bunch sometimes," was all the rise the information got out of Dwyer.

Down at the Brooklyn Jockey Club's track at Gravesend, which the Dwyer brothers financed and opened August 26, 1886, more than ten years after they'd taken to horse racing, Mike used to sit under the judges' stand to watch the horses run. Time and again I've seen him sitting there when I knew he had a smashing bet down on one of his horses. And he'd just sit easy and comfortable in his chair and not say a word unless somebody came along and spoke to him. From the looks of him you'd never know he had a nickel bet. If his horse won or lost, he'd just get up from his chair after the race and amble back to the clubhouse lawn and talk about the weather or politics or anything else. As graceful a winner and as game a loser as I ever saw on the race track, was Mike Dwyer.

One day we were talking between races and he said, "Hildreth, I don't see your colors in many races nowadays. What's the trouble?"

"Truth is, Mr. Dwyer, I have to be mighty careful about running in these selling races. I don't want some halter man to come along and run my horses up and clean out the barn," I told him.

Mike grinned.

"Well, now, my boy, that is kind of serious," he said—I was in my early twenties. After a moment's thought, he added, "I'll tell you how we can fix that. You just go ahead and run your horses. If anybody comes around to bid them up after the races, you can count on it that I'll do a little bidding myself, and it won't be lower than the other fellow's, either. Don't worry about losing any of your horses. I'll tend to that part."

I knew he would stand by his word, no matter how much it might cost.

A rough-and-ready fellow, but with a heart as big as all outdoors. And in the end the horses took away from him most of the fortune they'd given him. His luck seemed to break with his health. When he was getting pretty feeble his attendants used to help him down to the track, and he'd sit there all afternoon talking horse with his old friends, but not betting on them any more. And while he was sitting there in an invalid's chair, just a shadow of the strong, forceful fellow he had once been, I reckon the bygone days used to flit before Mike's eyes, and he'd go over and over again the glory of the past—the never-to-be-forgotten times when Hindoo and Luke Blackburn, Hanover and Kingston, Ben Brush and Miss Woodford, Handspring and the other great racers from his string would come thumping down the stretch in a cloud of dust, carrying the red, blue sash, red cap—his racing colors.

It was during the reign of the Dwyers that Salvator figured in two turf events that made his name a household word the world over. James B. Haggin had bought the great son of Prince Charlie as a yearling, but it was not until Salvator was a four-year-old that he did the things that brought him everlasting fame. In the Suburban of '90, Salvator, with 127 pounds up, won by a neck from the lightly weighted Cassino and Tenny, carrying 126. Tenny was a great horse that year, too, and his people weren't convinced by the result of the Suburban that Salvator was better. A match was arranged between the two and held one week later, Isaac Murphy, the negro, riding Salvator, and Snapper Garrison having the mount on Tenny. In the early part of the running Murphy rushed Salvator to the front and rated him there, making his own pace. But Tenny began to move up fast by the time they'd reached the stretch and they crossed the line so close together the crowd wasn't sure which one had won until the numbers went up.

"I got you in the last jump," Garrison called out to Murphy as they began pulling their mounts up after the finish.

"No, you didn't; I won," Murphy shouted back.

And the little negro was right. When they got back to the scales they found Salvator's number had been run up. He had won the great match by a scant nose.

In Praise of Salvator

It was a popular victory. A song was written about it, a lilting sort of melody that people liked to hum. I remember how the darkies used to croon it around the stables all day long and through the evening until they turned in. Salvator was their god, and Isaac Murphy, the negro jockey, their hero. There was one part of the song that ran, "The little bay steed was full of speed, but he couldn't beat Salvator." Run that over in your mind a few times and see what a swing it has to it. At night the darkies would gather in little groups near the stables and sing the refrain by the hour, sometimes keeping time to it by running sticks along the picket fences. Nobody but a darky would think of making music that way. And nobody else would get the same effect from it. Many a night I've fallen asleep to the harmony of their voices.

Salvator was a real champion. A little later on he beat Tenny by four lengths when they met in the Champion Stakes. He was cleaning up everything, and it got so other owners would scratch their horses when Salvator was entered in a race. The only opponent they could find for him was Father Time himself. The mile record was 1:39¼. On August 28, 1890, Salvator went after the record on the old Monmouth Park track, which had first opened its gates twenty years before. With Marty Bergen in the saddle Salvator ran the mile in 1:35½, just three and three-quarters seconds faster than it had ever been run before. That record was the thing that put Salvator on the map more than anything else he had ever done. They called him the wonder horse; and as the years went by and his record kept standing, his fame increased.

New!—and Exclusively

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Club Colors in Wide Leather Belts

ENTIRELY NEW—beautiful club color combinations in wide leather belts of genuine cowhide. The smartest belt styles of the season—and particularly suited to Summer apparel.

A new method of leather treating makes possible these striking club colors in leather. You will find them only in Pioneer Wide Belts—genuine heavy weight cowhide leather; one and one-half inches wide; with center bar buckles of attractive design. By all odds, the most distinctive belts offered in recent years.

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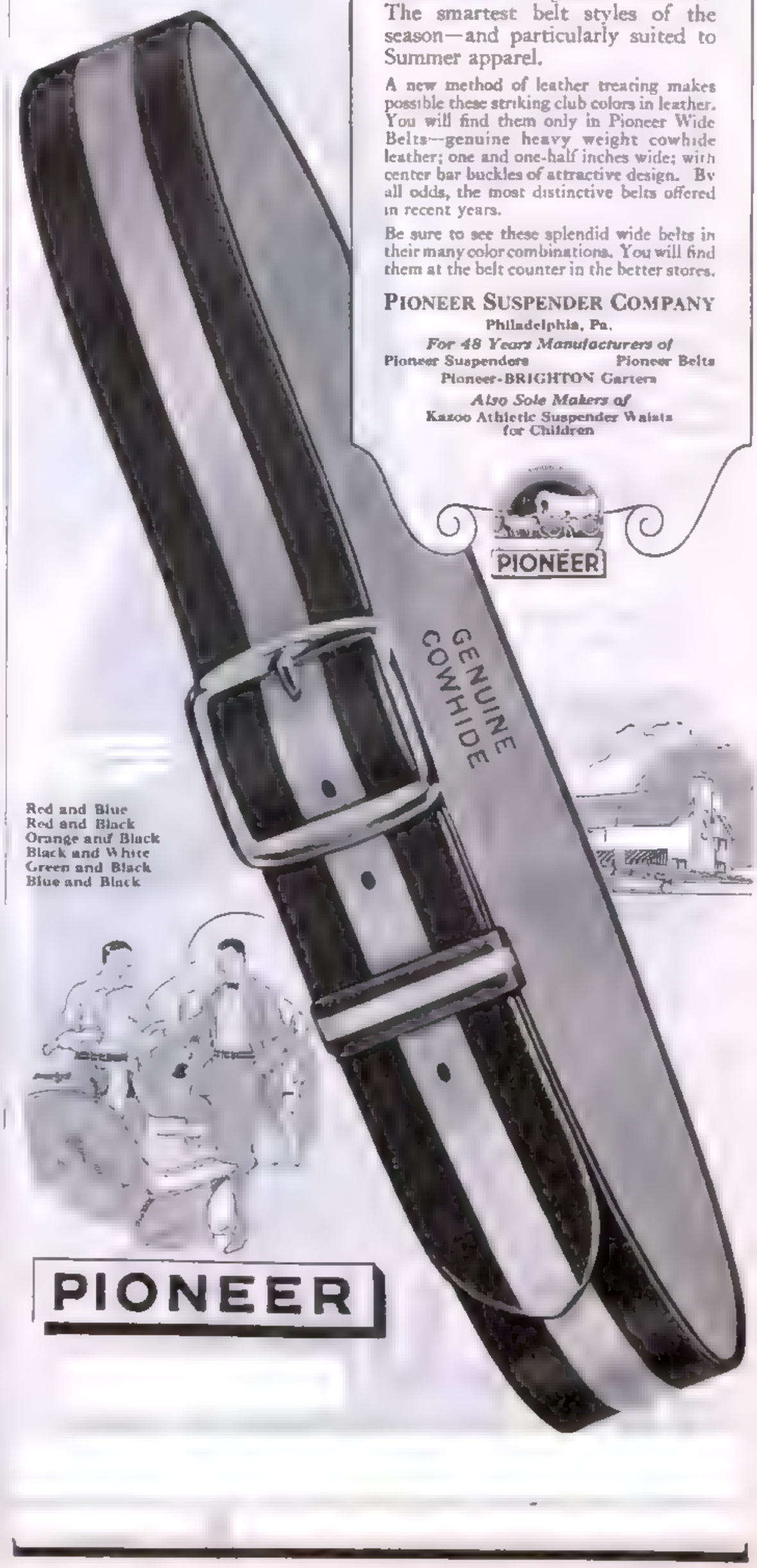

Red and Blue
Red and Black
Orange and Black
Black and White
Green and Black
Blue and Black

How to the line with the PLUMB Hatchet

WITH the Plumb Hatchet, you cut where you meant to cut. Balance and hang and power are in it—in the red handle, in the black head.

Plumb makes this balanced tool to cut fast as well as true. The blade is tapered just right for easy, clean cutting.

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And to keep this head tight, for safety and service—the Take-Up Wedge (exclusively Plumb). A turn of the wedge tightens the handle, *preserves* the balance, makes the Plumb Hatchet always safe to swing!

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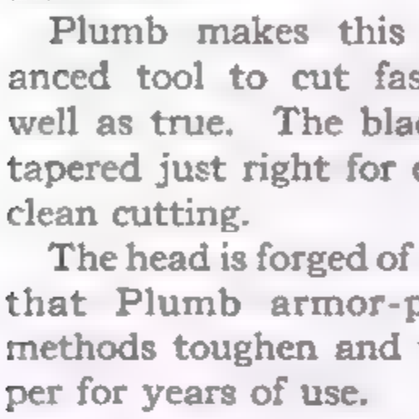
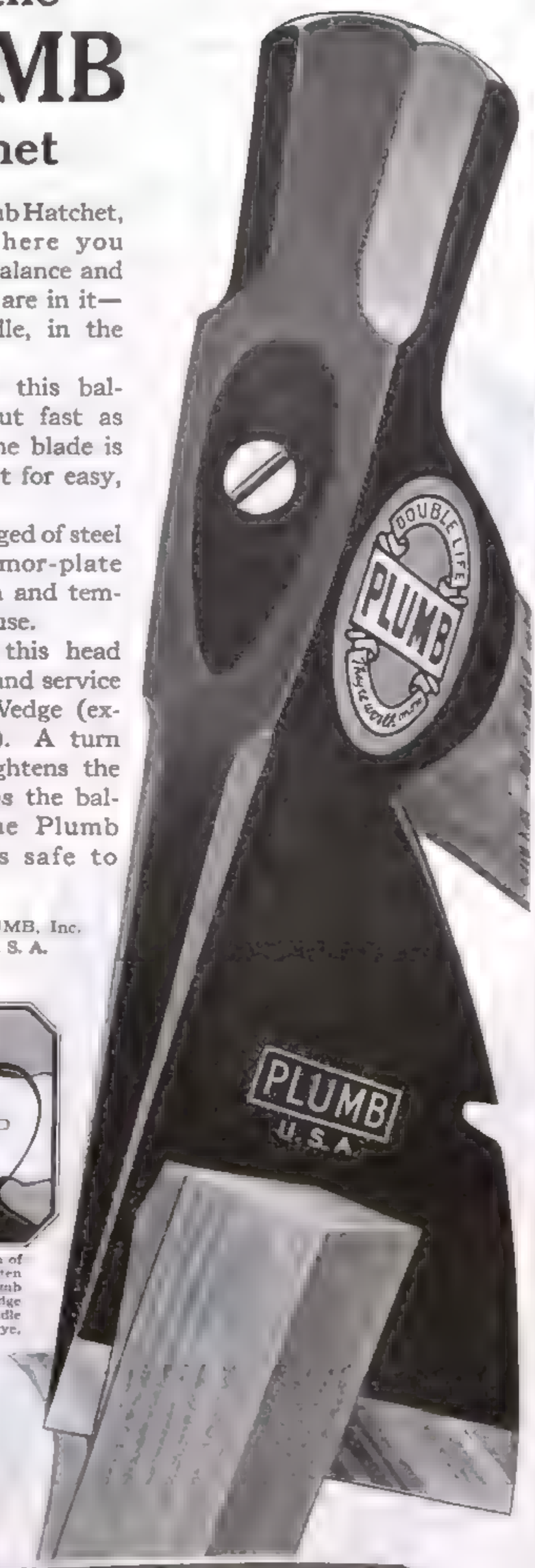
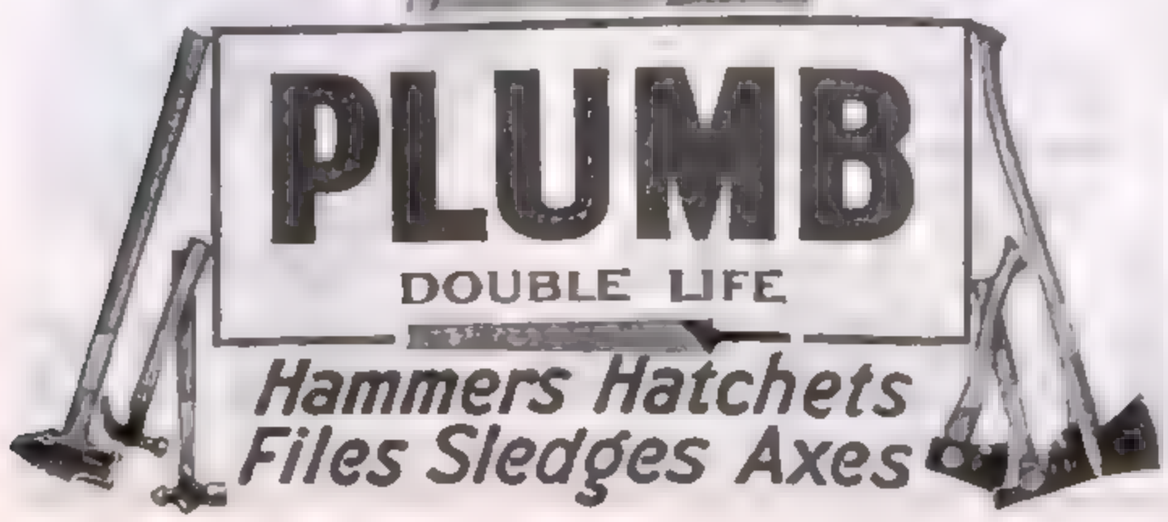


Instantly, with a turn of the wrist, you retighten the head of any Plumb tool. V shape of wedge expands wood of handle against all sides of eye, all the way in.

Look for the
Red Handle
WITH THE
Black Head
(Color Combination Registered as Trade Mark U. S. Pat. Off.)
EXCLUSIVELY
PLUMB





Matt Byrnes, his trainer, always said Salvator would have done the mile in 1:33 if Murphy had been in the saddle instead of Bergen. But Murphy had been set down by the stewards for something or other and was on the ground that day, and the chance for a record that would have held to this day was lost.

Byrnes had instructed Bergen not to ride the first half mile of the straightaway in better than forty-seven seconds, according to W. S. Vosburgh, official handicapper of the Jockey Club. When Salvator and the horse pacing him passed the half post Byrnes' watch showed they had stepped the distance in 45. The trainer yelled to Bergen to steady his mount for the second part of the mile, where another horse took up the pace-making; but the jockey apparently became confused or couldn't hear what he was saying.

He urged Salvator all the harder. It was too fast even for a heart as stout as Salvator's. He slowed down through the second half, taking 5½ seconds more than he had to run the first

There has never been a better-known race horse in this country than Salvator, not even Man O' War, Zev, Sysonby, Colin or Lexington. In his two-year-old form Proctor Knott beat him a head in the Futurity, but he won his other races that year and was recognized as a first-class race horse when he went to winter quarters at Monmouth Park. Mr. Haggin, an able horseman, had recognized his greatness and brought him back to the races the next season in tiptop condition, though an attack of lung fever had meanwhile threatened to injure his high speed and stamina. He started eight times as a three-year-old and lost only once—in the Omnibus, when Longstreet and Proctor Knott led him home.

Mr. Haggin realized the chance of a lifetime had come to own a horse that would create a record comparable to the things the great Boston, Lecompte, Lexington and Eclipse had done years before. He handled Salvator with great skill, being careful to take no chances of his being beaten; and as a four-year-old Salvator was undefeated. It was this year he won the Suburban and ran the mile straightaway in 1:35½. He was the idol of the entire turf world when he retired to the stud, known in Europe almost as well as he was at home.

The breeding experts predicted that Salvator would be as great in the stud as he was on the track. There was every reason why he should. The blood running in the veins of this dark chestnut, handsomely marked with a blaze and four white legs, was of the purest. His sire, Prince Charlie, was an exceptionally fast horse and the winner of the Two Thousand Guineas of 1872. Salina, his dam, was one of Lexington's fleetest daughters. And the leading dams of the day were taken to his court. But Salvator failed utterly to reproduce himself. Many of his sons and daughters were beautiful in conformation, but they lacked the racing qualities of himself, his sire and his dam. Tenny, the swayback, the horse that would have been a great champion on his own account if he had not had the misfortune to run in Salvator's time, was also a failure in the stud.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr Hildreth and Mr. Crowell. The next will appear in an early issue.

The Poets' Corner

Skyscraper

"WRECK," shriek the pinch bars, sinking home.
"Gouge," snort the steam shovels, biting up loam.
Sweep up the old shacks. Muck out the clay.
Stick up batters. Get drilling under way.
Footing for the caissons
Make the sand hogs dig.
Blast out the bed rock. Keep the yardage big.
Shore all the side walls; pump out the place.
When ya build a fifty-decker ya gotta have space.

"Sand," wheeze the winches on the storage bins.
"Gravel," roars the crusher to the grinding pins.
"Gimme food. Gimme work," the big mixer storms.
Push that concrete into hard-pine forms.
Slake the voids with water,
Grind it up to grout.
Kill a dozen mixer-men—but GET IT OUT!
Yank it up the towers; ram it down the chutes.
When ya build a fifty-decker ya gotta have roots.

"Timber," gasp the derricks on the falsework maze.
"Steel," yells the gin pole, yankin' at the stays.
Spikes to the wood-butchers; rivets to the riggers.
Rush along the grillage. Time is all that figgers.
Raise the staging higher,
Rush the gangs up top.
Pay an extra bonus, but never, never stop!
Snake up the roof joists from the street-level cribs.
When ya build a fifty-decker ya gotta have ribs.

"Brick," groan the trucks, hauling day and night.
"Plaster," grunt the elevators, all dripping white.
Gangway for the plumbers. Let the painters come.
Wire up the conduits, make the scrapers hum.
Wash down the masonry.
Clean up all the junk.
Fire all the hunkies and let 'em get drunk.
Lay a good corner-rock with lots o' show and brass.
When ya build a fifty-decker ya gotta have class.

—*Dean Chamberlin.*

Enrichment

THE little twisted cedars by the sea
Catch golden roses from the sea and sun,
And toss them, fire-line fashion, up to me,
The whole hill's length, and laughing, every one.

And I am grateful, for my days might pass
And I might strive by honest toil or stealth,
And never in my scheming years amass
So marvelous an undisputed wealth.

—*Lupton A. Wilkinson.*

To a Tourist

IS IT beauty that you seek,
O traveler?
Is it beauty you would find?
But beauty lives within the mind
And heart of man. Forbear to peer
Down distant roads. Beauty is near.

Do you think that in strange lands,
On tropic seas—
She is more fair? More real?
O wanderer, when will you feel
The breath of beauty in the air,
And touch her garment everywhere?

O restless feet, O tired eyes,
Seeking afar
That which slumbers in the grass
Beneath your footsteps as you pass;
That which to an instant clings,
And dwells in little common things!

—*Mary Dixon Thayer.*

Instead of "as like as two peas," why not say "as like as two telephones"? To the smallest detail one telephone is a "speaking likeness" of another.

Here is a powerful press punching one of these telephone parts out of sheets of brass—just as cookies are cut out of strips of dough.

As like as two ~~peas~~ telephones

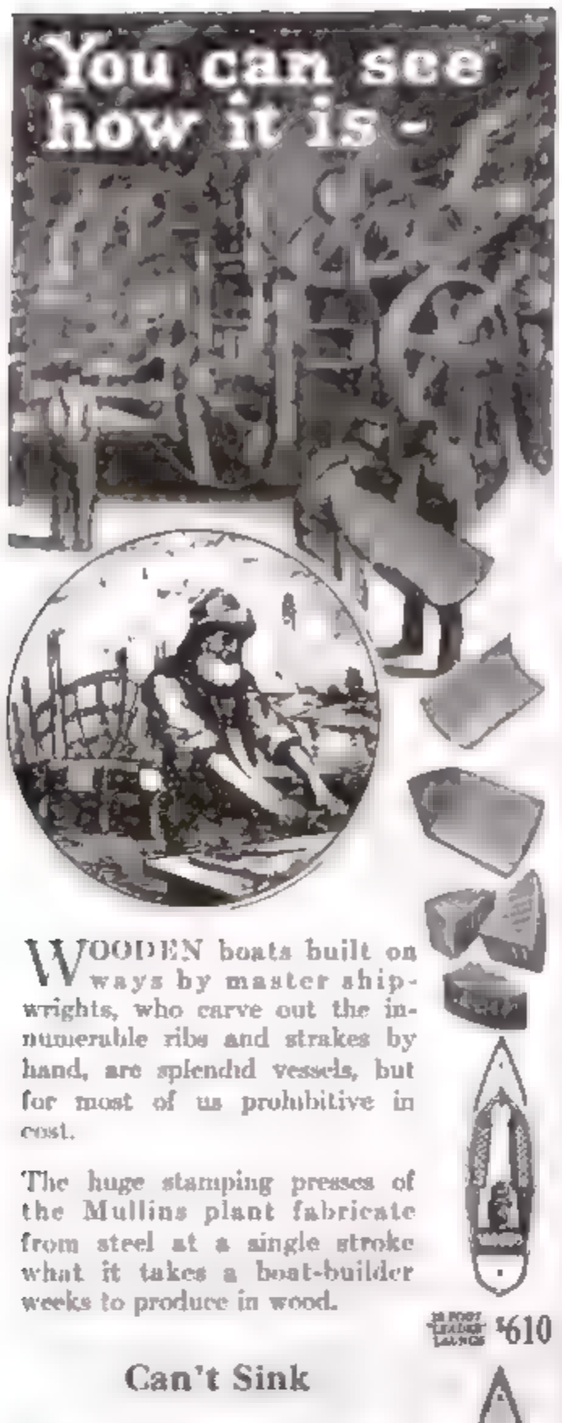
WHEN Nature develops a good pattern, she doesn't throw it away every year. Neither does Western Electric. Long ago we learned the economy of simplification in manufacture—making millions of telephones exactly alike.

And that means exactly alike not only in outward appearance, but also down to the little screws and mica washers and magnet coils inside. Each of the 201 parts in your telephone is interchangeable with the corresponding part in your neighbor's telephone.

Making many parts to one pattern instead of to many patterns simplifies the whole manufacturing process. The thorough application of this principle is one of the fruits of the long experience of Western Electric—since 1877 makers of the nation's telephones.

Western Electric

SINCE 1869 MAKERS OF ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT



WOODEN boats built on ways by master shipwrights, who carve out the innumerable ribs and strakes by hand, are splendid vessels, but for most of us prohibitive in cost.

The huge stamping presses of the Mullins plant fabricate from steel at a single stroke what it takes a boat-builder weeks to produce in wood.

Can't Sink

Mullins Steel Boats represent the first and only application of automobile production methods to boat building.

This means that you can buy a Mullins launch, completely equipped—engine and all—for as little as $290.00.

It means that you can have a boat that is "safe," for Mullins boats are built of puncture-proof steel, with lifeboat air chambers fore and aft. *They can't sink.*

It means that you can have a boat that is virtually indestructible; a boat that cannot dry out, crack, check, warp or waterlog. Mullins reduces boat maintenance to an annual coat of paint. You don't even need a boat house.

The coupon below will bring you the 1925 Mullins Catalog with the whole story of safe boats built to meet your pocketbook.

$610 $560 $290 $85

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Dealers

Write for Mullins 1925 Sales Plan

It states an interesting proposition with terms and discounts to authorized Mullins agents.

Mullins Body Corporation,
900 Depot Street,
Salem, Ohio

Please send me your 1925 Catalog

Name

Street

City State

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BOND SELLING

(Continued from Page 23

Not long ago a prominent banker told the American public that it was not the bankers but the great Nurmi who sold a $10,000,000 issue to the American public. The marvelous runner brought home to our people the kind of people the Finns were. Any nation that produced such athletes could be trusted to pay its debts. If you think of your own geographical ignorance, the argument sounds reasonable. Personally, I thought it rather too press-agenty to be convincing to hard-headed investors who asked for other assets than one man's legs, but I recognized the value of the publicity received by Nurmi. If it could have been capitalized it might have exceeded the $10,000,000 of the loan.

A week later a member of a bond house that ranks with the highest told me a story. A young man had gone to work for a concern that had brought out a certain loan. He had not been long out of college, and being an ambitious boy was so anxious to make a record that his father was very proud of him.

The boy went everywhere, tackled everybody, tried everything, spared neither friends nor strangers in his effort to sell those bonds, and did not succeed. It made him feel very blue, and the worst of it was that his affectionate father presently noticed it. As the boy said nothing, the old man began to fear the worst. Finally he decided to invite confidence from the gloomy young bond salesman. One night after dinner, as a preliminary to his real snooping, he asked his son in a carefully casual way, "How are you getting on downtown, son?"

Dad Crosses His Fingers

The boy jumped to his feet and began to pace up and down the room. The father watched him anxiously and became convinced that the situation was indeed serious—probably matrimonial.

Suddenly the young man stopped his wild-animal pacing and said, "Dad, you simply have got to help me. I didn't want to ask you. In fact I made up my mind you were the last person I'd tell this to; but I can't help myself. I've got to ask you."

The father was scarcely breathing by this time. But he was a sport, and said kindly, "Sonny, fathers are just for that—to ask help from when sons are in trouble. Does your mother know anything about this?"

"Heavens, no! She wouldn't understand."

"Great Scott!" thought the father, naturally. But all he said was, "Well, you might just as well get it off your chest now as any other time." He waited for the blow to fall. Chorus girl? Stock market? The boy, however, seemed too reluctant to confess. So the old man coaxed, in a trembling voice, "Tell dad, my boy. I'm here to help you if I can. Can I?"

"You certainly can!" cried the boy hopefully. "If you'll do it!"

"Come, tell me! What is it you want me to do?"

"Dad, I've worked myself to the verge of a collapse and I haven't been able to sell a single bond. It's awful! I want you to buy some."

"Some what?" asked the old man.

"Some of those bonds."

"Not by a jugful!" shouted his father. "Why, I am one of the underwriting syndicate!"

Our bankers have not felt called upon to sound the usual notes of warning to the public in the matter of foreign investments because there have been so few really bad promotions. Considering the vast totals of the postwar period, the percentage of unwise purchases is very low, and much as it may hurt young Mr. Jones or old Mrs. Smith to have lost $5000 or $10,000 in some foreign bond, if the total national loss is a fraction of 1 per cent the catastrophe is negligible when viewed in its entirety.

Of course, not all the bonds were of foreign governments or of foreign corporations that needed cash and got it here. Many hundred millions of dollars' worth of bonds were issued to pay Americans for goods bought here, so that the investment really represents goods exported. But many millions also were issued in payment of work done by Americans in foreign countries. The most pleasing stories of all were those which showed us at our best—that is, showing greater courage and greater efficiency than the rest of the world. There are too many stories to tell. One will do as a sample.

William Wheeler, Inc., is an engineering firm that does a business running into millions of dollars a year and all of it in foreign countries. If it worked in the United States everybody would have heard of this firm; but its fame is confined to all other countries than its own. This company has built roads, aqueducts, sewers, power plants and all kinds of engineering works everywhere. In 1916 it heard that Andesopolis, the capital of the Altandean Republic in South America, wished to undertake the sanitation of the city. Its system of sewers, water supply, and the like, were worse than obsolete. The government had gone about it very intelligently. It had asked the foremost British and European engineering firms to study the problem, make a report and bid for the job. The best sanitary engineers of England studied the matter and submitted a fine plan and also bids for the work. But before the government could do anything about it the war broke out and that ended it. No sanitation for Andesopolis for another generation!

William Wheeler, Inc., had just completed the sanitation of the chief city of the neighboring republic of Maracay. Hearing about the Andesopolis job, it sent its representatives to look over the ground. The Altandean Government had been carefully studying the plans, specifications and cost estimates of the European engineering firms and knew almost to a cent what a fair price was.

Well, William Wheeler himself was on the job. He looked over the ground and the government's plans and specifications and said, "In 1910 you were willing to let this contract for about $10,000,000 to a British firm, weren't you?"

"Yes."

"This is 1915 and there is a war on which has made the price of material and ocean freights rise until today they are double or treble what they were when you thought $10,000,000 was a fair price."

Winning Tactics

"That is correct, señor," they regretfully told Wheeler, thinking Wheeler was preparing to ask about $40,000,000, which meant no work.

"Well," said Wheeler, "I'll build the works complete for exactly the same amount the British contractors bid several years ago—$10,000,000."

"What?" they yelled.

"With one condition—that you let me modernize it, bring it up to the last minute, by making one change in the specifications."

"What is that?"

"That you allow me to put in what I think is a better type of main. This type can be installed much more quickly and its adoption will save you two-thirds of the cost of what you have specified."

The Altandeans figured that if they could get their sanitation done in 1916 in the most modern way for the same price that they could have had it done in 1908 or 1910, they would be ahead a good many million dollars, so they closed the deal right then and there before the Napoleonic gringo could back out. But Wheeler had figured correctly. The capital of the republic was at an altitude of about 14,000 feet above sea level, and the transportation of the big mains called for would have cost almost the entire $10,000,000. So what he did was to buy concrete-pipe-making machinery and reënforcing material. He bought the cement from native manufacturers and employed Altandean labor for practically all the work. He pointed out to the government how most of the money spent on the job stayed at home, his profit being all that he took out of the country. Yankee ingenuity had again won. In paying for the work he received 6 per cent bonds at a price that he considered satisfactory. He knew he would have to sell these bonds to his compatriots—American friends to whom he would recommend the bonds; and you may be sure he was not taking any chances on what he received in exchange for his work and for the money he himself invested in the enterprise.

Then there was a railroad job and he got it on a cost-plus basis. But remember that here also he knew he would have to take bonds in payment and that he would have to place those bonds among people who knew him and who believed in him. The average promoter with foreign bonds to sell loses no opportunity to harp on the patriotic duty of Americans to buy bonds the proceeds of which are used to pay for American materials. But Wheeler, when the Altandean authorities wished him to buy American rails, refused to do so and insisted on getting Belgian, which he could get for about 30 per cent less.

Builder and Financier

"My job is to build the road as well as I can, and also to build as many miles of it as I can for the money that is available."

He would have to sell the bonds he would get in payment, so he made them as safe an investment as he could. With the 30 per cent he saved by using Belgian instead of American rails, he got just so many more miles of road, making the security of the bonds that much better.

It was this same Wheeler who built the sewers of Maracay. He received in payment Maracayan 6 per cent bonds at around par. This was before the war, when Maracay exchange in New York was just a trifle above mint par. Then came our entry into the war and the dollar went down in Maracay just as the pound and the franc and the lira had done, until our proud dollar wasn't worth much more than eighty cents. Whereupon the Maracayan Government calmly bought back the bonds they had sold to Wheeler. It was, of course, purely an exchange transaction, but the government profited by it. It placed enough bonds at home to retire the Wheeler bonds. Wheeler didn't lose. He got paid in dollars, even though the dollar's purchasing power was so much less in 1918 than in 1912.

An old and valued friend, who is a banker of much experience and of the highest standing, said to me:

"You could write from now till doomsday and not say the last word on the subject of foreign investments. In this country we still cling to the old prejudices of a debtor nation, though we have become a creditor nation. Think of England! That little island owns two-thirds of this globe, though it couldn't raise enough food to keep its not very large population. Foreign investments made London the financial capital of the world, and it certainly pays to be the world's money lender. But we are different, because we are so rich in undeveloped resources that we can't realize we now have more than enough capital to supply our own needs at home. Whether we like it or not, the future will see us investing more and more of our money in foreign countries, and we'll have our successes and our failures as we do in all our ventures.

"We must realize the need of developing a definite national policy about our foreign affairs. We have to educate our public as well as our bankers. We must train bright

(Continued on Page 135)

SUNOCO
CHAT-R-FREE
FOR FORDS

Stops chatter completely
***yet* lubricates perfectly**

Unlike any other oil for
Fords···Absolutely pure
Use Chat-R-Free exclusively
Sunoco dealers have it

SUN OIL CO., *Philadelphia*
SUN OIL CO., Limited, *Montreal*

will not cause hard carbon deposits
will not harm bands
will not pit valves
will not produce crankcase deposits
will not harm magneto
will not smell

Where roads are rough or loads are heavy

The extra ply, the extra thick and extra tough red tread have brought fame to the Fisk Red-Top Tire.

As others tell the story

Okla. "I have this day taken off my car one Red-Top Tire I have run 3 years, 1 month, 6 days. I have a country practice."

Ky. "The roads are very bad here. I have sold Fisk Red-Tops for over two years without one complaint."

Neb. "We have been in the tire business for 14 years and the best friend-getter we ever handled is the Fisk Red-Top."

Miss. "Three and one-half years ago I bought a Red-Top Tire. I have run it on three different Fords and am running it yet."

Wisc. "Red-Tops are giving better mileage and better satisfaction than any other tires sold in this territory."

Colo. "I have known the Red-Top to outlast two and in one or two instances three of other makes of tires."

N. Y. "Our Sales on Fisk Red-Top Tires have increased 450%. They have a tremendous repeat value."

Ohio. "We find their popularity constantly gaining and as you look around the city it looks as though they lead all others."

Wash. "Our sales records tell us one Red-Top sells another."

The Fisk Red-Top is made in the following sizes

30 x 3 30 x 3½ 32 x 4½ 30 x 5 33 x 5

(Continued from Page 132)

young men for foreign business. So far, the rewards at home have been far more attractive, which is the exact reverse of conditions in England. You know that the real reason why we do not have an American merchant marine is that it has not paid Americans to have one. We can get more for money invested and higher wages for work done on American land than on American ships. When it will pay better we'll have a merchant navy, and not before.

"If you don't wish to wait to train experts of our own during the next decade or two to handle our foreign investments, I suggest that we take in a good partner, one who knows the business from the ground up—for example, the Britishers. I make it a practice never to go into any international deal unless London is associated with me in it. If it isn't good enough for British bankers, it isn't good enough for me.

"We do not need to be warned not to lend money to a foreign government to use for armament purposes. I don't know of any banking house that could hope to sell bonds of that character to Americans. And no sane man will want to lend money to a country that has taken no steps to stabilize its currency. As for loans to other than governments, use the same care you would in lending money to any industrial enterprise at home. Perhaps there is need to do a little more. American investors don't fancy holding foreign corporate issues because they can't get the same character of information that they insist upon getting from home companies. The underwriting syndicates will have to supply this information or else not do business. If an investor buys a foreign industrial bond on my recommendation, I must keep him posted so that he will have reasons for holding—or selling out. The international investment banker must develop a higher sense of responsibility than he need show in his dealings in the securities of domestic corporations.

"And about the statistics of the colossal sums invested by us abroad in the past three or four years. Don't forget that the totals are misleading, because such totals don't take into consideration how many new issues went to retire or refund other issues; nor the proportion which has been purchased from us by foreign investors the moment the exchange market favored such operations; nor the proportion which represented payment of American goods or raw materials or foreign money left with us for safekeeping. Most of the foreign bond purchases were made by speculators who took certain chances with their eyes open in the hope of profit or because of high rates of interest or gambling in foreign exchange. Moreover hundreds of millions are not really investments, but exports of surplus capital. No innocent widow or orphan is going to suffer. As for the danger of war, that is always present, like the danger of your being killed in a railway collision.

"Of course there is need to be careful always with all your investments. There are bargains and gold bricks everywhere. The losses sustained by buyers of oil stocks probably rise into the hundreds of millions. There are plenty of victims, but there are also Rockefellers and Sinclairs, Dohenys and Cosdens.

We must not buy inferior foreign bonds at high prices. You might say that if we don't watch out there will be danger of an undigested foreign bond panic.

"Until American capital becomes more abundant, our market will be open to foreign borrowers only to a limited extent and at relatively high rates of interest. If you must buy, I repeat, pick your bond. The best way to do that is to pick your bond house."

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Lefèvre, dealing with the bond business.

FAKING

By an Old Antique Dealer

I HAVE dealt in antique furniture for thirty years; I have bought it, sold it and faked it, and I haven't the faintest doubt but what I can fool the shrewdest collector alive. Only one master craftsman can detect another's forgeries.

This fabrication of antiques is a much older art than is popularly supposed. It has been an industry in Europe ever since the modern world first began to take an interest in the past. And now that we are becoming rich and idle and historically conscious, such dizzy prices are being offered for early American pieces that there is money in the shady side of the game.

The joke, I sometimes think, is on the counterfeiter, at that. He can succeed only by lavishing upon his highboy, chest or bed more loving skill than any eighteenth-century cabinetmaker from Salem to Savannah, with all his supposedly lofty craft standards, ever would have wasted on a like job. The finished forgery is likely to be as well worth preserving as any genuine museum piece, so far as its craftsmanship goes.

All the earmarks by which the collector tests his finds of antique furniture for authenticity, may be counterfeited. Wormholes, of course, are imitated with fine shot or a nail punch. Mahogany is worm-proof in a temperate climate anyway, and the tropical borer works from within. The destruction never is apparent until the piece of furniture collapses. The collector should remember this, and that genuine wormholes never are perfectly round.

Antique counterfeiters do not bury wood in the earth for years to give it the look they require. That is a superstition. Burying in the earth does not produce the tones of natural exposure. Moreover, the trick would be exposed in the molding, carving or beveling to any collector with half an eye.

Antique But Not Authentic

The thirty-third-degree collector believes he has a supersensitiveness in his fingers, and that his best test of furniture for age is its feel, but an extra good sandpapering before the finish is on, and a good rubbing first with fine pumice stone, then with rotten stone, after the finish is on, will produce just that feel he seeks.

Being the son of a European furniture maker of local fame, I inherited some of my father's artistry. Once I made a desk out of an old inlaid square piano. I added drawers and runners from other old pieces of furniture. The desk really was old, it was unique and it was a practical desk, but it was a composite. An old customer, a wealthy woman, wanted it as soon as she had set eyes upon it, and I told her its history.

"Oh, what did you want to tell me that for?" she asked in irritation. "I don't want to be disillusioned. I should have bought it if you had had the wit to keep your lips closed."

The Washington style sofa is a rare antique, always in demand. I had some useless parts of an old fireside chair. I combined the front and back legs and the stretchers of that chair with the lower portions of the square legs of an old drop-leaf table, virtually the same in shape and color, and had the bulk of a Washington sofa. The rest of the chair, which was covered with upholstery, made the filling of the sofa. Very little remained to fill in, and this I supplied with odds and ends. The wood was newer and did not match up precisely, but the very absence of uniformity was the best proof to the average collector that the sofa was genuine.

I really had no intention of selling it as an authentic Washington sofa. A collector of prominence came in and began to study the sofa through the corners of his eyes. He flirted with the sofa every time my back was turned, eventually made up his mind that it was genuine. But did I appreciate that it was genuine? He doubted it, and offered me a price far below what a true Washington sofa was worth. Because it was faked, I let him have it at that price. I've wondered since if I did know my business. Despite its fabrication, the sofa is a rare specimen in the original state.

Another collector once asked me to be on the lookout for a good old piecrust-top table, always hard to find and costly. He had seen several, he said, but the price always was too high. I found him the piecrust-top table and at a reasonable price. I used a genuine claw-and-ball-foot table that had a plain round dish top. I scalloped the edges, cut in the molding, and made it a grade finer than the average piecrust edge. I matched the finish of the top with the balance of the finish, of course. It was well done and my customer got the table in the original condition; he did not have to take my word for it.

Once I had a genuine antique Hepplewhite card table with serpentine front. The front rail had a square plain veneered panel. I removed this and replaced it with an inlaid American eagle. In the lower right-hand corner I inlaid the date, 1785, in very small figures, faint in color. It would take two looks to see it.

I sold it to a well-known Connecticut collector for a stiff price. Six months later he dropped in to tell me that he had discovered the date, 1785, faintly inlaid in the table, and that he regarded the piece as the gem of his collection.

Some ten years ago I made a four-post bedstead for a woman customer. The bedposts were turned down thinner from other very heavy high posters which I used to import from South America. The drapery work was beautifully done, and as the wood was old and hard mahogany it took an excellent finish. My customer's husband died recently, and she sold everything. The sharpest collector in town bought only one item. That was my high-post bedstead, for which he paid the widow one thousand dollars—a lot more than she paid me.

Fake Wormholes

Just the other day my opinion was asked about a pair of high-post bedsteads bought at a sale. High-post beds were not used in pairs in their day, and these particular beds were not even good reproductions. The owner was furious with me for telling him so, but he insisted on showing me an oval-shaped table with the piecrust top, carved pedestal and ball-and-claw foot. At the first glance I told him that he had a faked top on an antique base.

"Just to show you what a bad guess you made," he replied, "let me tell you that I bought this table in the country. It was tied together with ropes; and look at the wormholes in these strips."

I tried to show him that the wormholes were all precisely alike in size, and that the wood was hard and sound all about the holes, but I didn't convince him at the time. He did not want to be convinced.

This man was a good example of the wealthy man of business who decides to go in for antiques but regards himself as too shrewd to buy through dealers. He picks up a piece here and there from private owners, particularly on back dirt roads in the country, and usually it takes him a long time to learn that every fifth farmhouse is apt to be baited for just his kind of fish.

Every Morning with Whittemore's

No excuse to have shabby looking shoes. Whittemore's Shoe Polishes are as quickly available as soap, wherever there are stores.

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Whittemore's BOSTONIAN CREAM is the finest shoe dressing we can make—the product we are proudest of after 75 years in the business. It is a liquid cleaner and polish, for all kid and calf leather. Wonderful for patent leather, and for the new popular shades of tan footwear. Works quickly and is clean and easy to use.

Other Whittemore dressings for Kid, Satin, Silk, Nubuck, Canvas, Silver, Bronze shoes.

WHITTEMORE BROS. CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Whittemore's Shoe Polishes Are Superior

THE KITCHEN DEMOCRAT

(Continued from Page 11)

fashion. They were all right in it at their present time of life, comfortably married—comfortably.

But as lovers —— Why, even now they were ashamed to so much as let the word slip—"love." Her father thought it mawkish. When he went with her to the movies he was ironic and called the whole thing overdrawn. Overdrawn; not true to the humdrum dead-alive thing that went by the name of human existence, in his opinion; and so not worth a thought. Different; different from sitting smoking in his kitchen or conferring with upstate politicians on some such dreary subject as roads and bridges. Everlastingly the same roads, the same bridges.

Even that question of the road to Peter's house had come up at the last town meeting. They were thinking of blasting out that ledge where the road turned and dropped down into the meadow where the house was. Unconsciously, that house of Peter's had captivated Felice. All houses did. She was full of architectural fancies and had made over half the houses in the villages just in going past them. She would look at a house with lashes lowered, dream, raise the roof, poke gable ends out through it, tear down the broken-backed ell, right up the chimneys, transform, modernize.

She had done that with Peter's house, his one inheritance. Going out there along that road with Cale Vining, who wanted to look the ground over before he introduced the subject in town meeting, she had found Peter smoking in his parlor.

"It's dear," she said; "but imagine people with an open fireplace bricking it up and papering over it, where nowadays people would sell their souls for a fire on the hearth!"

Peter nodded and smiled. But he had a defense for those people. No doubt unless a fire was going there all the time there would be a down draft through the big chimney that would have a tendency to cool things off. Then again, they might have been thinking of their curtains.

The queer man. Felice recognized in him a tincture of sympathy with the troubles and aspirations of those by-gone people. She would have to take him in hand. She made him agree that fireplaces were nice, but he would never say that they were indispensable. He looked at the past with the same calm tolerance he had for the present. But he conceded much. The house began to shape itself surprisingly in accordance with a certain lady's wishes. He had intended to put in big new panes. Felice persuaded him to keep the little wrinkled ones.

"Your future wife will thank me for it, too," she said decidedly. That, he said, depended. But the little panes remained. He had had in mind a cement walk to the gate. Felice spoke for flags, like Spanish flags, with moss growing in the cracks. The flags were laid. The old cellar, a dozen paces from his door, he had meant to fill in altogether; but Felice saved it for a sunken garden. This must be filled with old-fashioned flowers—larkspur, foxglove, bergamot; and these required her attention.

"You look out she don't put a drawing-room into your place so the women can leave the men to their cigars," Cale Vining said.

She contented herself that time with suggesting a flight of three steps at the front door, of tapestry brick upended for the risings and showing a basket weave on the top sides.

"People are actually using their front doors in this age, strange as it may appear," she asserted. She had lately had a carpenter at work getting the Vining front door to open and shut without the application of strength like Sandow's.

So the little house had wooed them in turn, taking a tincture of each personality, changing with their moods, now rioting in their exuberance, now looking dubious at some radical adventuresome shift in its interior economy, as when Felice insisted on having the hand-hewed kitchen beams revealed in all their worm-eaten poetry. The house had a coy look, a look of conspiracy, a look of hungering for inmates. Books would not take the place of people; yet here, on either side of the chimney in the living room, Peter's books would be; his law library, since he meant to hang out his shingle in the fall.

"Not a shingle, is it really, Peter?"

"Well, something in the shape of one." And then he had said, "Not the kind that will keep the rain off our roof," and Felice realized the extent of her captivity. Peter had basely taken advantage, she whispered, of her penchant for houses. A veritable weakness. He had let the little house make love to her, standing by to have his due share in her capitulation.

The formula. Peter had taken too much for granted all along, she reflected. He hadn't exerted himself to hold her as Tom Whitcomb would exert himself. Tom was so perfectly solicitous. In the hotel lobby he took the silk wrap lingeringly from her shoulders, as if unveiling a statue; and when they sat down at table together, he came in back of her with accomplished deference and slid the chair in to her knees.

But it had not been sufficiently rehearsed. She waited, and then, touched, sat down like a shot, hot all over—that she, Felice Vining of Viningsboro, should have been found not equal to the occasion, where she did so desperately love punctilio. She had impressed it upon Peter that men ought to rise whenever a woman came into the room or got up to go out of it. They should let the woman go ahead of them through a door. They should take their hats off with an easy decided motion, not drag them off or just resettle them or touch them with a forefinger. She had seen Tom Whitcomb stand for fifteen minutes in a drizzle, talking to a lady under an umbrella; but she did not submit this instance to be impaled on Peter's irony. He and Cale Vining were so much alike.

Tom had never seemed more tactful than tonight. His very look was a kind of benediction. His eyes were beautiful, with those romantic lights and shadows. There was in them, too, a kind of arrogance, which Tom knew how to carry off, though not all men of her acquaintance could, she must confess. He looked like Byron, and it was whispered that he had Byron's talent for verse.

"Fortunate woman," he murmured, keeping his eyes on her, his arm, after a flourish, dropping, his hand feeling for the dish into which he was dipping the ash of his cigarette.

"Why fortunate?" Felice breathed. The white table linen looked pink to her downcast eye, as if reflecting the flush she felt in her cheeks. He was so desperately cryptic in his utterance.

"Well, aren't you?" he pursued. "What could you possibly desire that you haven't got?"

"You haven't heard me complain, I hope," she said.

At once her own words enraged her. It was like Cale Vining rising up inside her, in spite of her most desperate endeavors. Suddenly she saw Cale himself sitting in the lobby with Lawyer Bassett. Talking roads no doubt. Roads! That road to Peter's house!

"Who were the fortunate women then?" Mr. Whitcomb pressed her.

Instantly she said "The Sabine women," and saw the rebel's glow in her eyes reflected in his. This was the hazard of his company. Conversation was a clash of rapiers. She felt herself touched by things hinted and not said, tormented by possibilities that were remotest when they seemed nearest. But she was saved the consequences of her retort by the drifting past them of her friend Estelle Horrocks, in green. For some days Estelle had had banging at her wrist, linked to a chain bracelet, a man's seal ring of heavy gold. She now had a diamond on the signifying finger. Whitcomb seized that hand and raised it.

"Fortunate woman," he breathed prayerfully.

"I shan't talk with you. You should have said 'Lucky man,'" Estelle cried, and snatched the hand away. The music was beginning. Tom got to his feet.

"Come then, my Sabine woman. This night is thy soul required of thee."

Cale Vining, sitting in the office of the Crosby House, watched his daughter dance. Opposite him, James Quincy Bassett sat monolithic in a wheezy leather chair, his black felt hat on the back of his head, his thumbs hooked into the armholes of his vest, his fat fingers playing on his pectorals as if on the stops of a wind instrument—which he veritably was. When he grew intent the fingers stopped. They stopped when he saw Cale Vining looking at his daughter through the varnished archway. His vest, segmented like a lobster with lateral joints and wrinkles, heaved slightly. His fat face was very candid, genial, unhurried, the eyes heavy-lidded.

He had not yet said anything about roads. Time enough. The business of the hour had its approaches. Men like Cale had taken a leaf out of the book of the copper-skinned sagamores who ruled these headlands before them. The long way round in cases like this was the shortest way home very often, Bassett knew.

He talked upstate politics; and Cale watched for Felice to appear and disappear, in the arms of that lean belted fellow with a complexion like milk. He had a cleft chin too. Where had Cale heard that a cleft chin was a sign of degeneracy in a man?

But Bassett was coming down to cases at last and Cale gathered his faculties for business.

Roger's Inlet was his town, partly his creation. In an election he could deliver the county, let alone the town. People took a lot of stock in him. Though he had never derived much profit personally from its growth, the rise of the Inlet was as if in answer to his vision. When a bridge had been indicated he had made them build it. If it needed repair that long-headed man had had himself carried off a sick bed and into town meeting in order to argue them into repairing it. He had bullied the town meeting into building a waterworks and into making modern sidewalks and into frowning down the inroads of portable mills on the perfectly negotiable scenery. He had brought about the transformation of horse lanes into gravel roads fit for summer traffic; and finally at a celebrated road hearing before the road commissioners he had got the better of six or seven railroad towns, when the question had been of straightening the main road at a place which would have allowed the Inlet road, that ancient parting of the ways, to grow up to wilderness again.

His speech had been full enough of mother wit to get itself reprinted in the metropolitan dailies. It had been quoted from in Congress, made the pet of columnists and brought the spotlight of national publicity to center on these doings.

Mr. Bassett didn't want that to happen again. Another road hearing was in prospect. Another road hearing affecting the Inlet's interests was coming up tomorrow. Mr. Bassett had interests which were opposed, and which could be furthered by nothing so much as by Mr. Vining's silence.

"Look at this thing from a national point of view," he was saying. "Take the big view, Vining."

"I leave that to the big men," Cale said grimly. "I'm a little man in a little town, and I take a little view—devilish little where it's a case of paying a contractor ninety cents a yard for shoveling dirt into a bottomless bottom to all perdition."

"Eighty cents—eighty cents a yard," Bassett said genially. "For a fill like this the estimate is ——"

"Estimate? Let me tell you an estimate is one thing and a bid is another. Let one of 'em put in a bid. Let him back his judgment on the number of cubic yards required—and I say nothing."

Bassett dropped his cigar into the spittoon and got out of his chair, shaking ashes from the segmented vest. He walked over to the desk to buy a fresh supply. The music had stopped, and Whitcomb was bending over the case indicating a brand of cigarettes.

"Do anything with that girl?" the big man said, extremely low.

"She's plastic—plastic as the first clay," returned the airman.

"Full speed ahead then. There's no reasoning with the man, I can see," said Bassett. "You cripple him on that side and there is a good pot in it for you."

Mr. Whitcomb might easily have found that there was no reasoning with the woman either; but certain circumstances favored him. For one thing, the devil in Peter Holt's breast. Making the rounds of the hotel, as in duty bound, the new policeman came to rest between two cedar shrubs and looked through the square yellow pickets of the veranda railing. The oiled hard-pine boards of the flooring were on a level with his chin. Felice and Tom came dancing that way, the music following them through a line of open windows.

"Happy?" Tom inquired over her shoulder.

"Not unduly, I trust," Felice let fall.

"Shy—you are shy, you know. I shall call you Shy. There's just that tincture; it's irresistible. Felice—Felice—it's hopeless, I know; but would you have loved me in another life?"

Felice escaped his arms.

"Ask me when that other life comes round," she said, very low. "I think you're premature."

"It might never come round, though," the man said.

"I don't think it will, either."

"Hence my prematureness, as you call it."

In the second's silence her hand appeared on the railing just out of Peter Holt's reach. Mr. Whitcomb's most uniformly successful question had been foiled; and yet faint-heartedly, as appeared from her acceptance of the man's offer to go and get her ice cream.

She was not to have a moment to herself, it seemed. Peter vaulted the rail and picked up her hand, the very hand she had dropped there in her recoil from Mr. Whitcomb's arms. He held it, wrist and all, under her eyes.

"You might just turn it out for these few seconds," he said at white heat.

"Turn what out?"

"Your diamond. I understand you turn it into your palm on occasions like the present."

"That's outrageous."

"I think so. It's true, isn't it? Or maybe—just an accident."

In fact, it was no accident. She had, while coming downstairs at home, deliberately turned Peter's ring into her hand. She could neither deny nor explain the impulse that had led her to it. The ring was reminiscent of the formula, and for this evening she wanted to be rid of the formula. She was at a big enough disadvantage with Tom Whitcomb as it was, without giving him the added hold over her of this revelation of her status—an affianced woman; betrothal, that convent of the soul, he had ironically called it. What ho, the scaling ladders!

"As a matter of fact, I can take it off altogether, and I guess I'd feel freer too," Felice said, whipping out the words hard. Her heart was in her throat and she felt as

(Continued on Page 141)

Inter woven

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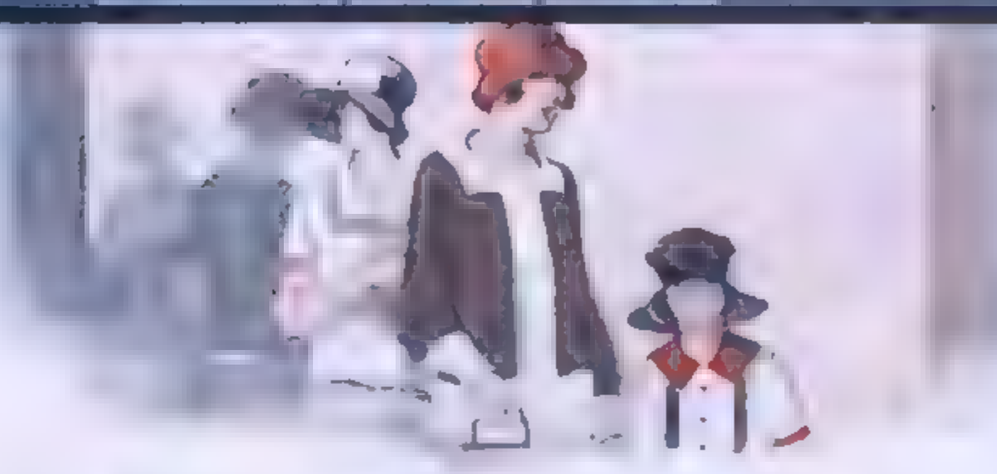

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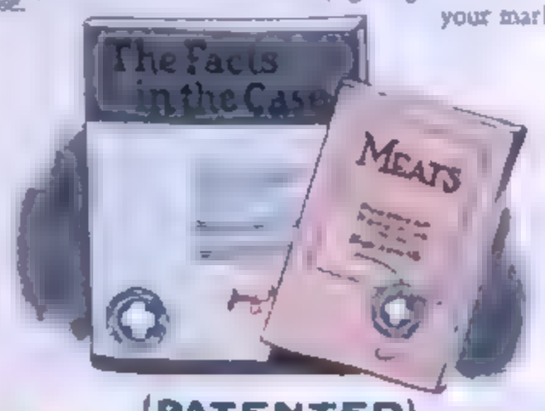

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The architect, the contractor, the home-builder have now available in concrete made with Atlas Portland Cement, either in its normal gray color or in pure white, the complete architectural medium, for it embodies in itself all that is necessary for construction and decoration—another reason why Atlas is known as "the Standard by which all other makes are measured."

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Atlas Portland Cement

Atlas White Portland Cement

(Continued from Page 136)

if she had wrestled with the man physically. Another woman had spoken the words. But then it was another Peter standing over her. She was shocked by this terrible abruptness. She could not believe that she was actually breaking with the man; yet she saw her arm extend itself, shadowlike, her numbed fingers drop the ring into the man's hand.

"Excuse me. After this, I'm simply intruding," he said. He dropped to the ground. She heard the grind of his heels in the gravel. What had she done? What, she desperately thought, would Cale Vining think of this? What could anybody think of it if the truth were known and published? There was no denying she had worn the ring turned in. But what intolerable luck to be confronted with that breach of faith, and then in a powder flash of passion and shame to break with Peter altogether.

She was free now; but she would have accusers. They gleamed round her already like wolves' eyes around a fire, ready to snap at her and drag her down. There was Peter's little house, for instance; the line of its roof was visible from here across a little cove with oaks along the shore line. There was a crying witness of her shame. She felt her soul swing on some wild tide of feeling; but she composed herself. Whitcomb was coming out with her refreshment.

They sat together on the circular bench inclosing one of the big oaks on the lawn. Tom was dizzyingly circumspect. He didn't fondle or manhandle. He slipped off the bench, sank to her feet and reclined on an elbow, flipping things toward the moon with his fingers—bits of wood, pebbles. Flip, flip. His gray hydroplane, swinging at its mooring, left a spur of phosphorescence on its dark side. A crowd of young women, strangers, drifted past them, going toward the float. They were laughing and supporting a man in their midst.

"Good-by, Inlet," one of them cried in a husky voice. They were going out on board a yacht.

"Good-by, wild women," muttered Mr. Whitcomb.

"Life is—funny," Felice breathed tremulously.

"Life's a stubble field and everybody's barefoot," Whitcomb cried, rising toward her on his arms. "Keep going fast and it won't hurt you is the principle people go on now."

"What a detestable analogy!"

"Then I'll say it's like a diamond, beautiful but hard. You are hard, you know. And for me, tonight, you are life, aren't you? Don't answer me in words. I was about to say it's a popular fallacy that a diamond never wears out. It doesn't last too long where it's used day in and day out for scratching glass or washing dishes. An uncle of mine is a glazier. You see, I put all my cards on the table. There's no coat of arms in my family. You're all the aristocrat I know."

The aristocrat was on her feet.

"I think I'll ask you just to see me home," she said faintly.

They walked toward Cale Vining's house, the wind just stirring off the water, the moon quite round and lustrous. They were silent, the pressure of the man's arm was not resisted. He seemed now the one friendly force, the one individual who could understand her heart and forgive its vagaries. Going through the gate, though, she had a deep uncertain feeling that he knew everything—everything. She drew her arm away, and that turning movement of her head on narrowed shoulders brought Cale Vining's profile into view, framed in the kitchen window. He was sipping at his pipe, with his elbows on what his daughter called the Doomsday Book.

"He's got a head like Cæsar," Mr. Whitcomb whispered.

Like Cæsar, like fate itself. How could she ever speak to him again, when he knew; and there would be plenty who would tell him. Never Peter, of course. Peter would be in the little house now, staring at the walls, with a cold pipe in his teeth.

Whitcomb put his arm swiftly, securely, round her and drew her into the shadow of the cedar tree.

"Did you mean—what you said—about the Sabine women?" he whispered hotly. "What if I picked you up in these arms, the way you are, with all your sweet perfections on your head, and carried you away to a new destiny?"

"Tom, don't, please."

"It was simply a gesture of yours then. Felice, don't trifle with me. What could you ever come to here? It's not the setting. We've got the ship sitting out there, all tanked up. We can fly into the moon, have the music of the spheres in place of wedding bells. Does that appeal at all, or doesn't it? No, you're a formulist, in spite of everything. Felice, don't let me say it. Don't let me."

"What about—coming down to earth again?"

"Do you suggest that? Felice, what's your answer?"

"I don't know."

"One thing I can tell you, if it will be any help. Nothing's worth anything in this world until you've risked it and got it back again. Life itself isn't; love isn't. Felice, there isn't—anybody else?"

"No, there's nobody else, naturally."

She felt herself dazzled, hot, as if she had been running and was captured; wreathed with all the colored fires of a questing soul. Tom alone stood up out of the ruins of her world.

"Then—your answer?"

"It's—in the negative."

"You can't bring yourself to say no. It's too great an effort."

She turned in his arms.

"Yes, then. Take me up. Take me up, Tom and never—never bring me down." Against his kisses, she whispered, "Wait! I must go upstairs and get—one or two things."

Cale Vining should have had his mind on roads, but instead he was thinking of Felice. Underneath all his superficial wisdom he had a deeper wisdom yet which could allow for that desperate romantic feeling in the girl's breast. She was her father's daughter; and there had been a time when he had thought himself that he could take the whole world on the tip of his tongue and swallow it; live everybody's life, inside everybody's skin. He had been six or seven years away from home, undertaking that, and he had failed in it. How could he tell her that? The knowledge was locked in his heart, and not all his mother wit could give tongue to it, most likely. As for that yearning for something that vanishes before it has a solid shape, a shadow on the wall, a voice in the night, tanglement in mystery's silken fringes—he had trusted Peter to take care of that. Peter at least would keep her near.

It might well be that something profoundly selfish lurked in this need of Cale's to have her near a little while still; yet he was certain that her happiness, in some queer way, still must have his overlordship, until she could grow into his wisdom, her inheritance.

And now, in place of Peter's strong dependability, he saw this materialization of the very thing that for Felice's sake ought not to materialize, in the person of this clever youth, with his good looks, his romantic record, that power of beguiling the heart out of her body while she looked another way. The end of that would be disaster. That fellow was the living incarnation of the thing that so far had lived in the girl's heart only as a sentiment, a perfumed shadow.

Take the big view, Jim Bassett had urged him—the bird's-eye view, in short. No, he couldn't do that. He would have to leave that to the birds—the highflyers. He preferred to keep his ear close to the ground.

Keeping it so, he had nodded and fallen into the embrace of that soporific Doomsday Book; but he came instantly awake at the rattle of the latch. Whitcomb himself had slipped into the kitchen, as if to oppose himself personally to Cale Vining's trend of thought. He leaned gracefully on the table edge.

"Getting ready for the battle?" he inquired. But his voice could not capture the nonchalance of his pose. Cale looked up abruptly.

"Likely to need all my ammunition," he said, throwing out smoke. "Have a chair."

"No; can't stop."

The handsome youth tightened the knot of his knitted necktie. Cale hooked the coal hod nearer and spat. Land fog breathed through the window.

"The fact is," Whitcomb dropped out, "Felice and I are hopping off tonight."

There was dead silence. Cale Vining had been going over the figures on the yellow pad before him with a stub of pencil, making them heavier and heavier. They glared up at him. He heard the faucet dripping. He had sat at funerals and heard the faucet dripping, since he usually got a kitchen seat; and he felt as if he were sitting at a funeral now.

"Hopping off, are you?"

"Yes. Naturally, I wouldn't go without notifying you. We're going in my ship—going to fly into the moon."

The man could lie faster than two horses could trot, of course; but he could have no object in lying now. There had something happened then, for the man to have this hold on her.

"Going to take French leave," Cale muttered.

He went to the sink and drank a glass of water. It was just as well, he reflected, that Sal was out of the house. There was nothing she could do.

He heard Felice tumbling a drawer out upstairs. Something had come adrift and she was going wild.

"Suppose I say no," he said distinctly. Whitcomb lowered his long lashes.

"Where she has said yes? Try it—just try it!"

Was the hold so strong? Cale's face was terrible at the mere thought. But he must keep calm. He had no facts—nothing. It might be what on its surface it appeared to be. It might be ——

Once in his youth he had been to Boston and made the acquaintance of the Chelsea Strong Boy, and even put on the gloves with him, with credit to himself. He still had that iron frame, but of what use was it to him in a crisis of this sort? Confronted with this stripling, whose beauty was his only strength, and who could exert his strength only against women or against men through women, Cale felt himself crumbling to ashes. Felice could think of flight, but could she possibly embody it in its details?

He heard Whitcomb ask, "Would it have had your consent, no matter how long we waited?"

He heard himself say sternly, "No, it never would." Young Whitcomb shrugged his shoulders.

Suddenly Cale was standing over him menacingly.

"What'll you take to go away quietly and leave the girl alone? What'll you take?"

Whitcomb's nails scraped against the table top.

"What's my price, you're asking me? Isn't this getting down to cases?"

"What'll you take?" whispered Cale. "I don't want you to be found here when the girl comes down. What's it worth to you to disappear?"

Whitcomb cleared his throat and ran his tongue over his lips.

"What if I said 'Silence'?"

"Silence?"

"Silence—yes. Silence is golden, doesn't the poet say? It so happens that I do have certain obligations. . . . What say? You to keep away from that road hearing tomorrow, me to evaporate here and now, leave the lady to her own devices."

So then the monkey was using the cat's paw to pull the chestnut out of the fire. A twisted vein appeared in Cale's brow. He leaned back hard against the dresser

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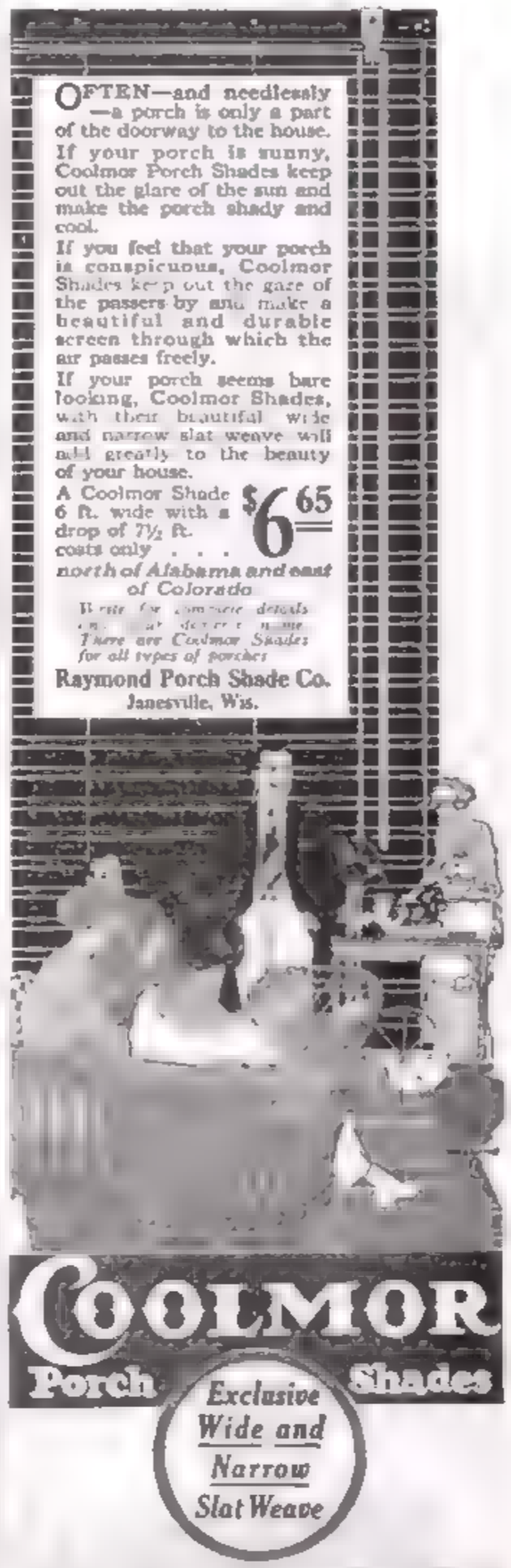
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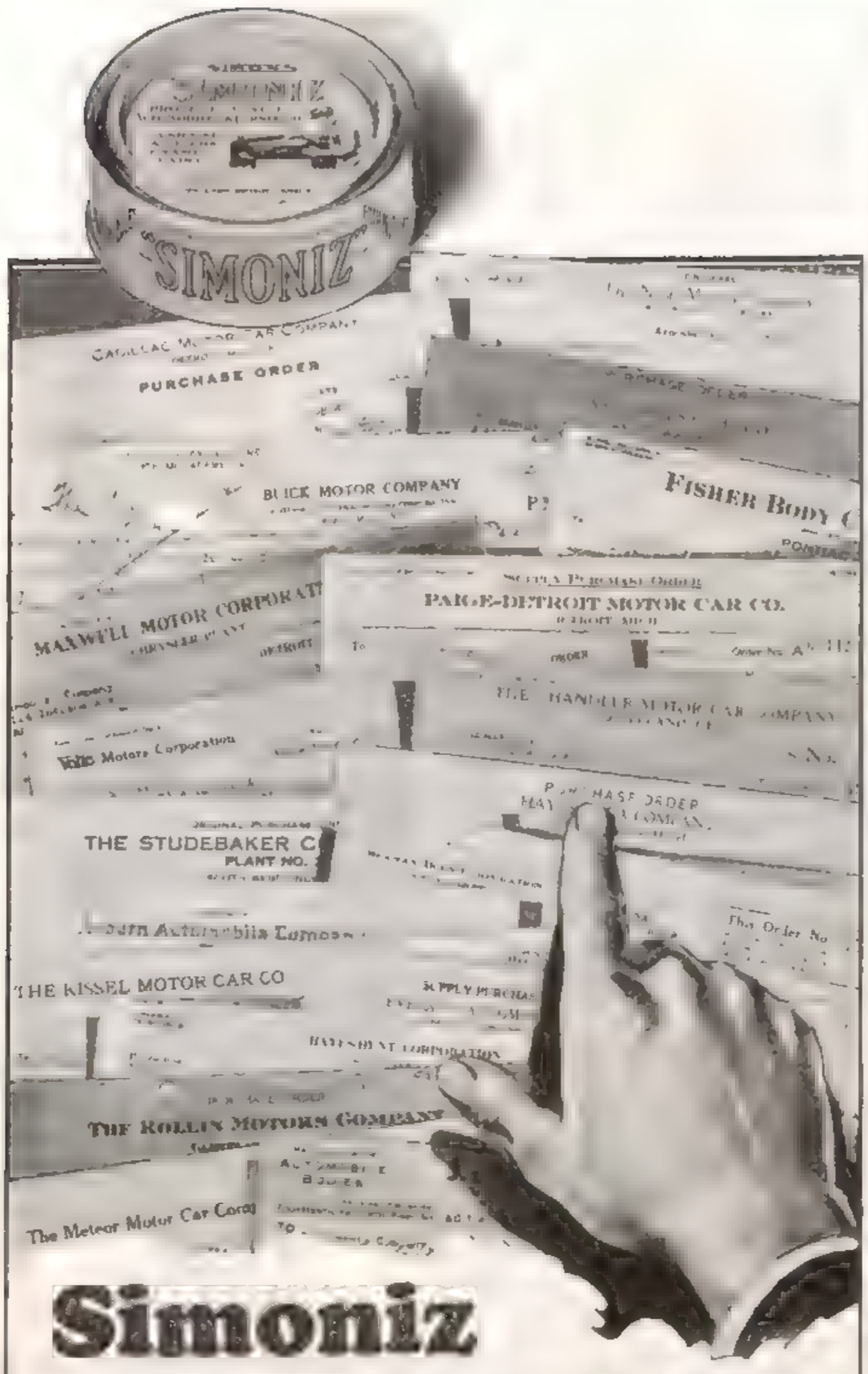

and his hand touched the leather billy which Peter had tossed there.

"A plant, is it?" he muttered.

This was what he had brought upon her with his politics! His blunt fingers stood like a palisade all round the heavy end of that weapon. Without knowing what he did, he crept it up his arm and rested it against the heel of his hand. He heard the blood roar in his ears. The man unquestionably meant to offer him back Felice's love, torn and unrequited, on the scales of this disreputable bargain.

Worse; he had had the bargain in mind from the beginning. This was the treatment women should expect who inclined their ears to the beguilement of men who came "from away." His inborn distrust of outlanders had some foundation after all. His will was at dead point. He could save Felice whole out of this little devil's arms, maybe, but to do that must break faith with the town which trusted him, and had in fact no one else to put dependence in.

"What do you think the girl herself would say to this?" he muttered thickly.

"She'll be coming down now any minute. Ask her," whispered Whitcomb, arching his black brows.

Hopeless. He had reason to be confident of his hold. The kitchen seemed to darken, and the devil in Cale's breast crept down into his rigid fingers.

"I can think of still another possible solution," he said briefly.

The well-turned youthful face was thrust out at him with something burglarious and vile in its attractive bloom.

"How's that?"

"Like so!"

He struck the man senseless with Peter's club and caught the sinking body in his arms as if in parts of the same motion.

Felice, at once on opening the front door, had in her nostrils the odor of tobacco smoke floating through the lilac bushes. It must certainly be Cale, she thought. She dropped her bag in a corner and stepped over the sill.

Cale, in his shirt sleeves, was looking at the moon. His chest heaved. He must be getting fat, if just walking made him puff. Tom must be standing somewhere in the shadow of the cedar hedge.

"Hello. Aren't you back before your time, my lady?" Cale inquired.

"A—little, perhaps. Where's mother?"

"Gadding. Guess I must have stolen forty winks. Kind of lost myself. Dipped my nose into that soporific once too often. Want to take a little walk, Lissy, before turning in?"

His fingers closed about her elbow. She drifted with him, not able to think of an excuse, and suddenly not wanting an excuse. Rather, she wanted to feel again the touch of that strength on which she had leaned so long. She felt an impulse to confess, to beseech him with her arms clinging round his neck, to patch it up for her by hook or crook; but her lips simply couldn't shape themselves around the words.

There was no sentiment about the man. How was he to understand and make allowances? Love, this sort of love, simply went past him on his blind side. He never referred to it except with a grunt or one of his sarcastic sayings. Overdrawn. It was not so much as the dirt under his feet. Human relationships he took for granted, without ever even remotely perceiving the adventure of them.

It must be that in some queer way she was more experienced than he. How could she expect him to fathom or interpret the dizzy breath on which she had given Peter back his ring? Or for that matter, the little devil's impulse which had turned the ring into her hand, almost without the assistance of her guilty fingers?

That would be perfectly incomprehensible to Cale Vining. All the same, when he spoke again, he had pitched by some chance fair and square on the unlucky topic.

"Peter looked in on me tonight," he said, moving the pipe from one side of his mouth to the other. "That young man of yours will go far. Not that I would undertake to tell you something about him that you don't know already.

"Have you heard, though, that the powers that be have marked him for the legislature another year? He'd never tell you that. I suppose it will come hard on you to leave your little house and go and be the governor's lady. Peter's a man out of a thousand."

"Yes—yes," she said faintly. Appalled, she saw that they were drifting now toward Peter's house.

"It isn't every man," continued Cale, "that I would let you go to without a struggle. I don't mind telling you now, strictly in the family, there have been times lately when I have been afraid some city man would run away with you, what with all the talent there was at the hotel."

His complacence was terrible, in view of the fact that Tom with his guilty knowledge must be shadowing them even now.

"Some city man?"

"Not that I have anything against the city; but still I don't think there's any city in the Vining blood. I had my fling at it and I was glad enough to beat a retreat. Old Shadd's son went there when I did, and he outstayed me. When I saw him again, he undertook to tell me marvels.

"'Look here,' I said, 'how many people all told would you put it that you knew there in the city so as to take 'em by the hand?' He didn't know. Maybe a hundred and fifty. I said to him, 'I live in a bigger world than you do, Shadd, and you're plump in the middle of those millions. There's thirteen hundred people in this hamlet, and with three-quarters of 'em I could ask myself out to dinner.' Ever you see anything to compete with that view in your travels?"

He held her arm again and sipped at his pipe, his hair standing up in ragged locks. Felice stumbled over one of the clumsy boat-shaped patches in the wooden sidewalk and looked with blurred eyes. There it was, his precious view; the black crags, the yellow road, the silver sea, the meadow like a green sheet held at its four corners and weighted by a big bowlder in the middle. On the far side came the alders, the ruin of a stone wall, Peter's house. No, there had been nothing like that in her travels.

She stole a look at Cale Vining. He was so steadfast in his love for everything familiar. After all, he did have sentiment. There was no view like that view, no house quite like the Vining house, no place in the Vining house quite like that comfortable kitchen, with its perfect lack of all pretense.

Old friends, old houses—you knew what to expect of them. Outlanders were simply unknown quantities.

(Continued on Page 144)

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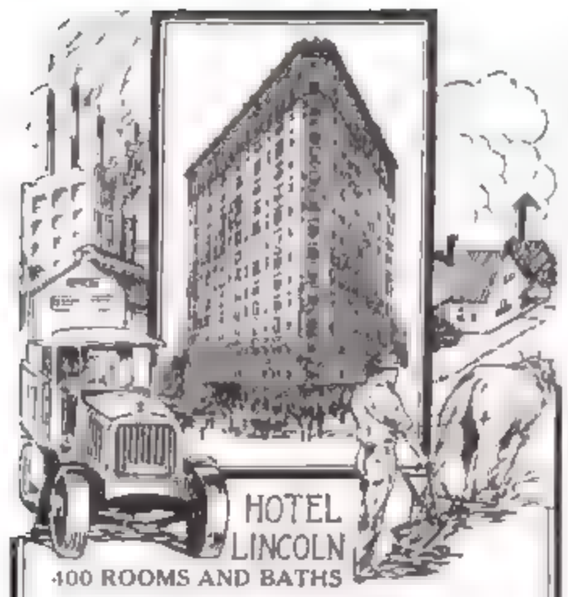

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(Continued from Page 142)

"Nothing like it anywhere. Nothing that will hold a candle to it," Cale muttered, rapt. "And in a year or two, when I get a railroad coming in, you'll see changes that will open your eyes. We don't figure to be standing still, Peter Holt and I. You take it, with a place like the Inlet, we've got to give the young encouragement to stay at home or we go to seed, the whole boiling. You and Peter—you're the life-blood of the community, you and those like you. We've got you fast, wise woman. It might easily enough have come out some other way. . . . I say, when it comes to picking out a man, a lot of mighty sensible women in other ways don't seem to shop enough. They go in for the experts. You take these experts in women, where they've learned a trade and sunk good money in it; they expect to work at it and you can't rightly blame them. But you can steer clear of 'em. No one in his senses ever laid it up against a snake that it was poison."

He had never been so voluble before in all his days. She could not get a word in edgewise, with Cale Vining's tongue hung as it seemed in the middle and wagging at both ends. Couldn't he just infer it, from her frozen silence, that catastrophe had overtaken her? He wasn't ordinarily quite so obtuse.

They were in the meadow path already. Felice saw Peter's house growing insensibly larger in her eye. She trembled from head to foot, and even this did not disturb him. His even pressure on her arm continued. How could she bring herself to tell him what the situation really was? And if she did tell him, how could he believe it? He would simply think her mad. He was going on as before, oblivious.

"I will say it's a nice little place you and Peter have fallen heir to. Outside the Vining house itself, I wouldn't want a nicer. It's just sheltered enough to the north and northeast, and if it should come on a cold westerly, there's two of you to sit close. Plenty of millionaires would pay blood for the privilege." He squeezed her arm. "I say plenty of millionaires will envy Peter Holt his wife and that outlook on open water from a pretty place like this. There's a light there in the kitchen. We might just dodge in a minute."

"It's—it's too late," she said, her voice muffled.

"I expect he'll think it is, yes," her father said dryly. "I expect he'll just shut the door in your face."

"He will. Dad, that's exactly what he will. Dad, won't you understand? I've broken with Peter. There's—there's been a rupture of relations. I've broken with him. If you knew how contemptible I am ——"

For a second it seemed as if those fierce panting little whispers had fallen on deaf ears. Cale's finger went on trifling with Peter's gate latch and the ghost of a smile persisted on his lips. The distant music of the last dance at the Crosby House was faintly audible.

"Broken with him? Fiddle-faddle!" Cale resumed. "You've had a little quarrel. I guess if you looked in on him now you could bring him to his knees."

"I'm the one that should go to my knees," Felice uttered, with a desperate sob. "But no, he wouldn't listen. He couldn't ——"

"He'll listen to you right enough. Maybe it's not the best thing for you to know what your hold is over that young man, but I will just state for your information that he will follow you into hell if you just crook your little finger."

Felice, her head weaving among the alder shoots, stared hard at Cale. His words were like an outpouring from the depths of that big barrel chest stretching the cotton shirt tight over its expanding muscles.

"Dad, I've been so desperately wrong——"

"Don't you try to portion out the blame. You mark my words—into hell and out again. And I wouldn't give much for the salvation of a man who wasn't willing to be damned and hoved in on, for those he loves. No—no."

He stopped short and seemed strangely moved. He looked back as if with sudden recollection along the meadow path. He had spoken the word now with all his heart's power. The situation had overpowered the Puritan's black drop in him, and he could speak his mind. Those iron fingers had quite stopped the circulation of blood in the girl's arm.

"Which way would you go now if you could?"

"I wouldn't hesitate if I thought —— But, no. Dad, I've passed my word. I'm compromised another way."

"Yes, sure enough," Cale said, with a grim set to his lips. "You mean you had contracted to fly into the moon. Well, you needn't have that on your conscience, it so happens. The moon will be just as good a target a hundred years from now, Lissy."

"Dad, then—you know. You've spoken with him."

"With who?"

"With Tom Whitcomb."

"I've spoken with him, yes."

"Wh-where?"

"Well now, where do you suppose? You'll never guess. It was back in our kitchen, Lissy. There hasn't been love openly and brazenly discussed, not to put a tag to it, in that kitchen since the days when your mother used to refuse to put the eleven o'clock stick of wood on the fire. She used to freeze me out for my own good sometimes."

"Dad, you discussed it?"

"We went a little into detail, yes. We had to, where that was the business before the meeting."

The pulse of fireflies under the blanket of land fog kept rhythmic pace with the throbbing of her heart. The rattle of cart wheels over the stone ledge by the water tower seemed not ten feet away in the silence.

Then Cale said, "How's it strike you, sister?"

"Dad, what's become of him?"

Cale Vining muttered, "That's a fair question. He had a second thought, see? Not that he thought any the less of you, but he saw the error of his ways. He unquestionably did. It came over him that he had been a little premature. So he—evaporated. Seems to me that was his word for it."

"You mean he simply—went away?"

"I don't guess you could put it more forcibly than that—no, Lissy. He simply went away."

Felice dashed herself against him, holding to him as if with those drawled words he had wakened her out of a nightmare.

"I'm glad—glad," she whispered. "I can't imagine how I came to be implicated with him in the first place."

"It's all right to have him go, Lissy?"

He spoke casually, but the backs of his hands glinted with sweat.

"Dad, you've simply saved me from myself. Only—how could you know that?"

"That's where it comes in being a Vining of Viningsboro. And look here, speaking of that coat of arms—the Vining arms—what was it just what was that object the fellow had sticking in his fist; can you remember?"

"A battle-ax, wasn't it?" she murmured, darting the worship of her eyes into his.

"Battle-ax. I thought so. Well, now, making allowances for the change in times, a man will get more than a hint from his ancestors. Pick your day. There's a suggestion. It's a good deal, too, like saying there's no time like the present. There'll never be a better day. Lissy, you just go on in and make your peace with Peter."

She reached up, kissed him and went along the little walk with its Spanish flags. Cale Vining saw her stop a second at the door, bend her head and seem to hesitate. Then in a twinkling she was inside the house.

Ten minutes later Cale Vining, coming on the run, opened the door into his kitchen. Mrs. Vining was foul of the stove, giving the hasty pudding a last stir. She glanced up and drew down the corners of her mouth.

"My sorrows, you look as if you'd been drawn through seven knot holes. What's the matter? Worrying over those wretched roads?"

"Roads are wretched enough this year all right," he said a little thickly, and ran his hand through his hair. He was staring at the yellow door which opened into the woodshed. "Anybody been in or gone out through that door since I been gone, mamma?" he muttered.

"Not that I know of; no, I came in the front way. Why?"

"Nothing."

He laid hold of the knob, turned it slightly.

"That door's sticking lately. House must be settling some more," said Mrs. Vining.

"It's had a hundred and fifty years to find bottom," he said mistrustfully.

He snatched the door open with a powerful jerk which made it shudder on its hinges. But the light from the bracket lamp showed him that the shed was empty. Nothing but the hump-shouldered chopping block interrupted the rough planking of the floor.

"What did you think was lurking there?" Mrs. Vining cried, horror-stricken, her knees beginning to give way under her. She knew too well that Cale was not a man to start at his shadow.

"A ghost, I guess," he said, and suddenly, boisterously clapped her on the shoulder. "I was wrong, it seems. Must be I'm getting antic like that new horse of Fisher's. Ready to jump sideways at my own shadow. Mamma," he continued in a strong voice, "how long's it been since you've seen me take a drink?"

Sal Vining went close up to him and smelled his breath.

"Since I don't know when. But you act drunk enough now."

"I'll act drunker. What's come of that bottle of Cuba rum with the nigger lady on the label?"

"I saw it in the closet there, back of the strawberry preserves, when I was cleaning. Cale, you're not going to be sick? There's nothing in that woodshed."

"Nothing; no, ma'am. And I don't know when the sight of just nothing gave me more encouragement than it did when I looked through that door and that was what I saw. There wouldn't anything five times as spectacular have given me the same relish. Say what you're a mind to, the human skull is only strong one way, and it's not too damned strong that way, where a man is out of practice."

"Someone's cracked yours then. I don't know when I've heard you swear around the house. Cale, you're talking awful kind of wild."

He had his head in the closet and emerged with the rum. He poured a stiff drink into a tumbler.

"My stars, you're never going to dispose of that, Cale Vining!"

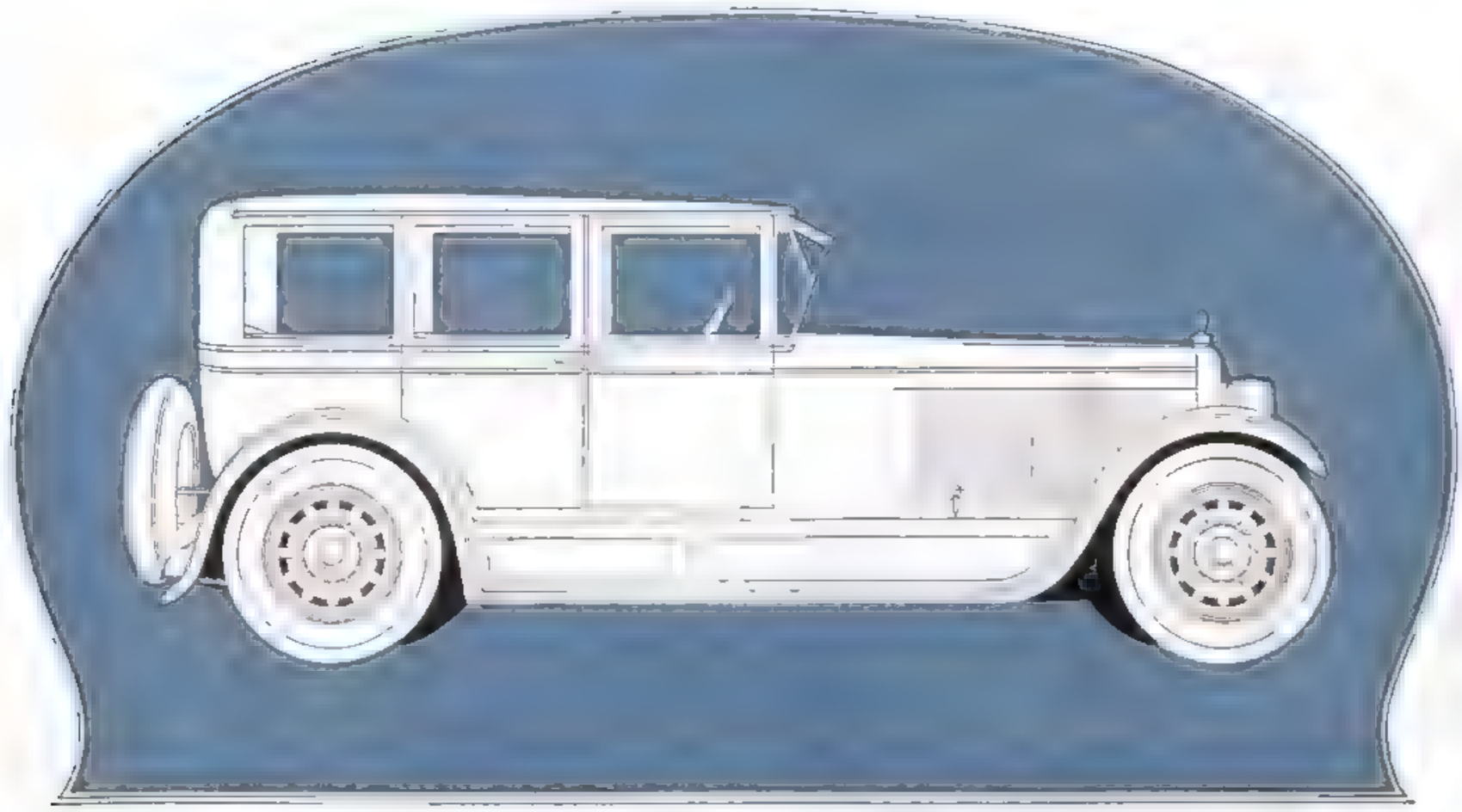
"You cross me and I'll double the dose. I need it. I may be a Vining of Viningsboro, but I had got in the habit of slipping out of my mail and sitting in my shirt sleeves here, and the enemy kind of all but took me in a vital place.

"They pretty nearly did, my conscience, yes. Bring a lemon here, mamma, and the sugar bowl."

He squeezed half a lemon into the rum, sugared it and held it under the faucet.

"You take it," he said hilariously; "it's a good deal with life the way it is with rum. People get to thinking they want a full dose, and all the while what they actually want is just a tincture. Too much is just the same as none at all, in other words. It's like drinking drunk. Every time I see some of these expensive goings on, where the parties stake everything on one throw of the dice, and then get to moping and repining, I think of what old Wincapaw told me when he came back from Cuby bringing rum. He used to give us all a drink in under the stairs at the Crosby House.

"'Man says he wants rum,' he'd say, with the glass up to his chin. 'Yes, he says he wants rum, and he calls for it; and then right away he wants lemon to sour it and water to weaken it and sugar to sweeten it, and still he says he wants rum.'"



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In the meantime I want to be somebody.

I don't want a lot of money, but I want the respect of people who know how to live.

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I want physical comfort and mental satisfaction—I want a Great Jordan Line Eight.

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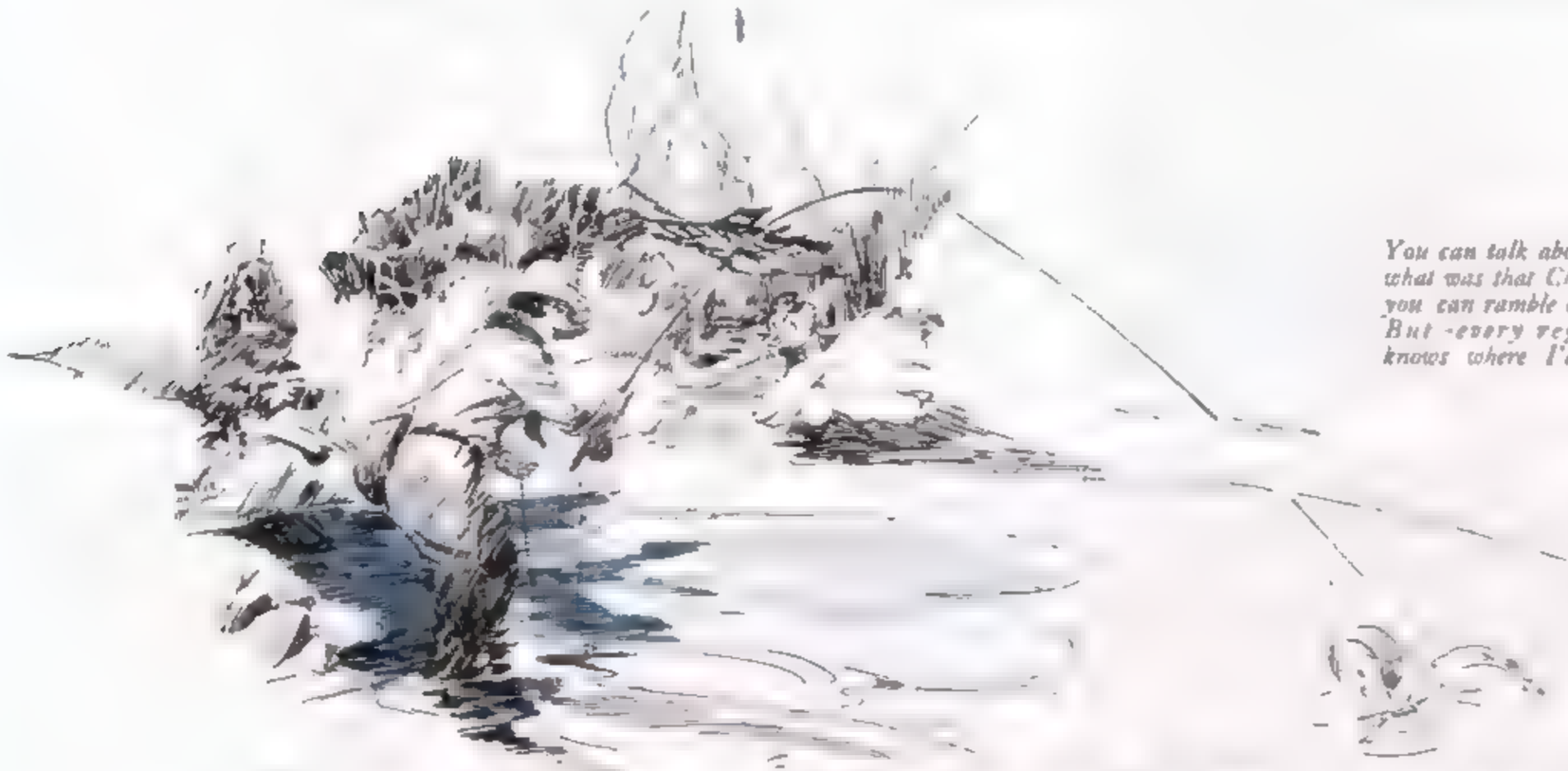

You can talk about bridge—and what was that Chinese game?—you can ramble on about golf—But -every regular fellow knows where I'd like to be—

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FREEDOM FIRST

(Continued from Page 15)

"This morning. And I feel I ought to spend a lot of time with her, Bill, after coming all the way to Santa Barbara to see her."

"Naturally," I said. "Where has she been all this time?"

"Visiting her brother in San Francisco. I wish you'd do something about it, Bill. I really ought to spend a lot of time with Myrtle, only Jane doesn't like her."

"Then why not give Jane the gate?"

"I can't," wailed Phippsy. "That's the whole trouble. You see, we're practically engaged."

"What's that?" I exclaimed. "Do you mean to tell me you actually proposed to Jane?"

"No, I didn't. But she seems to think I did. All I did, Bill, was to ask her a simple question. I asked her would she have me if she weren't already engaged."

"You ought to leave those long hypothetical questions alone," I said; "they're only meant for murder trials. But what's all this about another engagement? Am I to understand that Jane has a lame, tame crane of her own?"

"Yes; and that's just what's the matter with him—he's lame."

"In the legs or in the intellect?"

"In the pocketbook. He isn't able to support her. She's been engaged to him for two years now, and she's the least bit fed up."

"In other words, she's thinking of chucking old faithful and marrying you?"

"It's worse than that, Bill. She's already written the letter breaking her engagement. She mustn't send that letter! She positively mustn't!"

"How do you know she hasn't already sent it?"

"I made her promise to think it over for a week."

"Good work!" I said. "Then you still have seven days to live. Cheer up, old stick in the mud, we'll get you out yet."

"If you do, Bill, I'll give you a dozen cases of my prewar Scotch. In the meantime, maybe you'll play around with Jane a bit."

"No!" I said.

"But, Bill ——"

"No!" I repeated firmly. "In the first place, it wouldn't be ethical; in the second place, it wouldn't amuse me; and in the third place, I'm afraid of Jane. There's a predatory look about that young woman that gives me a chill up and down the spine."

"Well, if you won't play around with Jane, how about Myrtle? Would it interfere with your confounded ethics to give Myrtle a little whirl?"

"Not at all," I said.

As a matter of fact, I was completely sold on Myrtle. Willowy and winsome, with the neatest bob I'd seen this side of Paris, a mouth like the month of April and a decided twinkle in the eye, Myrtle, I thought, might prove an uncommonly pleasing companion. Whereas Jane —— Mind, I'm not saying Jane was hard to look at. But no one drives onto a green where a chap is putting unless they're supremely selfish or partly blind. And Jane had eyes like a hawk.

The first thing I did for the celebrated cause of freedom was to invite Myrtle to lunch with me next day.

"I do hope you'll be able to come," I said. "I want to talk to you."

"About Phippsy?"

"Absolutely not! If you must know, the thing I really want to talk about is the distracting way your hair curls behind your left ear."

"I think I might like that," said Myrtle. "Where shall we lunch?"

But of course I did talk about him a lot. If I remember rightly, I began on Phippsy with the fish.

"Look here," I said, "you're fond of old Phippsy, aren't you?"

"Of course I am."

"Then you positively must serve on the ways-and-means committee, for unless I'm greatly mistaken Miss Jane Robbins means to put the holy handcuffs on him."

"You mean marry him?"

"All of that."

"Just how do matters stand at present?" asked Myrtle.

I told her.

"You're quite right," she said; "it really is serious. Have you any ideas?"

"Well, yes, in a way. I thought it might be a good plan for Phippsy to tell her —— You see, the catch in it is that she'd have to admit he couldn't possibly have told her until he'd first consulted you —— The idea being, my dear Myrtle, that Phippsy should tell her he's awfully sorry, and all that, but he jolly well can't marry her because he's already engaged to you."

"But he can't do that."

"Why not?"

"Why, I haven't got my divorce yet!"

"What of it? Even the very young—and Jane's twenty-four if she's a day—know it's customary to get engaged before you get divorced nowadays. As a matter of fact, lots of women couldn't get their divorces otherwise. Their husbands wouldn't let 'em."

"Nonsense!"

"Not at all; it's absolutely true. Husbands are growing more and more particular that their exes shall be well established. It's a matter of pride on their part; besides, it cuts down the alimony. Come on, be a sweetie, and help put this over for Phippsy."

"No," said Myrtle. "I'd like to, Bill, but there are others I must consider. I've two debutante daughters, aged three and five, who are entirely dependent on me—not to mention a police dog and a roller canary. Anyway, there's a very simple solution which you seem to have overlooked."

"If you mean flight," I said, "you don't know Phippsy. He's never turned his back on trouble yet. But tell me, have you any idea who this lad is that Jane's supposed to be engaged to?"

"Why, yes, I've met him. He's a San Francisco boy named Morgan Brown."

"What's he like?"

"Oh, just like any other young man who works in a broker's office. Only, oddly enough, the broker he works for happens to be my brother."

"Not really?" I said. "That's priceless!" And I meant it. Here very likely was the key. More than a coincidence, this lame crane of Jane's working for Myrtle's brother. Kismet, by Jove, and all that sort of thing! I said as much to Phippsy when we met an hour later.

"It's too soon to cheer, old boy, but I think you're on the road to Wellville, so far as Jane's concerned."

"Oh, do you? You know that letter I told you about—the one breaking her engagement?"

"What about it?"

"Jane's double-crossed me. She's sent that letter."

Can you imagine? But that's how life is. No sooner do you think you've driven the merry old camel through the needle's eye than you have to walk a mile.

"This requires thought and prayer," I said. "I'll think and you pray."

Then, grabbing my hat, I was off with the speed of an antelope for what proved to be a heated heart-to-heart talk with Jane.

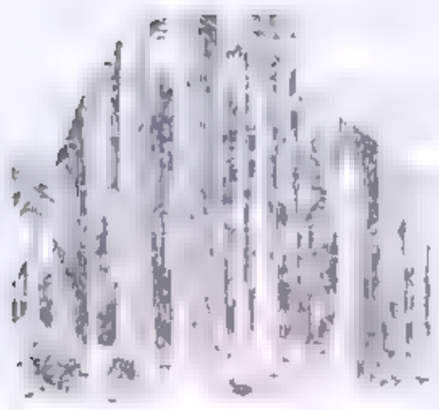
I found Jane on the clock green at the country club in the act of holing out a twenty-foot putt.

"There!" she said. "Did you see me sink that one?"

"Yes," I replied. "And when you took your eye off your promised word, you did the same to Phippsy. He's sunk too."

"Oh!" said Jane. "I presume you are referring to that letter?"

(Continued on Page 149)



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(Continued from Page 146

"Exactly! Not that it's any of my business. But I thought I ought to warn you that Phippsy still retains a number of childish illusions. You'd hardly believe it, but the poor chap still actually believes women are capable of playing fair. Of course, this simple, abiding faith of his is too frightfully old-fashioned to be anything but ridiculous. But there it is. So I would suggest, since to rob Phippsy of his illusions would be to rob him of his cherished ideal of you —— What I would suggest is that you wire young Mr. Morgan Brown not to read that letter—to return it to you unopened."

"So that's what you think I'd better do?"

"At the risk of seeming officious, that's exactly what I think."

"Well, I hate to admit it, but I believe you're right. I never should have sent that letter—I should have telegraphed it. I can see now you're quite capable of breaking into the post office tonight and robbing the mail."

Now was this a declaration of war or wasn't it? I ask you. By Jove, it fairly knocked me for a goal! But in the blue blood of my veins there's still a red corpuscle or two. And when the bugle sounds, do we find them in the ordnance? Absolutely not! In the infantry, that's where we find the little rascals, and ready to go.

"My dear Jane," I said, "you've completely misunderstood me. If I thought for a moment you were really sold on Phippsy, I'd be the last to complain. But it's decidedly my opinion that you've been playing with him, if I may use the expression, like a cat with a mouse. Very likely I'm wrong. If your intentions toward Phippsy are honorable, let's be friends. If they're not, let's be friends anyway."

Now please don't think, because I made a noise like an olive branch, that the war wasn't on. But it was highly important that Jane and I shouldn't quarrel. Also, there's a tradition in my family that somebody once lulled a weasel to sleep with sweet words. If he did it was probably a gentleman weasel, for I'm bound to admit Jane didn't lull worth a cent.

"Why this sudden burst of friendliness?" she demanded. "You don't like me. You never did and you never will."

"Oh, come!" I said. "Why can't I like you eventually, if not now? I've got to like you if you marry Phippsy; I make a point to like all my pals' wives—even when I don't. Besides, if you think I'm opposed to your marrying Phippsy you're greatly mistaken. I'd like nothing better than to see the dear lad settled in life, with grandchildren clustering round his knee, and all that. In short, my dear Jane, I'm fond of Phippsy, and if you're really fond of him, too, you'll cut out the Fahrenheit and talk turkey."

"Very well," said Jane, "I will. Who is this Mrs. George Armstrong Winterton?"

So that was it! And Jane didn't know Myrtle was the sister of Morgan Brown's boss. A dashed important discovery too.

"Oh, she's nobody of importance," I said. "It's old George, her husband, who's the flower of that family. A great pal of mine and Phippsy's, old George. Before we left New York he asked us to be nice to his missus, so, naturally, when she arrived we turned out the guard for her."

"Just the same, Phippsy seems very much interested in her."

"Mere loyalty to George," I said. "But why waste time on nonessentials? What I've got to know is which one of your suitors you're really in love with."

"Why?"

"It's like this," I said: "Phippsy is frightfully keen about you and wants to marry you. But I'd hate to see him married to anyone who didn't really love him. Mind, I'm not saying you don't love him. But would you prefer Phippsy to Morgan, if Phippsy was poor and Morgan was rich? Answer me that."

"No, I wouldn't," said Jane. "I'd much rather marry Morgan. But the firm he's with has raised his salary only once since he's been with them, and at that rate it would be years before we could even think of getting married."

"But supposing the johnny he works for —— Who does he work for, anyway?"

"A man named Carstairs—Jim Carstairs."

"What?" I cried. "Not Jim Carstairs? Why, I know Jim well!"

Of course I didn't. As a matter of fact, although I knew he must be Myrtle's brother, I'd never even heard his name before. But when it's for the sacred cause of freedom ——

"If you'd care to have me," I said, "I'd be glad to put in a good word for Morgan. It's a good name to have in any firm. Old J. P. himself took a lad or two into his firm, and look at the business it's doing now. Of course, if you'd rather I didn't mention him to Jim, please say so. I want you to be frank with me, Jane, otherwise how can you expect me to be frank with you? And by the way, now we're on the subject, shall we wire Morgan not to read that letter breaking your engagement, or shan't we?"

"We shan't," said Jane. "If you must know, I haven't actually sent that letter yet."

By Jove! So I'd been properly had from the very start! I'm hanged if I wasn't beginning to admire Jane. Not that I showed it. It doesn't do to let women see you admire 'em unless you're willing they shall take unfair advantage of you—which they certainly will if they admire you a bit too. And if they don't, it's a washout anyway, so why bother?

"I'm sorry not to be able to register surprise, but I'd already guessed you hadn't sent the letter," I said. "All I ever really wanted from you, Jane, was to find out where you stood. I see now you stand on your inalienable right, as a female, to change your mind. And a good job too. In the meantime, if you'll excuse me, I've just remembered my obligation to George—Mrs. Winterton's husband, you know. I'm taking his wife to tea."

Well, there you are! Perhaps if I'd possessed a nobler nature I'd have suspected Jane of telling a what-do-you-call-'em. "To the pure all things are impure." Absolutely! Being what I am, I was convinced she had spoken the truth.

I said as much when I finally located Myrtle. She was having tea with Phippsy, who was telling her —— I know, because I stopped, looked and listened.

There he was, the old rabbit, telling Myrtle she was positively the only one he'd ever loved.

"It does my heart good," I said, "to find you in such high spirits. The last time I saw you the old bean was bowed down with grief. And here you are reciting your circular letter to Myrtle! Congratulations, old boy. May you live long and prosper."

"I thought you were with Jane," said Phippsy none too graciously. "What happened?"

"Nothing," I said. "At the same time the barometer is steadily rising and the sky is beginning to clear." Then I told them about the letter.

"By jingo!" said Phippsy. "Then she didn't send it after all? What do you suppose made her act like that?"

"The answer," I said, "happens to be sitting across the table from you. Furthermore, if Jane knew you were having tea with Myrtle, I'm confirmed she'd be on her way to the post office this minute with the fatal letter in her hand. Your job, dear lad, is to toddle out to the country club and be seen there alone or with a man. Don't bother about calling the waiter—I'll settle for the tea."

"Well," said Myrtle, once we were rid of Phippsy, "what's the next step?"

"The next step," I replied, "is going to be a fox trot, with your humble servant doing most of the trotting." And it positively was. For by midnight I was on a train headed for San Francisco, armed with a letter to Myrtle's brother Jim, and carte blanche from Phippsy, though I'm bound to say his inclination was to put the blanche before the carte.

My parting words, I remember, as I wrung his hand at the station, were: "Whatever you do, keep away from Myrtle. And for heaven's sake don't commit yourself further with Jane!"

If you're wondering why this sudden dash to San Francisco, I don't blame you. Looking back, I fairly wonder at it myself. As a matter of fact, all I had to go on was two railroad tickets and a theory, the theory being ——

But I explained all that to Myrtle's brother Jim next morning.

Jim was a priceless chap. Just the sort one would like to have for a brother-in-law, if you know what I mean

"It's like this," I said: "I've a theory."

"Too bad," said Jim, "but I never keep anything stronger in the office than spring water."

"Fair enough," I said. "I've never had an office for just that reason. Suppose we proceed with the business before the board and then adjourn *sine die*, as the saying is."

"You're on," said Jim. "I know a place where they serve it in tumblers. Shoot!"

So then and there I hauled the theory out of the bag and held it up for Jim's inspection.

"It's like this," I said: "Jane is engaged to Morgan, but she's been down South trolling with a long line, and she's hooked my pal Phippsy. Of course Phippsy, from the monthly bank-statement angle, is quite a catch. But deep down where the heart throbs grow Jane really prefers Morgan. Do you follow me?"

"I'm fairly at your heels."

"So far then the odds are distinctly in favor of Jane's landing Phippsy. But if the impediment in the Morgan pocketbook could be removed —— I mean to say, if the great open spaces in the Morgan wallet could be rendered less lonely by a few hundred a month, the chances are Jane would cut the line and marry Morgan."

"That's all very well, but where do the few hundreds a month come from?"

"Ah, that's where my distinguished client begins to function! It would be all to the mustard if Morgan could have his name painted on some obscure door in your office too, for it's a positive fact that the kick a chap gets out of that sort of thing is all out of proportion to its market value. In short, Jim old boy, rather than see the course of true love diverted from its former channel, Phippsy is prepared to invest quite a wad in your mossy old brokerage business. And if you don't take it, you ought to see an alienist, because you'll be the first broker on record who ever kissed a willing dollar good-by."

"If you ask me," said Jim, "the bird who really ought to consult an alienist is your friend Phipps. I saw East Lynne when I was a lad, and since then, unless it happened to be snowing, I've never turned a dollar from my door."

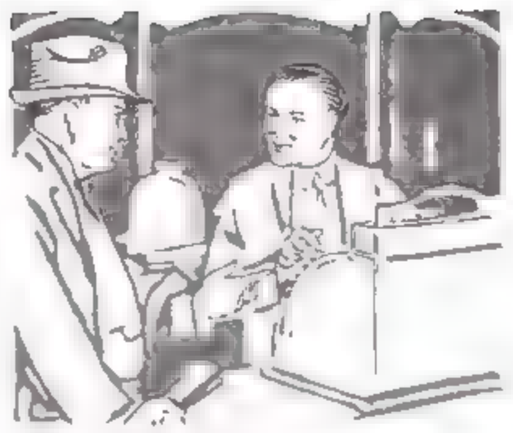
So we worked out a plan. Phippsy was to invest so much; he was to become, in fact, Jim's very silent partner. Morgan was to be made chief clerk, with the prospect of a junior partnership, and was to draw down eight hundred a month. Also he was to have his name on a door, no matter where it led. I was very firm about that.

"And now," I said, "it occurs to me that it would be the chic and businesslike thing for me to have a look at the white hope." So Jim and I strolled through the outer office and I had a good view of Jane's young man. "Not a bad-looking chap," I said.

"Not a bad sort, either," said Jim. "He isn't exactly what I'd call a stake horse, but he can at least go round the track without falling down."

Well, it was noon by this time, and being both a tired business man and a visitor, Jim naturally took me to his club for lunch. And if, toward three o'clock next morning, a slight fog developed, it probably wasn't noticed by the weather bureau.

My train left at eight o'clock that same morning. Jim put me on the train, promised to keep me informed about everything, then said: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Ask him
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Koken's Tonique De Luxe
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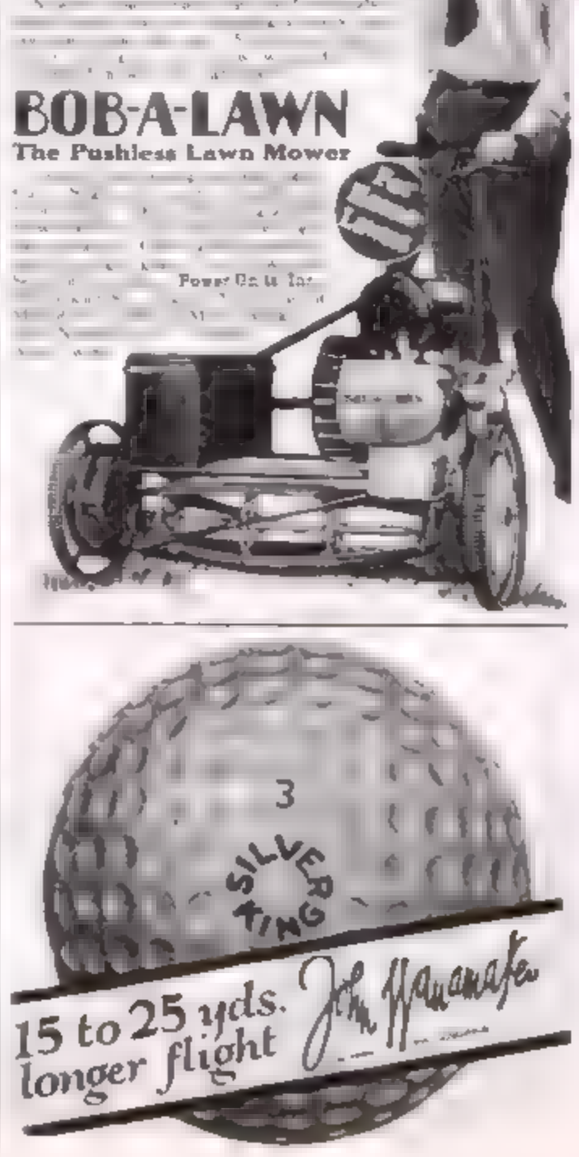

Seeger

Original Siphon Refrigerators

Are made in styles and sizes to meet the requirements of every home, be it small or large.

They are recognized as the

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All Seeger Original Siphon Refrigerators are built for either ice or electrical refrigeration.

Representative Dealers in all Cities

SEEGER REFRIGERATOR CO.

SAINT PAUL NEW YORK BOSTON
CHICAGO LOS ANGELES

"Give my love to Myrtle. And remember, Bill, you can't take a town apart like that and leave it lay—you've got to come back and help me put it together again." I slept all the way to Santa Barbara.

The first person I saw on the platform when I descended from the train, eight hours later, was Jane. And when she announced she was there to meet me, I was so completely taken by surprise that if the porter hadn't been carrying it, I probably would have dropped my bag, which would have been dashed awkward. I mean to say, if one must break a bottle, why do it in a railway station? And why should Jane meet me, anyway? I knew it meant trouble, from the start.

"It's not for my *beaux yeux* you've come to meet me," I said.

"No, it's Phippsy's fault. The moment you left he deserted me for that Winterton woman."

"And now you want me to get him back for you. Is that it?"

"No; I want you to get back that letter to Morgan breaking my engagement."

"What? You sent that letter?"

"Yes, this morning. And I'd hardly sent it before I got a telegram from Morgan saying they'd more than doubled his salary and were planning to make him a partner before long. What'll I do?"

"Do?" I cried. "There's only one thing to do—hop the next train for San Francisco."

"I'm going to. It leaves in half an hour. But I want you to telegraph your friend Jim Carstairs to intercept that letter. I sent it to the office. It's in a gray envelope."

"I'll do better than that," I said. "I'll get him on the long-distance phone the minute I reach the hotel."

"Yes, I believe you will. You'd do anything to save that miserable little friend of yours. I hope I never see him or you again as long as I live."

I greeted Phippsy like a stern parent.

"I understand you've been raising hob," I said.

"Not at all," said Phippsy.

"See anything of Myrtle while I was away?"

"Well, I may have caught a glimpse of her once or twice."

"Once was enough," I said. Then I told him what I'd accomplished in San Francisco.

"But what's wrong with that? It looks to me as if you'd put it over."

"I did put it over. If it doesn't stay put over, you've only yourself to blame."

"What do you mean?"

I told him.

"And if you'd obeyed orders and stayed away from Myrtle, it wouldn't have happened," I said.

"But I couldn't leave her all alone by herself."

"Never mind. We're not licked yet. If Jim intercepts that letter everything will be lovely. And even if he doesn't, Jane will probably be able to explain it away."

"No, she won't, Bill. Jane showed me that letter; if Morgan gets it he won't want to marry her. And you see where that leaves me? I'm really to blame for the whole business. If Morgan doesn't make good I'll have to."

"You mean to say you'll marry Jane if Morgan doesn't?"

"If she wants me to."

By Jove! Haven't I always said so? There's good stuff in the lad.

By this time, of course, I'd rung up Myrtle, got Jim's telephone number and put in my long-distance call. But I couldn't raise Jim. Ten o'clock passed—midnight—I sent telegrams to his house, his office and his club.

By nine o'clock next morning I was desperate. Not one peep out of Jim. I had a long talk with the manager of the hotel, with the result that when Phippsy blew in for luncheon he was both amazed and a bit angry to find Parker distinctly on the job.

"What's the big idea?" he demanded, pointing to a small mountain of luggage.

"The idea," I said, "is that we're leaving for the South on the 2:30 train and sailing for Honolulu tomorrow morning."

"But we can't!"

"Oh, yes, we can! I've heard from Jim."

"When?"

"An hour ago. Just listen to this!" And I read him the following telegram:

"Morgan delighted with everything. Is celebrating occasion by getting married today."

"Hurray!" cried Phippsy. "That means Jane is off my neck. Bill, I'll never be able to thank you enough"

"Then get busy or we'll miss our train."

"But hang it all, I like it here! Besides, there's Myrtle."

"Hang Myrtle! If you really want romance, Honolulu's the place. Think of it old boy—hulas and humming birds, lotus and *luaus!* And they tell me, on some of the more obscure sugar plantations they still manufacture rum."

"It sounds pretty wonderful. But I really owe it to Myrtle to stay here."

"You owe more to me than you owe to Myrtle," I said. "My heart is absolutely set on going to Honolulu. If you won't do it for any other reason, won't you please come along as a favor to me?"

Well, when a chap is truly your pal and you make him a frenzied appeal like that, what's the answer? Of course we caught our train.

And it's lucky for Phippsy we did, too, though he didn't know how lucky till, two days out at sea, I told him the truth about Jim's telegram. It really read:

"Morgan delighted with everything. Is celebrating occasion by getting married today. Sorry I couldn't intercept letter, but probably all for the best. Bride charming, of excellent family, and has been my head stenographer for three years.

"JIM."

"Sunburst" Rocky Mountain National Park

—and then YOU will share their pride in this Saw

YOU can still buy a hand saw that is the personal product of a craftsman's hands—and in which you can take a craftsman's pride.

Though the world's greatest saw works is alive with modern machines—many of them invented and built here in the Disston plant—

The fame of "The Saw Most Carpenters Use" rests square on the skill of the Disston workman.

—

The Disston Hand Saw seems alive as you use it. Perfect balance is the secret of its easy thrust and swing. Only Disston workmanship balances a saw that way.

The Disston Saw follows true on the line. The skill of a Disston saw-maker made it true.

It holds its cutting edge. Disston workmen made the steel in that keen blade, hardened and tempered, set and sharpened it.

Workmanship First

Henry Disston's first saws won their way on workmanship. Soon the demand for them became greater than one man could supply.

Then that inspired young workman set his mind to the making of saw-makers.

Slowly and earnestly he trained them in his careful ways. To make saws just as he did.

Then he mastered steel-making and gave them Disston Steel—used in Disston Saws ever since.

He set up standards of conscience and workmanship that made skilled hands all over the world reach out for Disston Saws.

—

Today the sons and grandsons of Disston and his men make saws in that same spirit.

Training and inheritance combine to produce the Disston methods of saw-making.

Here are nine men, fathers and sons, whose years with Disston total 260. Four brothers of another name average 32½ years.

404 Disston workmen have been 30 years or longer at their benches

And so, when your Disston Saw makes hard work easy, you are getting a result that generations have worked to give.

What to expect of your Disston

The springy, tempered Disston Steel blade that holds its keen edge so long—

The true, clean, easy cutting that is so quickly done—

The balance and swing that make it seem as a part of your arm—

These are the things that Disston saw-makers, aided by improved methods and modern machinery, work into the Disston Saw.

—

Go to the nearest hardware store. Take a Disston Saw in your hand. Read the promise etched on its shining blade.

Test that promise in use.

Try this saw on hard wood or soft, rough or fine work, for speed, ease and clean cutting.

Then you will understand and share the pride of the men who make the Disston Saw!

Disston Workmanship Perfected the Band Saw

Lumber and woodworking industries depend on Disston Band Saws [illegible] Disston Steel reduce [illegible]

Disston Workmanship's Newest Contribution

The Disston Invincible Inserted Tooth Circular Saw—with renewable teeth of Disston-Made Steel—cuts more and better lumber with less power.

Ask Disston

Tell us what kind of work you are [illegible] wood, metal, stone, [illegible] leather cloth, fibre [illegible] material [illegible] saw [illegible] better and easier. Disston [illegible] tasks to get the most [illegible] saws and tools.

Henry Disston & Sons, Inc.
Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Hardware dealers the world around sell Disston Saws, Tools, and Files

DISSTON

In a Stabilated car you cannot be thrown off your seat.

They say there's mystic power in repetition. Let's try it:—In a Stabilated car you cannot be thrown off your seat.

The thing that pitches you in an Un-Stabilated car is uncontrolled spring recoil. Stabilators control that recoil in exact proportion to the force of that recoil. Stabilators work. All the time. And one hundred per cent. They can't fail you.

Once you personally learn that truth, your mind grows easy and you cease to anticipate sudden thrusts from road ruts and bumps. Your tensed nerves and muscles relax.

The tension of ordinary motoring is fatiguing. The relaxed motoring made possible by Stabilators is refreshing. Stabilated motoring is the greatest motoring any man or woman can get.

John Warren Watson Company, 24th and Locust Streets, Philadelphia

WATSON STABILATORS

The only force which can throw you off the seat is the uncontrolled force of spring rebound. Stabilators control that force.

The force of spring rebound is determined by the extent of spring compression. And the size and power of the Stabilator brake is likewise determined by the extent of spring compression. Thus the Stabilator brake is proportionate to, and always in complete control of, any rebound force. That is the simple reason why no force can get by the Stabilators to throw you. The construction of Stabilators is patented and exclusive.

Motor Relaxed and Arrive Refreshed

THE OFFICE REFORM

Continued from Page 21

"And that's the plan you want to fire Hogan on?"

"Precisely."

Again father stared at me for several moments.

"All right; go ahead," he finally agreed. "I will say, though, that in all the years I been in business I never had a office manager which worked things the way you do. You certainly got some strictly fresh ideas out of that college you been going to, and if you can work any scheme like that around here you must be a wonder. So go ahead!"

Having secured all available information on the unpleasantly quarrelsome record Hogan had made for himself with our company, and having also obtained the details of his latest escapade for which father was about to discharge him, I saw that beyond question the man merited immediate dismissal. Hogan and Smith had deliberately abandoned one of our delivery trucks to engage in a street brawl with the driver of a coal wagon. While they were so engaged our delivery truck had been stolen. Fighting was an old failing in Hogan. Father had repeatedly warned him. It was obvious that Hogan must be discharged, and I felt that it was a fortunate opportunity to demonstrate the new method to father.

I went into my office, situated next to father's, and sat down at my desk to await the arrival of Hogan. I had been there but a few minutes when one of the bookkeepers, a young man named Tom, opened the door and walked in. I had already learned his name.

"Come right in, Tom," I greeted in a welcoming tone.

"I just thought I'd drop in a bit," said Tom. "We been reading the notice you stuck up outside. Say, the whole office is reading it. So I thought I'd come in."

"Certainly, Tom," I responded. "Come in any time. Have a cigarette, Tom?"

"Don't mind if I do," he replied, picking a cigarette from the case I had opened for him. "That's something new," said he, gesturing with his thumb over his shoulder as though referring to the new bulletin outside. "When we heard that the old man's son was leaving college and taking the manager's job here, we thought he'd be one of that stuck-up kind which you can't talk to."

"Not at all, Tom. Have a seat, won't you? I am on principle opposed to such aloofness. It breeds class hatred and injures business."

"You bet it does!" Tom agreed warmly, lighting a cigarette and tossing the burnt match to the floor. "I like to see all people common."

"Just the point," said I. "I am common. I am one of the boys, and I want you so to regard me."

"Well, I'll say that's decent of you, old man," said Tom appreciatively, at the same time sitting down and placing his two feet on my desk.

"The superior attitude of executives to subordinates," I said, "is a mark of ill breeding, to say nothing of its deleterious effect on office efficiency. Would you please lift up your heels a moment, Tom? You're getting mud on those clean report sheets. Thank you. As I was saying, I believe that the time has come for a more amicable relationship throughout the business world."

"It should have come long ago," Tom responded. "I always knew that. Take your old man, for example. You can't give him any apple sauce. He wants his way, and he gets it. Say, he ain't liable to walk in and catch me here, is he?"

"You needn't worry, Tom. You are my guest. He seldom comes in."

"Well, if he don't come in it's all right then."

Just then the door from the general office was again swung open and a head was poked in uncertainly.

"It's Dick. He runs the Better-Letter machine," Tom informed me. "Come on in, Dick. It's all right."

"Of course it's all right," I substantiated cordially. "You are welcome."

"That's what I thought," Dick answered, coming in and closing the door. "We been reading your notice, and I saw Tom come in, so I thought I'd try it. It's all right, eh?"

"Have a seat," I invited.

"Yes, make yourself at home," Tom added. "The manager here is the son of the old man, but he's a good fellow. You can see that by the notice he stuck up. You can come in here any time."

"That's the dope," said Dick. "That's what I call all right."

"I am at present waiting for Hogan," I said sociably.

"I hear Hogan's gonna get sacked," said Dick, seating himself on the edge of my desk and looking about for a cigarette. "Hogan's goose is cooked."

I opened my cigarette case and passed it around. Dick helped himself, as also did Tom, both lighting their cigarettes with satisfied flourishes.

"What's Hogan coming here for?" Dick inquired. "The old man's gonna can him, ain't he?"

"Father has left the matter to me. I shall attend to the case."

"You mean Hogan don't have to see the old man?"

"No. He will see me."

"Say! What luck! That saves Hogan's hide. The old man would have canned him like a streak; and also what a lambasting he'd have given him. I'm glad Hogan's going to hold his job. He's a regular fellow. He's all right when you know him."

"Exactly," said I. "That is a part of my theory. I have no personal grievance against Hogan. It is merely business exigency that compels me to —— Would you mind, please, lifting yourself up from my desk for a moment, Dick? You're sitting on some newly typed letters, and wrinkling them. Thank you! I'll just put them here in the center where I can sign them. I guess this one is too badly wrinkled to sign; it'll have to be retyped. As I was about to say, where Hogan is concerned, while I am friendly ——"

The door again opened and another head looked in.

"Ah!" exclaimed Tom and Dick in unison. "This is Harry. Come on in, Harry. Have a seat. Sit down on the desk here."

"So the sign outside is O. K.?" said Harry, sliding into the room.

"Sure it is. Want a cigarette?" asked Dick, looking toward the pocket where I kept the case. I produced the cigarettes, and they passed them around.

"This is certainly going to be some hangout," Harry commented with enthusiasm as he reached for a cigarette.

"Now I'll just sign these letters," I said, "if you will move over so that I can reach the ink."

While they smoked and talked I looked for my pen. I rather felt that they were overdoing the welcome a little, but I realized that the situation was a novelty to them and that their reaction could not be wholly unexpected. Their visits could be more properly adjusted later.

A thorough search of the desk did not reveal the lost pen. I discovered that Dick was rhythmically throwing something to the floor and stooping at regular intervals to recover it.

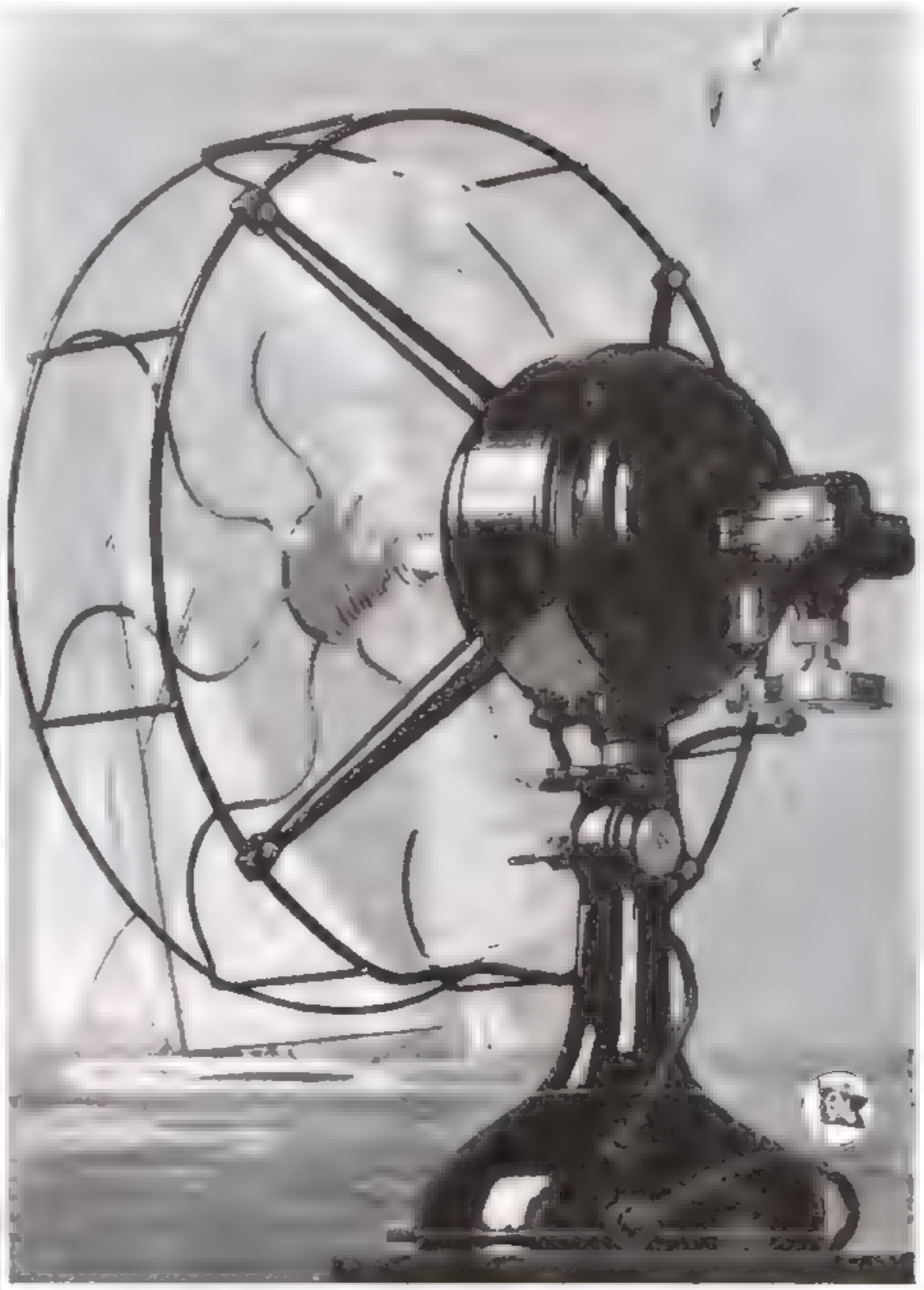
"Are you playing mumble-peg with my pen, Dick?" I asked quietly.

"Yeh. I been sticking it into the floor. I can do it every time. Watch me."

"Just now I should prefer to use the pen to sign these letters."

"All right then. Take it. It's too bad I broke it. They don't make them very strong. You got more and plenty in the stock room, I guess, anyhow."

While they continued an animated discussion relative to the necessity of eliminating the social gap between employer and



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at your swivel chair

Not everyone can set off for the seashore or lakes when the mercury starts for the nineties and collars begin to wilt.

But a Robbins & Myers Fan will bring you a cooling breeze whenever you want it—help keep your mind off the weather and on your work.

For more than twenty-seven summers R&M Fans have been keeping folks cool and happy in offices and homes, clubs and hotels, stores and the theatres.

Quiet-running and economical, these good fans scarcely leave a footprint on your meter. All types and sizes at all good dealers'. Get yours today!

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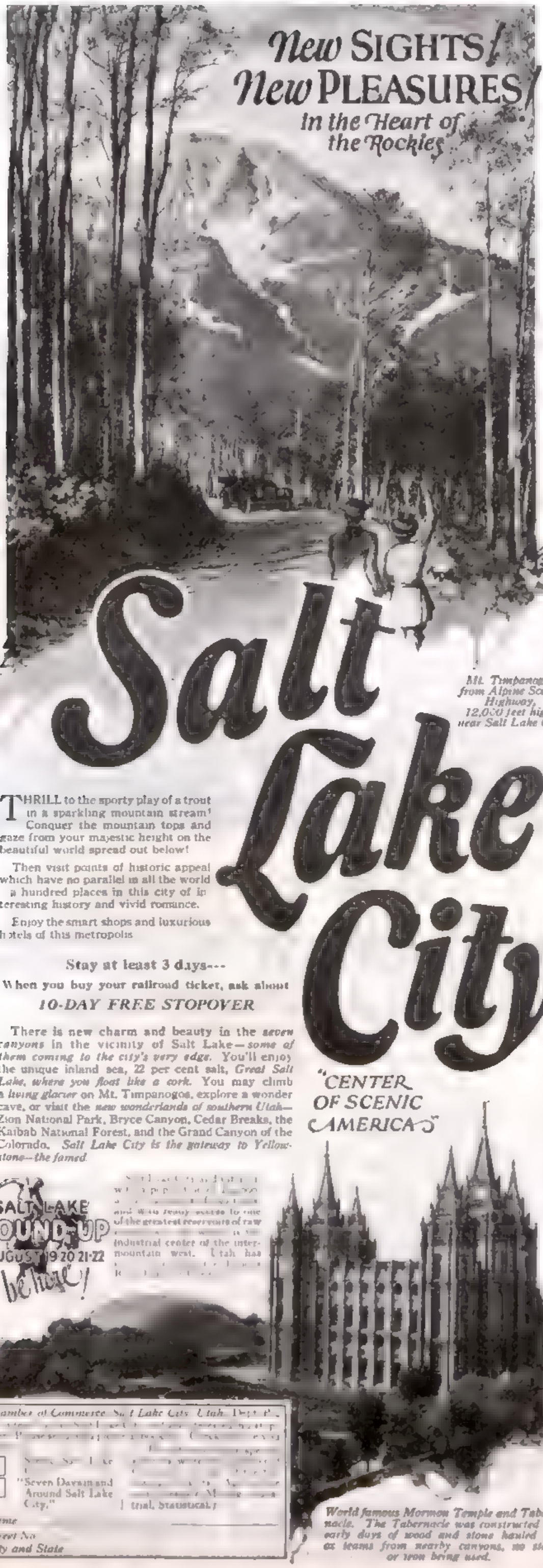

Mt. Timpanogos from Alpine Scenic Highway, 12,000 feet high, near Salt Lake City

THRILL to the sporty play of a trout in a sparkling mountain stream! Conquer the mountain tops and gaze from your majestic height on the beautiful world spread out below!

Then visit points of historic appeal which have no parallel in all the world a hundred places in this city of interesting history and vivid romance.

Enjoy the smart shops and luxurious hotels of this metropolis

Stay at least 3 days---

When you buy your railroad ticket, ask about

10-DAY FREE STOPOVER

There is new charm and beauty in the *seven canyons* in the vicinity of Salt Lake—*some of them coming to the city's very edge.* You'll enjoy the unique inland sea, 22 per cent salt, *Great Salt Lake, where you float like a cork.* You may climb a *living glacier* on Mt. Timpanogos, explore a wonder cave, or visit the *new wonderlands of southern Utah*—Zion National Park, Bryce Canyon, Cedar Breaks, the Kaibab National Forest, and the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. *Salt Lake City is the gateway to Yellowstone—the famed*

and with ready access to one of the greatest reservoirs of raw industrial center of the intermountain west. Utah has

Chamber of Commerce, Salt Lake City, Utah, Dept. P

"Seven Days in and Around Salt Lake City." (free, illustrated)

Name

Street No.

City and State

World famous Mormon Temple and Tabernacle. The Tabernacle was constructed in early days of wood and stone hauled by ox teams from nearby canyons, no steel or iron being used.

employe I went to the stock room in search of a pen.

"Would you mind letting me sit down in my chair?" I asked Harry, when I had returned and found my seat occupied.

"Sure. Go ahead. That's all right."

After dipping the pen into the ink several times I discovered that I was getting no ink. The inkwell seemed to be clogged with some kind of soft material. I lifted it up and looked in.

"See here," I said. "You boys have been throwing cigarette stubs into my inkwell!"

"Yeh," Tom admitted. "You didn't have any ash tray. We couldn't throw them on the floor."

"Now look here," I said. "Hogan will be here in a minute or two, and I believe it would be better to hold the interview with him privately."

"Don't mind us," said Dick. "We won't bother you. So long as the old man don't come in we're all right."

"That is the point," I replied. "The old man, as you refer to him, may be here at any moment. In fact I am expecting him."

Hastily scrambling to their feet they started for the door.

"Why didn't you say so?" Tom exclaimed over his shoulder. "We'd be in a fine trap here. Think we want to let him catch us loafing?"

Scarcely had the door banged shut on the departure of the three visitors, when again it was opened, and on the threshold stood Hogan, hat in hand.

"Come in," I called cheerfully.

Hogan entered the room. For a moment I was quite taken aback with the uncouth appearance of the fellow. I had heard much of him, but had never before seen him. He was of medium size, standing about five feet six in height, and it was evident that he was physically husky.

In age he was perhaps thirty or thereabouts.

Apparently he had not visited his barber for a long period, the unkempt effect of his bristling jowls, heightened by numerous black smudges smeared here and there over his face, giving him that rough careless look so common among drivers of trucks. A long patch of adhesive tape extending from the forehead to the left cheek covered what I suspected was a bruise received in the encounter with the coal man. As Hogan advanced to the desk he ran his fingers through a stringy disheveled head of heavy black hair.

"You want me?" he asked abruptly.

I modulated my voice to the suave confidential tone of friendship.

"Yes, Mr. Hogan. Won't you have a seat?"

My manner caused him to eye me wonderingly.

"Tha's all right. I'll stand up. What you want?"

Hogan's small eyes, which were round and close set, together with his protruding under jaw, lent him a bearing of undeniable pugnacity. He was not a type of man I could easily admire.

"It is a matter of business that I wish to take up with you, Mr. Hogan; but first I want you to understand that I am your friend."

"You are, eh?"

"And I want you to feel at home in this office. You may talk to me freely."

"I can talk, all right. Gimme a chance and I talk plenty."

"Splendid, Mr. Hogan. And I am elated that you are such an intelligent fellow. You will perceive that I have no grievance against you, but that this incident is merely a business process."

Hogan shifted his weight to one foot, and stared at me unblinking.

"What incident you talking about?"

"I mean this occurrence which is about to take place."

"What's about to take place? That's what I want to know!"

"Very good, Mr. Hogan. We will now proceed with the interview. I merely wanted to assure you that the matter is not a personal one."

"All right. I thought it was about me. But if it ain't it's all right!"

"It is relative to your encounter with the coal man, Mr. Hogan."

Hogan straightened up.

"So tha's it, eh? Thought you said it was nothing personal! What you trying to do—pull the wool over my eyes!"

"Not at all, Mr. Hogan. Now if you will please remain quiet I will explain what I am about to do, and why. Afterward you may talk. It's all in a spirit of fellowship and good will."

"Say, young fellow, what you doing in this job, anyhow? You the son of the old man, eh? You look like a smooth article to me!"

"I am now in authority here," said I firmly, yet in a kindly tone, "and I am performing the duties of my office strictly in accordance with the principles of business courtesy that will soon prevail throughout the commercial world."

"What you mean?" Hogan asked, squinting at me skeptically.

"I mean that the days of the ruffian are past. This is the era of gentlemen. You and I, and all others. Educated and enlightened.

"This is a copy of a notice I have just posted. You may read it."

Hogan took the paper I had given him and stared at it blankly.

"I can't read."

"Oh."

He tossed the paper back.

"The gist of it is, Mr. Hogan, that you and I are friends."

"We are, eh? That's all right then."

"Have a cigar, Mr. Hogan."

Hogan accepted a cigar, but, while lighting it, kept his eyes fastened steadily upon me.

"Now then, you may give me the facts relative to your difficulty with the coal man. Tell me about the fight."

"What for?"

"Because the affair has been left to me. You do not have to see father."

"I don't have to see the boss?"

"No."

Hogan seemed infinitely relieved.

"I sure got out of this scrape easy."

"You're not out of it, Mr. Hogan. You have me to deal with."

"Nobody but you?"

"That is all."

"Ha!"

"Come, Mr. Hogan. Let us hear your story. I am fair with you."

Hogan dropped his cap carelesaly upon the desk, where it rolled upon the report sheets which were already marked with the imprints of Tom's heels. I lifted it gingerly to one side.

"This is it," said Hogan. "I was driving down Seventh Avenue, and stopped for the traffic at Twenty-third Street. Smith was in the back of the truck. In a minute this coal driver, which I had never seen him nor talked to him before in my life, climbed off his bus, which was next to mine, and begun throwing hunks of coal at me. I and Smith don't stand for no deal like that, so we got down and run him ragged, and tha's all there is to it!"

"And what about the truck?"

"While we was gone somebody swiped it!"

"Aha. This is splendid," I said heartily. "You have told your story. And now after considering its plausibility as compared against the statements made by others, I am enabled to make a deci——"

"My story! What you mean? There's only one story. That's mine!"

"Oh, no. There is another side."

"No, there ain't!"

"We shall not dwell on that. You see, I am the final judge, Mr. Hogan. We shall now go on with the process. Here are three cards—red, white and blue. They constitute the first, second and final reprimands."

I passed the red and the white cards to Hogan. He accepted them, but did not look at them. He was still staring at me.

Continued on Page 157

INSTANT KNOWLEDGE OF POSITION THROUGH *ELLIOTT-FISHER* ACCOUNTING MACHINES IS THE KEY TO *BUSINESS CONTROL*

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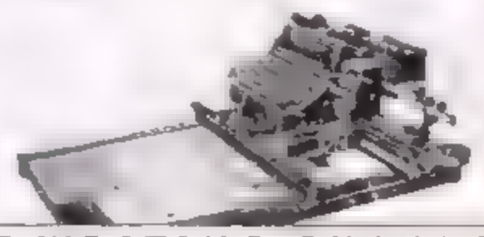

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Mellow, spicy, vigorously refreshing—Clicquot Club (Regular) Ginger Ale—your friend for forty years! ¶ And Clicquot Club Pale Dry—as mild and subtle as Clicquot Club Regular is rich and stimulating! Just as refreshing, just as delightful—but different! Your choice between them is a matter of *your individual* taste. ¶ 11,000 bottlers making ginger ale today! Some kinds *must* be much purer, much more uniformly good than others! Which kind is best for *you?* ¶ Some people know the *fine* from the *average* in a flash—and stick to it. Others like to "shop around." But in the end, most people come to Clicquot Club the first drink to teach America the taste of *real* ginger ale! ¶ Its goodness is something worth demanding. The Clicquot Club Company, Millis, Mass., U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 154)

"This is the new system we have just established. You have already been reprimanded twice by father, and those are your two cards; better late than never. And now here is the blue one, which is final. You are now discharged. Won't you light up your cigar, Mr. Hogan? Here is a match. Let me light it for you. And drop around to see us occasionally. I want you to feel that I have no personal grudge against you whatsoever."

I had struck a match and held it out with the intention of helping Hogan to a light, but he had suddenly pulled the cigar from his teeth, and with his mouth gaping he stared at me.

"What's that you say?" he exclaimed.

"I am merely discharging you, Mr. Hogan. A business matter. I am not angry. There is no ill feeling. Personally I like you. Business is business. I am discharging you. And now was not that much better than quarreling and shouting about it? Our friendship continues."

For a moment Hogan seemed bewildered, but his recovery was rapid.

"D'you mean you're firing me? What you doing, tying the can and at the same time settin' up the cigars? What kind of a two-faced job you puttin' up here? Think you can slick it over that way. If you're firing me, say so!"

I perceived that Hogan was of a combative disposition. I remained unruffled.

"Certainly, Mr. Hogan, you are dismissed. We won't quarrel about it."

"We won't, eh? What you firing me for, do you know?"

"Don't speak so loudly, Mr. Hogan. It is unnecessary to go into the matter again. I have listened to your story. The incident is closed. Have another cigar. Put it in your pocket."

Hogan pushed the proffered cigars back upon the desk, and his voice rose discordantly.

"You trying to put it over me? Ain't I told you what happened? He heaved coal chunks at me. What you talking about cigars for? Do I look like a sucker?"

I held up a remonstrating palm.

"Now, now, Mr. Hogan. This interview is concluded. Neither of us is bitter about it. It is a commercial process. I gave your statement consideration and found it unbelievable. You may tamper with the truth if you wish; that is your privilege. My privilege is to discharge you. It's a beautiful day, isn't it, Mr. Hogan?"

Hogan picked up his cap, crammed it into his pocket, and squared himself before me. I could see that he was about to become boisterous.

"What is this guff you're handin' me now?" he shouted. "What kind of a game you trying to run? What do I care about a beautiful day? I told you how the fight was, didn't I? Now why don't you come back at me and tell me how you think it was? That's the way I argue things!"

"Precisely my point," I replied with increasing firmness, but with my temper under control. "We are not going to argue about it. We shall not quarrel. That would be personal."

Hogan's face took on an ugly expression.

"You think I'm lying about it, then."

I was beginning to resent his seeming determination to bicker and haggle. He was stubborn. Although I had indicated plainly that the interview was over he still remained tenaciously before me clinging with dense stupidity to the palpable falsehoods he had told me; and moreover, though I had treated him with elaborate courtesy his manner in return had only become increasingly offensive. His query as to whether I thought he was lying having been uttered with a bold recklessness amounting almost to a threat, I felt that the circumstances warranted a new note of firmness, calm but commanding.

"In brief, Mr. Hogan, I don't believe that the coal man attacked you without having some reason."

"Now you're talking," said Hogan. "Tha's the way! Stick to the subject. You say he didn't throw at me first; I say he did! Now we got some foundation to argue on, and don't ring in about cigars! And I'm a tough customer besides; don't forget that!"

I saw that Hogan's arrogance would soon become intolerable. It was manifest that his intellect was of an extremely primitive order, and it was becoming obvious that to end the matter I should have to resort to greater sternness.

"I don't care what kind of a customer you are," I answered, rising and facing him decisively. "You can't change my decision."

"Never mind your decision. Stick on the subject. If he didn't throw at me, then how d'you think I got this? Tell me that!"

Hogan pointed at the strip of court plaster.

"That's easily explained," said I, raising my voice to make myself heard. "The coal man likely struck you after you had descended from your truck and assaulted him!"

Hogan was now shouting vehemently.

"Then how's it come there was chunks of coal up on my truck?"

"How do you know there were?"

"I saw it there."

"But the truck was stolen."

"Tha's all right. I can prove it by Smith!"

"Smith has been discharged."

"Did you fire him?"

"No. Father did."

"What you throwing it up to me for then?"

I placed my hand flatly upon the desk.

"This whole discussion is proving nothing," I announced. "And the matter is now settled!"

"You can't talk me out of my rights. If it don't prove nothing, then what'd he throw it for?"

In order to be heard I found it necessary to speak more and more loudly.

"You can't prove a thing, Hogan. You haven't any witnesses!"

"I got plenty. I was settin' on the left side the seat ——"

"You were seated on the right side."

"I tell you the left!"

"The coal man says the right."

"He's a liar; and he's not the only one around here. You can ask witnesses!"

"I have asked witnesses."

"What ones?"

"Several."

"I don't believe you asked a damn one!"

"Look here!" I shouted. "Do you mean to hint that I am not speaking truthfully?"

Hogan's voice had risen until it was resounding voluminously through the room. He was pounding the desk with his fist.

"If you say I was on the right side," he bellowed, "you're the biggest liar that ever lived!"

As I look back upon the occasion I cannot with any certainty say what happened in the moment following Hogan's defiant accusation. Vaguely, though, I feel that Hogan was leaning across the desk glaring belligerently into my face, and I from the opposite side was leaning forward glaring at him in return.

During the days when I had been in college, and even before that, I had always held a profound dislike for the epithet "liar." On the few occasions when I had been so branded by another I had always reacted with unaccountable violence. My resentment toward Hogan flared. Hardly conscious of my action I found myself staring fixedly at Hogan, and at the same time creeping threateningly over the top of the desk toward him. I believe I crept about one-half way over the desk, and if I remember rightly Hogan jerked me the rest of the way.

He had fastened his fingers over the back of my collar, and while I struggled to release myself he proceeded to shake me vigorously. While I had always been averse to physical encounters I had nevertheless been an athlete in college and had won no

"Step thru-button two"

Get These Off Your Chest

Fully protected. Patented July 15 1924

Close the Gate With Twin Buttons

Once there was a man who took down the whole fence every time he wanted to get in the front yard. Maybe he was the inventor of the six-button, open-front union suit. Seems probable.

Fences have gates and Sealpax Union Suits open at the shoulder and fasten with TWIN buttons. That's sensible and comfortable. Can't bind or gap—hangs loose and light. Can't cling to you—won't shed buttons. Those twin buttons on the shoulder are sewed on with linen thread. They're harder to lose than poor relations.

Sealpax keeps you cool "under the collar" and downward. Sells for $1.50 and up. Ask for them. Cooler weather from then on. Also made in boys' sizes.

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Makers of "Lady Sealpax," "Little Brother" and "Little Sister" Sealpax

Sealpax
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Send the Coupon for 10-Day Test

Gloriously Clear Teeth

Why you may already have them—and yet not realize it

Make this unique test. Find out what beauty is beneath the dingy film that clouds your teeth

DO you seriously want dazzlingly clear teeth—teeth that add immeasurably to your personality and attractiveness?

You can have them, if you wish. That's been proved times without number.

Modern science has discovered a new way. A radically different principle from old ways, and based on latest scientific findings. This offers you a test, free. Simply mail the coupon

How to gain them—quickly

There's a film on your teeth. Run your tongue across your teeth and you can feel it. *Beneath it are the pretty teeth you envy in others.*

That is why this test is offered. For when you remove that film, you'll be surprised at what you find. You may actually have beautiful teeth already—*and yet not realize it.* Find out!

What that film is

Most tooth troubles now are traced to film. It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea and decay.

That film, too, absorbs stains . . . stains from food, from smoking, from various causes. And that is why your teeth look "off color."

New methods now remove it

Many old-time methods could not successfully fight that film. So most people had dingy teeth. And tooth troubles increased alarmingly.

Now new methods have been found. And embodied in a new type tooth paste called Pepsodent.

It acts to curdle the film, then harmlessly to remove it. No harsh grit dangerous to enamel.

It proves the folly of ugly teeth. It gives better protection against pyorrhea, of tooth troubles both in adults and in children.

Ten days' use will prove its benefits. And those 10 days are offered to you as a test. Why not make it then—*have* prettier teeth, whiter teeth? Send the coupon now.

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FILM the worst enemy to teeth

You can feel it with your tongue

FREE Mail this for 10-Day Tube

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Pepsodent

The New-Day Quality Dentifrice
Endorsed by World's Dental Authority

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Name.

Address

(Only one tube to a family)

18 5

small distinction in the various sports based on skill and strength. Within a moment or two Hogan discovered that I was not to be vanquished so easily as he had supposed. I had broken the grip upon my collar, and with a lunge I was at him face to face.

In some singular way we got back upon the desk, and began rolling back and forth, I being on top a proportionate share of the time. Letters, wire baskets and desk equipment were knocked unheeded to the floor. The large quart bottle of ink from which I had recently filled the inkwell had been left standing uncorked on one side of the desk, and as we tossed about recklessly it was overturned, the contents pouring forth unrestrained.

Hogan's clothing was of a soiled grimy hue which did not easily show discoloration from the ink, but my own light gray tweeds dragging forth and back across the surface of the desk absorbed the black fluid with a readiness that was disquieting. I was soon soaking black from the trouser cuffs to the elbows, and it was upon realizing this condition that my self-control gave way completely. With an abandoned impulse of revengeful destruction I began a pummeling, pounding, battering assault upon the person of Hogan that beyond doubt he will long remember.

The wooden desk upon which we were conducting our affair had begun to wabble alarmingly, and before I could secure a clutch upon some portion of Hogan's apparel which would not immediately tear away, and by which I could drag him to the floor's more solid foundation, there came a splintering crash ending in a solid bump. The desk had collapsed flat to the floor.

From this point on, the encounter was carried assiduously into every corner of the room. I heard the typewriter fall with a destructive smash, but it was not at the moment convenient to look. The table it had been sitting on followed a moment later. The coat rack was next to overturn, falling in such a way that it shattered the window glass and lay extending half out into the open air.

It was just after I heard the thumping clatter of a falling adding machine that the conflict turned in my favor. Gradually I had been wearing down my adversary. While Hogan's muscles were admittedly well developed through long training as driver of trucks, he nevertheless was awkward in his defense, and when I had finally got well into the spirit of the affair and had begun deliberately to use the tactics learned in the gym, the advantage was decidedly with me. I at last succeeded in catching Hogan in a grip he could not break, and with a determined expenditure of final effort bore him down backward to the floor. With a sense of exhilaration I perceived that his efforts to release himself were of no avail. I had him.

Tightening my grip I exultingly shouted into his face, "Now, you truck-driving buzzard, I got you!"

Just then the door from the general office suddenly swung open, and as I glanced up, Tom entered excitedly, followed closely by Dick and Harry.

"What you doing here?" Tom shouted angrily, advancing with rapid strides toward us.

"All right, Tom, old man," I replied in puffing breaths. "Thanks, though, for your offer to help me."

"Help you, eh? I'll help you to a lick on the head! What kind of a game you running with that brotherhood bunk, and then the next minute beating one of us? Brothers, eh? Take that!"

The attack from this quarter was almost beyond my belief. Tom, whom I had befriended, had deliberately walloped me. In addition, though I could not see Dick, I felt positive that he was attempting to slug me from behind. Harry had also joined them, and if he did not at first participate actively in the unfair attack, I at least felt poignantly certain that he was lending his moral support. Later when an opportunity presented itself he kicked at me with vengeful aggressiveness.

With the odds against me Hogan struggled free and pinioned me to the floor.

"Tha's all right!" he shouted to the others. "I got him now. You can get out. I'll settle his hash alone!"

With callous indifference the three office employes departed, leaving me in the clenching grip of Hogan. He was glaring down at me relentlessly. His voice came through clenched teeth.

"Now you swivel-chair dude, it's you tha's down. Have I got you or haven't I?"

"You got me," I answered.

"I said I set on the left side the seat. Now where'd I set?"

"You sat on the left side."

"Did I start that scrap with the coal man?"

"No. The coal man started it."

"I thought you said I did!"

"I made a mistake."

"You bet you made a mistake. Did I lie about it?"

"No. You told the truth."

"Are you going to fire me?"

"Well—yes."

"What's that?"

"No; you still work here."

"How long?"

"Permanent. For life!"

"What then?"

"A pension."

"All right then. Now, you got enough?"

"Plenty!" I answered.

Hogan released me and left the room.

I slowly got to my feet and in a dazed way looked over the wrecked furniture of my office; chairs, desks, tables and office equipment were scattered in broken disorder about the room. I paused before the small portion of cracked mirror which still clung to the wall, and with some discouragement beheld the battered, discolored, disreputable-looking rowdy that was my own image. The collar and tie had been completely torn away. The silk shirt was in shreds. The gray tweed suit, ripped and wrinkled, was so thoroughly spattered with blue-black ink that I could scarcely wear it even to the nearest clothier's.

The door leading to father's private office was still closed. It seemed incredible that father could have been in the adjoining room and yet not have heard the shouting, banging bedlam of noise caused by the rioting conflict with Hogan. Father had failed to come to my assistance.

I opened the door to his office and peered in. Vi was at her desk, apparently busy with her typewriter. Father, seated comfortably in his office chair smoking and reading a paper, looked up when I entered, as though surprised to see me.

"Well," he inquired, "how'd you make out?"

"Father," I said, with a composure that under the circumstances was commendable, "do you mean to say that you heard nothing of this tumult in the adjoining office?"

"I heard certain noises," father admitted calmly. "But I didn't interfere with your method. Say, you look ragged!"

Father left his chair, and crossing the room he looked through the open door upon the scene of my encounter. At the same moment I heard what sounded like a giggle from the direction of the stenographer.

"Vi," said I with stern dignity, "will you please me by directing your attention exclusively to the work for which you are employed?"

Father was still staring through the door.

"Well, I will say," said he, "that as an office manager you have certainly got some method. The point is, is Hogan canned?"

"No, father. We are keeping him on. Permanently. I arranged it."

For several moments father regarded me silently and searchingly. Cigar in hand he returned to his desk.

"What is that paper you are crumpling in your hand, father?" I asked.

"That," said father, as he threw the paper into a wastebasket, "is the brotherhood notice which you posted up and which I tore down. And now you can tell the boy to find Hogan and send him to me. I got a method which works!"

"All my important correspondence and memoranda where every word has to be carefully chosen—I am expected by The Dictaphone to dictate as rapidly or slow—without any holding up my secretary
And The Dictaphone is such a help in cleaning up my desk during a busy day. Letters, suggestions, messages, engagements, instructions—The Dictaphone takes them all. And I can leave to go my secretary knows she has to go.
Marshall L. Havey
Marshall L. Havey
—Vice-President of the Celluloid Company, first in the field of pyroxylin products. Arch Ameruth vanity and toilet articles—chosen by women of refined taste everywhere—are the unique products of this company
Viola Lang
I am able to handle a great deal of other work besides looking after Mr. Havey's correspondence

What's Wrong With Shorthand

Secretaries say:—

"He talks so fast, I'll be getting writer's cramp soon."
"No one else can read my notes."
"Cold notes are maddening"
"Shorthand is nothing to boast of"
"I'm 10% secretary and 90% slave to my notebook."
Those awful waits while he chats over the 'phone!'
"Hours wasted while he's in conference"
"Nothing doing until 3, and then two days' work

That's enough! I'll show him this trial offer right now.

What's Wrong With Shorthand

Executives say:—

"When I most need her, she's gone"
"She's busy now. Let it go."
"Has all she can write today."
"I used up her time dictating"
"She can't get out all she's taken"
"How do I know what I said?"
"She can't help me with other things."
Forgot it before she came in."
"If I could only dictate while it's fresh in my mind"
"When here alone, I'm helpless."

That's enough! I'll send in the coupon below on general principles.

Shorthand didn't give him time to think—

How much more work can a man turn out with The Dictaphone than with old-fashioned, roundabout shorthand?

Answer:—As much as Mr. Havey (see coupon below)

NOT less than 50 per cent. And we have on record cases where Dictaphone users have increased their capacity 200 per cent!

Moreover, every Dictaphone user who values detachment—concentration—makes the same discovery as Marshall L. Havey, Vice-President of The Celluloid Company of New York City. He finds that the detachment needed in thinking out his best work is achieved with The Dictaphone as it never was with shorthand. Work requiring careful thought is always better if thoughts are recorded direct—by absolutely impersonal means. Therefore quality as well as quantity of output is improved

Mr. Havey supervises a large business. Being in direct charge of all sales, he sees everyone who wants to see him—clerk, manager, customer. His day is crowded with interruptions.

With The Dictaphone he catches up! Messages, engagements, office instructions—The Dictaphone takes them all. His desk is cleared for tomorrow

And he saves especially for The Dictaphone the letters that have to be answered carefully, where everything depends on just the right word; plans that take concentrated study. *The Dictaphone gives him time and detachment to think them through.*

It also makes possible perfect team-play between Mr. Havey and his secretary, Miss Lang No more waiting through conferences, through all his many interruptions—no more late nights! When she comes in each morning, she has only to carry out Mr. Havey's wishes expressed on The Dictaphone cylinders. Miss Lang now has time to give Mr. Havey real executive assistance.

Try this freedom—at our expense.

Give The Dictaphone a trial. We will gladly lend you a machine to test any way you like.

DICTAPHONE SALES CORPORATION, 154 Nassau Street, New York City

Gentlemen: Please notify your nearest office to lend me a New Model 10 to try—without expense or obligation. Leave it to me to judge by results, not by salesmen's reasons or other people's success. Thank you.

Name

(Please pin this to your letterhead)

Write to the President

If you have any doubt as to the application of The Dictaphone to your work, Mr. C. K. Woodbridge, our President, wants you to write him a personal letter. He has studied the use of dictating machines under all sorts of conditions and out of his abundant experience will give you the best solution.

DICTATE TO THE DICTAPHONE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

and double your ability to get things done

Wherever there are Flies use

FLY-TOX

Kill These Two
and End the Menace of Millions

SCIENTISTS of the United States Department of Agriculture report that the descendants of a pair of flies in a single season is "approximately five trillion, five hundred million"!

From a pair of flies come menaces to health in numbers that stagger the imagination. Five trillion, five hundred million sources of discomfort, means of contamination, carriers of diseases. From these two flies, more than five trillion of the most unclean, repulsive insects known Science has told us these startling facts but science has produced a remedy—FLY-TOX, an efficient, scientific insecticide. FLY-TOX was developed at Mellon Institute of Industrial Research of Pittsburgh by the Rex Fellowship.

The use of FLY-TOX has brought agreeable changes in the American home. It has added a new summer comfort—a house without flies. The kitchen and dining room are clean, immaculate. The sleeping rooms offer restful, refreshing sleep.

Kill those two and end the menace of countless millions

FLY-TOX is easy to use. It is a crystal-clear liquid and possesses a cleanly fragrance. It is harmless to humans and animals. FLY-TOX is put up in bottles. It will not stain the most delicate fabrics. The hand sprayer is most widely used and generally recommended. However, a trial sprayer is given free with every small bottle.

Half Pint - - - -	50c	Quart - - - -	$1.25
Pint - - - - - -	75c	Gallon - - - -	4.00

Gallons for hotels, summer camps and institutions

FLY-TOX

Kills Mosquitoes, Flies, Moths, Ants, Roaches *etc.*...

The Toledo Rex Spray Co.
Toledo, Ohio

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The California Rex Spray Co.
Benecia, Calif.

The Payette Valley Rex Spray Co.
Payette, Idaho

The Canada Rex Spray Co., Ltd.
Brighton, Ont.

A CLOUD OF WITNESSES

(Continued from Page 17)

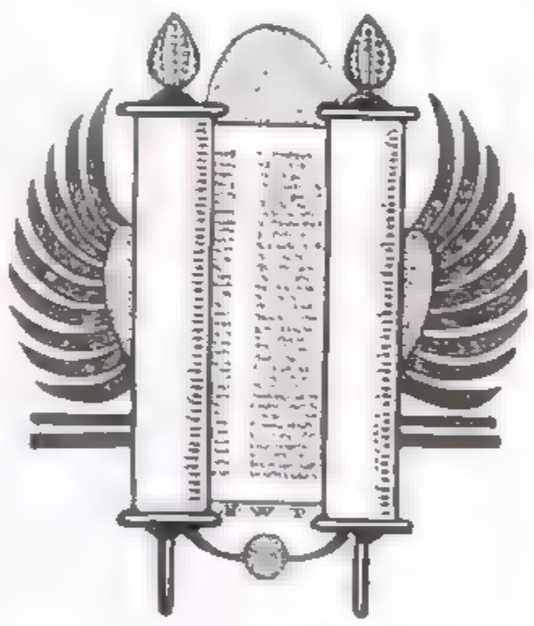
accumulation of family and business letters, all written from 900 to 2000 years ago.

Literary treasures, believed to have been lost for all time, have been resurrected from the Egyptian papyri—poems of Sappho and Pindar, works by Greek poets and orators whose names alone have been known heretofore, most of a lost play by Euripides and the great essay by Aristotle on the constitution of Athens, which was discovered written on the backs of farm records for an Egyptian estate during 78 and 79 A.D.

The papyri rescued by Petrie and those who followed him reproduce the voices of antiquity from before the reign of Julius Cæsar down to the tenth century. They were written in Greek, both vernacular and classic, in Coptic, Aramaic and Latin; but chiefly in the Greek of the common tongue, the Koine, a speech differing almost as widely from the language of Athens as American newspaper diction differs from Chaucer. Many of the manuscripts were dated, and by them scientists have been enabled to plot the changes in grammar and orthography of the Koine from century to century and place with great accuracy the period of the undated sheets.

Ten years after Petrie had awakened the world's interest in the enormous anthropological and historical value of the hitherto neglected papyri, Adolf Deissmann, a young German, made his great discovery which overthrew an entire mass of carefully constructed exegeses, angered and then confounded the Biblical skeptics and brought about a complete reversal of scientific opinion in regard to the New Testament.

Deissmann's discovery was a matter of simple comparison. From the time that Petrie brought his papyri home, the fact had been open and evident to anyone not too bound by scientific formulas and dogmas to see it. Deissmann was not an archæologist. He was merely a theological student who chanced to get hold of several papyri written in the vernacular Greek, or Koine. He was struck immediately by the strong similarity between the language of these and of the New Testament. Further investigation strengthened his theory in every particular. Accordingly he announced to the world that the speech of the Gospels and Epistles and the speech of the common people of the era in which they were written were one and the same—the vernacular Greek, the Koine.



Written in Koine

There was no mystery, Deissmann proclaimed, in the crooked grammar, the strange orthography, the cryptic phrases of the New Testament; no esoteric significance in the unusual abbreviations; no foundation for the explanation that certain words and phrases were Hebraisms or else anachronisms. The Gospels, the Acts, the Epistles, Revelation had all been written in the common tongue of the period, the nearest approach to a universal language the world has seen so far. They had been written by humble folk for humble folk, in the tongue best understood by most of them.

"Christianity from the beginning," Deissmann proclaimed, "spoke the tongue of the peasant."

The manifold discoveries since Deissmann's discovery have only strengthened his claim. The New Testament, it has been definitely established, was set down in the vital language of the first century. There were no hidden meanings to its text, no mystical significances. The foundations of Christianity had been laid by simple men, using the common speech of their day.

In 1887, B. P. Grenfell and Arthur S. Hunt, pupils of Petrie, undertook another papyri search that was to have a direct bearing upon Deissmann's claim and was to widen tremendously the circle of light he had cast upon the subject. From a rubbish heap on the outskirts of the modern Behnesa, a feeble village some 120 miles south of Cairo, they dug more Bible material of importance than had been discovered elsewhere in many centuries.

Behnesa, in the time of the Cæsars, was the center of a flourishing farming community. Its name at that time was Oxyrhynchus, and there, amid small traders and farmers, Christianity rooted early and deep. It was one of the centers of the early church and about it many of the primitive monasteries were situated.

Treasure in the Sand

An artificial lake, constructed by one of the Pharaohs, furnished the requisite moisture for the region, known as the Fayum. Eventually this lake vanished and with it the life of Oxyrhynchus evaporated, leaving buildings to crumble into dust and one of those great rubbish heaps that always stand outside the limits of an Eastern town. Over this the desert sands laid their concealing, preserving drifts. There, amid broken pottery, old metal and all the outcastings of a prosperous town, Grenfell and Hunt found great masses of papyri, some complete rolls scarcely harmed by the passage of centuries, others decayed bits, many not much larger than postage stamps. All these they collected and cherished, and from there proceeded to the site of the ancient Tebtunis, another town of the Fayum district, for further excavation.

Here they began to dig up not papyri but crocodiles. Day after day their fellahin excavated nothing but the mummified carcasses. The saurian pay streak seemed to promise to run on forever. They had stumbled upon a cemetery set aside for the mortal remains of the creatures worshiped by the priests of one of the ancient Egyptian temples, a veritable crocodilian mother lode. Hunt and Grenfell were not pleased. They were looking for papyri and finding nothing but reptilian corpses.

When the workers brought up their thirtieth or fortieth crocodile one of the explorers lost his temper. He grasped the bleakly grinning mummy and flung it as far as he could. It broke open when it fell, and revealed a mass of papyri with which it had been stuffed. The explorers fell upon the mummies dug up earlier and broke them open. They were similarly stuffed. Grenfell and Hunt had stumbled on an invaluable collection of papyri in crocodile-leather bindings.

In all, the excavators recovered from the Fayum district more than 10,000 manuscripts and fragments of manuscripts. Fifteen volumes have been published, containing translations of these. It will require at least fifteen more before the entire collection has been presented to the world. The writings date from the time of Julius Cæsar to the beginning of the tenth century. A large proportion of them are written in Koine.

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You will never know what deep, refreshing slumber really is, until you have slept on a SEALY.

This is not just a catchy phrase. We use it advisedly here. It is based on the experience of thousands of users during more than 40 years of quality manufacture. For Sealy is today the same unusual mattress that it was 40 years ago.

The Sealy is the finest mattress in quality and the most economical in service that you can buy. We have records of the Sealy being in use for forty years, and still giving the same luxurious sleep comfort that has made Sealy famous.

For the sake of your health and comfort ask your dealer to show you the Sealy and explain its many exclusive features

The Sealy Coil Bed Spring

with the one-piece all steel frame

Made in single and double deck styles—the finest and most serviceable bed spring we know of. One-piece, all steel frame. Cannot sag or lose its shape. Strong, resilient tempered coil springs assure noiseless buoyancy. Edges cannot break down. Practically everlasting and

ADJUSTABLE TO ANY STYLE BED

Ask your dealer to show you the Sealy Spring!

Note these exclusive features

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2 The patented air-weave process weaves the cotton fibres into one giant batt of filling—it is not stuffed in handfuls or built in layers,—making a mattress that is delightfully smooth, soft and buoyant.

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4 Full 8 ounce sateen tick in beautiful designs—the finest and most serviceable tick obtainable. Imperial roll edge. Side handles.

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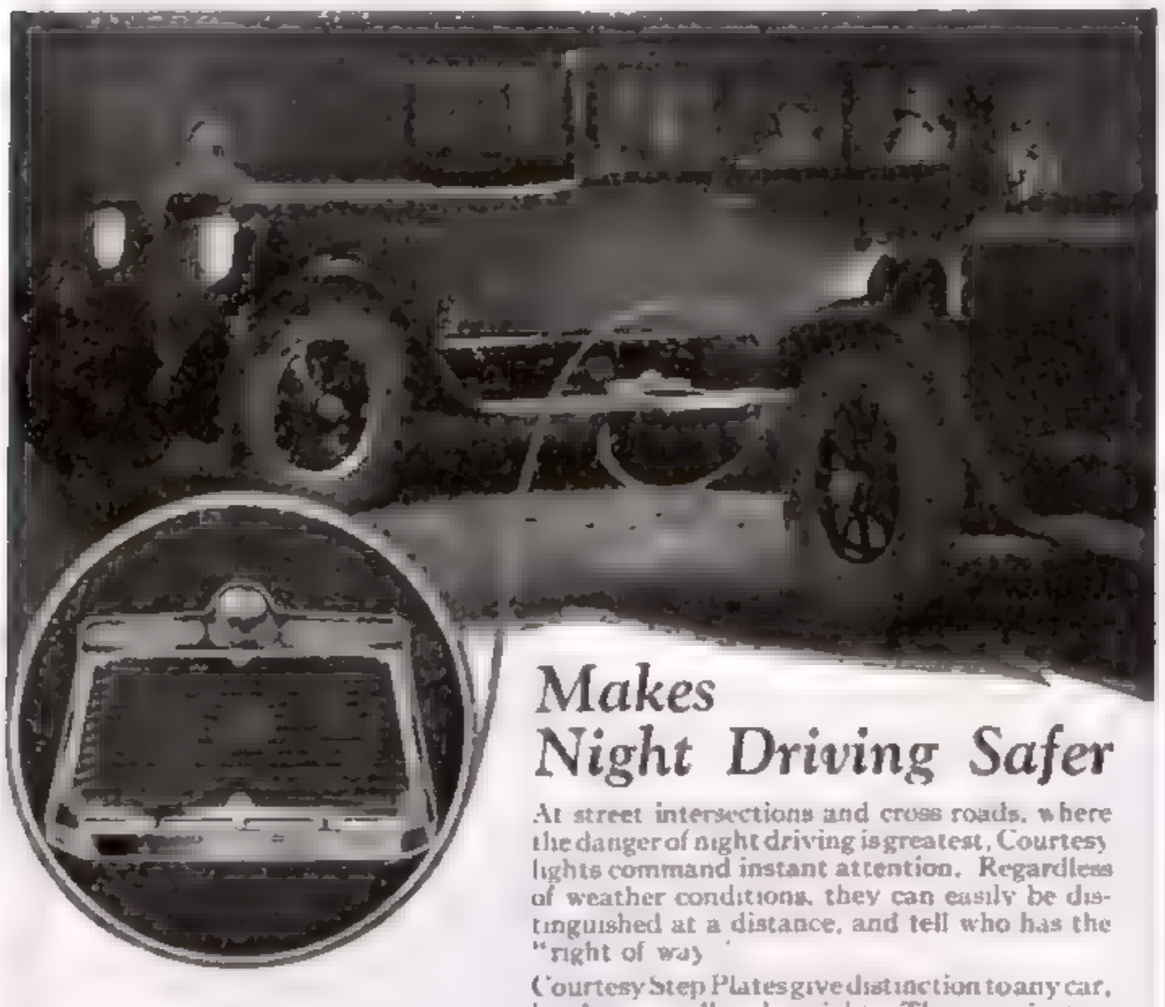

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The work of recovery still goes on throughout Egypt. At any time finds may be made even more important than those Grenfell and Hunt have drawn from the tanned and tattered treasures they recovered. Their discoveries, however, have been of tremendous significance and confirm in many particulars the absolute authenticity of our version of the New Testament

The first great result of the study of Grenfell and Hunt's papyri was the positive establishment of the fact that all four of the Gospels were written during the first century, A.D. This had been a matter of controversy, particularly in the case of the writings of Saint John, which, it had been held, could not have been set down before the beginning of the third century.

Scholars who have studied the variation of the Koine from century to century now assert that there is no room for question. If Matthew, Mark, Luke and John did not write the Gospels, they were done, nevertheless, by some persons during the first half century of our era while the four supposed authors were still alive. Equally sure is the new scientific assertion that the Epistles were set down before the end of the first century.

Confirming the Scriptures

The theory that the Emperor Constantine had been the editor, reviser and part author of the New Testament was likewise shattered completely. The Christian city of Oxyrhynchus was well equipped with scrolls bearing the writings of the New Testament. The excavators dug up numerous fragments of the Bible, much older than any that had been found previously—older even than the great codices which date from the fourth century.

We have now eighty verses of the Gospels and Epistles written during the third century. These were copied from older manuscripts. Learning was not at a high level among the farmers, tradespeople and priests of Oxyrhynchus. The fragments are marred by the obvious mistakes of copyists. But the important and thrilling thing about these oldest bits of the New Testament the modern world has obtained is that, aside from the errors of ignorance, the texts are identical with those of our present Bible. They were copied from older manuscripts 200 years after the death of Christ and long before the alleged revision of the Scriptures by Constantine. The verses borne by these yellowed and tattered bits of papyrus are the verses that we know today. They confirm the authenticity of the New Testament with the most authoritative voices yet raised in testimony, and amid all these indorsements there has not been found a single scrap that casts doubt upon the Gospels and Epistles as we have them.

The discoveries of Grenfell and Hunt, furthermore, give unquestionable confirmation to Deissmann's theory that the Koine was the tongue of the originals of the New Testament. The papyri present evidence that has filled the language of the New Testament with fresh vigor and color. They afford us insight into the conditions surrounding the eight men who wrote the foundations of the Christian faith. Innumerable papyri from the first century of our era have explained almost all the so-called mysticisms and Hebraisms that have puzzled scholars for centuries. The Gospels, Acts and Epistles have emerged from comparison with these long-buried contemporaries immeasurably stronger, clearer and more vital. Of the 500-odd words unknown to scholars of the classical Greek, contained in the New Testament, there are now not more than fifty that have not been duplicated in secular papyri written in the Koine.

The papyri themselves and the method in which they were handled by the copyists have furnished solutions to numerous Scriptural puzzles. The scribe who copied a papyrus scroll had difficulties undreamed of by the stenographer of today. The scroll, at beginning and end, was affixed to a small stick, or roller. The copyist unrolled a portion of the scroll, holding it open in both hands, read a passage, laid aside the scroll and wrote the passage down. Then, before transcribing more, he had to pick up the original and repeat the process. He did not see a whole page at a time. The material already copied was rolled up and out of sight. He had to carry an entire passage in his mind and his opportunities for comparison for accuracy were much fewer than they are today. Thus mistakes were frequent and the variations that have crept into certain texts were due largely to the scribe's carelessness or faulty memory.

The top and bottom of the scroll to which the rollers were attached suffered, naturally, more wear than the rest of the manuscript. Undoubtedly it was because of this that the original conclusion of the Gospel of Saint Mark was lost. It is known that the last chapter, on from the words "and they were afraid [or affrighted]" with which the fifth verse ends, is a later addition to the original. The papyrus bearing the concluding words written by Mark was worn away by much usage.

Scribes who copied various works of one man frequently pasted all of them into a single scroll for the purpose of easier handling. This custom probably was responsible for various misinterpretations in our present Testament. The last four denunciatory chapters of Paul's Second Epistle to the Corinthians now are thought to have been an earlier letter than the text that precedes them. Likewise the final chapter of the Epistle to the Romans evidently is an entirely separate letter, and was probably not sent to the Romans at all, but to the Ephesians. These were simply misplaced by the scribes.

Shorthand was common under the Cæsars. Among the papyri is a contract of apprenticeship whereby a slave is bound to a notarius—a shorthand writer—until he has become proficient in the art. Paul undoubtedly employed shorthand writers frequently. It is certain that he had numerous secretaries, and the incoherences and involved sentence structures found in his Epistles are a typical result of dictation.

Silas The Secretary

It is quite possible that with a trusted secretary, such as Silas, Paul contented himself at times with outlining briefly what he wished to say and letting his associate write the letter. Such a habit would account for the marked variations in style found in his Epistles, variations that are made still wider by Paul's custom of writing with his own hand now and then. In the sixth chapter and the eleventh verse of his Epistle to the Galatians he calls attention to the "large characters" with which he writes. On this sentence the papyri shed still further light. When addressing a superior it was customary to write in a larger hand than when hailing an equal or an inferior. Paul thus pays the church in Galatia a compliment.

The similarities in style between certain of Paul's letters and the Epistles of Peter, which led the higher critics to declare that they were written by the same person, is explained by the fact that Silvanus, or Silas, who had served as secretary to Paul, was employed in the same capacity by Peter at the time his Epistles were set down.

The papyri have revealed, furthermore, the existence of a set form in which all letters of that age were cast. One of these, written during the second century, A.D., by a lad who had enlisted in the Roman legions to his father, is among the Grenfell-Hunt discoveries. It reads:

"Apion to Epimachus, his father and lord, greetings. First of all, I pray that you are in health and continually prosper and fare well with my sister and her daughter and my brother. I thank the Lord Serapis that when I was in danger at sea he saved me. Straightway when I entered Misenum

Continued on Page 165

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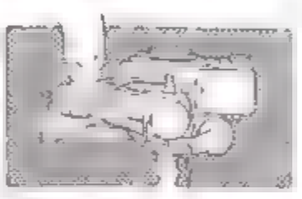

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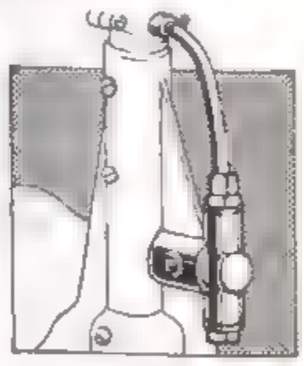

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The New 1925 Champion

EVINRUDE Sport Twin

(Continued from Page 162

I received by traveling money from Cæsar, three gold pieces. I am well. I beg you, therefore, my lord father, to write me a few lines, first regarding your health, secondly regarding that of my brother and sister, thirdly that I may kiss your hand, because you have brought me up well and on this account I hope to be quickly promoted, if the gods will. Give many greetings to Capito and to my brother and sister and to Serenilla and my friends. I sent you a little portrait of myself at the hands of Eutemon. My military name is Antonius Maximus. I pray for your good health."

Here, as in most other letters, secular and religious, is exemplified the traditional form for correspondence—greeting, prayer, thanksgiving, general contents, salutations and farewell. The Epistles of Paul and his associates follow this structure closely.

It is upon the text of the New Testament itself, with those constructions, allusions and verbiage that have been so sore a puzzle to the students of classic Greek, that the brightest and most astonishing light has been shed by the papyri. These have proved that the Gospels were written almost exactly as common people throughout the Roman Empire wrote in 50 A.D. The Epistles reflect the vernacular of 70–100 A.D. quite as faithfully.

The authors of the New Testament not only wrote as the men about them did but they drew their imagery not from esoteric sources but from the life of their time. Again and again phrases that to modern eyes meant nothing quicken and glow with life when viewed through the additional knowledge afforded us by the papyri.

One of these phrases refers directly to these papyri themselves—Paul's words in his Epistle to the Colossians, ii, 14:

"Blotting out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us."

"Blotting," contemporaneous papyri have proved, is a mistranslation. "Washing" is a closer rendition. The ink employed in that day was of gum, water and charcoal. It could be cleansed off a sheet of papyrus by washing, leaving the fabric ready for another message. It may have been that such a papyrus sheet from which an earlier writing had been washed was used by Paul to bear this metaphor.

Many heretofore baffling passages, the papyri have shown, actually refer to pagan religious observances. Innumerable secret societies grew up under the early Cæsars, dedicated to the worship of this or that god and, at certain stated intervals, initiating new members into their "mysteries."

Baffling Phrases Explained

Thus the frequent use of that word in the Gospels and Epistles—"The mystery of the kingdom of God"; Mark iv, 11; or "The mystery, which was kept secret"; Romans xvi, 25. These are metaphors, referring directly to secret pagan rites. The man who had completed his initiation was said to have gained a "new birth." This term also is a favorite with Paul. "Brethren" is another word taken directly from the fashion in which those elected to the mysteries hailed each other. "Presbyter" is also frequently used in secular papyri of the time. Sometimes it is employed to denote the head of a village or a guild; sometimes to signify a priest of a certain rank in a pagan temple.

The phrase "in the name of Christ" becomes additionally significant when we find among the papyri records of the old pagan religion which show that slaves bought for service in a temple were always purchased "in the name of" this or that deity.

Paul's statement in Galatians—vi, 17—"I bear on my body the marks of the Lord Jesus" is paralleled in a letter written by a contemporary who informs a friend, "I bear the corpse of Osiris, should So-and-So trouble me." Neither statement is to be taken literally. Each refers to the general custom in that period of wearing an amulet to ward off evil.

Imagery referring directly to business and to legal procedure is common in the Epistles. In his second letter to the Corinthians—i, 22—Paul speaks of Christ "Who hath also sealed us and given the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts." Two papyrus documents clear up this passage. In one, a bill of sale for a cow, it is set forth that the seller is to receive 1000 drachmas "earnest" on the purchase money. In the other, a letter, a woman tells a friend to buy fruit, have it packed and "sealed" to her. "Sealed" meant to address for shipment, and "earnest" is, more literally, an installment.

The sardonic utterance in the Sermon on the Mount, "They have their reward," is shown by documents recovered to be even more forceful. The phrase actually means "They can sign the receipt for their reward" and is used often in legal manuscripts of the time.

So also in First Corinthians—i, 8—the phrase "Who shall confirm you unto the end, that ye may be blameless in the day of our Lord Jesus Christ" has been weakened and obscured by faulty translation. The papyri show that in the vernacular Greek the word translated as "confirm" is actually a technical business term meaning to guarantee legally.

Secular Parallels

Nor is "the firstfruits of the Spirit"—Romans viii, 23—any more enlightening. "Firstfruits" was likewise a technical expression and meant, in the Koine, the birth certificate of a free person.

The vivid parallels between New Testament phraseology and the common speech of the time are demonstrated again in the case of Galatians v, 1: "Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free." The discoveries by Grenfell and Hunt have included numerous documents manumitting slaves. These invariably conclude, "I have here freed him unto this liberty wherewith I have made him free."

The conflict between the empire of Rome and the dominion of Christ is defined clearly by the frequent reference to Jesus as "The Lord," "Son of God," "Saviour of the World." All these titles were first applied to the Cæsars by their subjects and occur in many papyri antedating the birth of Christ. The very term "Christian" takes on an added power when we learn from the papyri that "Cæsarian" was the common designation for the servants or slaves of the emperor's household.

Other translations are corrected with an immense strengthening of the textual significance. The philosophers of Athens are quoted as calling Paul a "babbler"—Acts xvii, 18—but the word "spermologos" is used in the Koine to designate scraps cleared away from a dining table. Thus the apostle was considered at the fountainhead of Hellenic culture to be not a babbler but a man whose message was merely discarded scraps from several philosophies.

In Galatians iii, 1, the King James version reads: "Jesus Christ hath been evidently set forth, crucified among you." In the Koine, the phrase mistranslated "evidently set forth" means "posted" or "placarded," and we have a letter in which a father threatens so to proclaim his son because of his debts.

Again in Galatians iii, 24, "Wherefore the law was our schoolmaster to bring us to Christ," the word, on the testimony of contemporary documents, should be rendered "pedagogue" instead of "schoolmaster." A pedagogue was a servant, usually a trusted slave, who conducted the children of a household to and from school.

Peter and John were not termed "unlearned and ignorant"—Acts iv, 13. Literally, the phrase means "unable to read or write." Jesus is not "captain" of our salvation—Hebrews ii, 10—but "originator," and the "beam" in the hypocrite's eye—Matthew vii, 3—becomes "splinter."

These are only a few instances of the clarification brought to the New Testament by the contemporary manuscripts

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written in the common tongue of the day. Among all the thousands of papyri retrieved by Grenfell and Hunt and the others who are still carrying on the search, among the many confirmations, direct and indirect, of the authenticity of the Scriptures, there has been found no single contradiction of their authenticity. Science that once looked askance upon the genuineness of portions of the New Testament has been compelled, after thorough investigation, to confirm it.

The Grenfell-Hunt expedition obtained material of Biblical interest over and above purely confirmatory matter. Two papyrus leaves were found on which were written, sometime in the third century of our era, certain "Sayings of Jesus." It is known that there originally existed aphorisms of the Master, not included in the four Gospels. Paul himself quotes one of them: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." It is possible that these sere and tattered sheets of papyrus bear actual quotations from the teachings of Christ. The maxims, at all events, are in harmony with his accredited words.

Among the earlier fragments of religious writings, no explorer has discovered anything contrary to or out of harmony with the New Testament. In the later centuries there were innumerable childish distortions of the Gospels, remnants of which have been recovered; but the closer the copies are to the time of the disciples, the more certain is the harmony between them and the accepted versions of today.

Higher critics have assailed the credibility and the authenticity of the New Testament hard and often, but the attacks have been based upon hypotheses or deductions drawn from negative or indirect evidence. There have been gaps and obscurities in the trail along which the Scriptures have traveled down to us and skeptics have tried to fill in these lapses with doubt and discredit. Yet, as archæological discoveries continue, as facts take the place of theories, direct evidence sustains not the critics but those simple men who recorded the life of the Lord and the missionary efforts of his immediate followers. Conviction grows that they dealt with that most immortal of substances—truth.

Testimony With Many Tongues

The papyri of Egypt have given confirmatory testimony with many tongues and have overthrown much carefully constructed skeptical criticism. Archæological investigations in Asia Minor and Greece have borne out the accuracy of many of the most dubious assertions in the Acts.

For years critics believed that the author of the Acts showed a lamentable lack of knowledge concerning the political subdivisions of his time when he wrote that Paul passed from Iconium into Lycaonia. Scientists who had studied the situation of the Roman provinces held that such a journey was impossible. Ramsay's researches revealed that during the time of Paul's mission the boundaries of Lycaonia were such that the apostle, moving from Iconium into Lystra—Acts xiv, 6—must have crossed the Lycaonian frontier.

In the rubble of the ruined city of Ephesus and of its great temple further confirmation of the reportorial accuracy of Luke, author of the Acts, has been found. The shout of "Great is Diana of the Ephesians" with which the citizens are said to have drowned out the voice of Paul—Acts xix, 28—has been found carved upon numerous Ephesian fragments. It was evidently a slogan, used commonly by the Ephesians as a cheer in moments of religious exaltation or patriotic fervor.

Elsewhere, too, discoveries have been made sustaining Luke's accuracy. In Pergamum an altar has been uncovered bearing a dedication "To the Unknown Gods," probably a duplicate of that in Athens to which Paul refers—Acts xvii, 23. In Corinth a door lintel of the first century has been retrieved, carved "Synagogue of the Hebrews." There is no reason to believe that this may not have stood above the portal through which Paul passed to preach—Acts xviii, 4.

In the little ruined town of Lystra, which Paul and Barnabas visited, Ramsay made further noteworthy discoveries. Lystra was a back-country hamlet, off the main road of travel. Its inhabitants were simple, credulous folk. Statues unearthed by the archæologist established beyond doubt that they worshiped as their tutelary deities Mercury and Jupiter. Having this knowledge, Acts xiv, 12, fits in with the appositeness and nicety of the missing piece in a picture puzzle: "And they called Barnabas, Jupiter; and Paul, Mercurius, because he was the chief speaker."

Scarcely one of the cities the missionaries visited has withheld confirmatory evidence. Tarsus itself, birthplace of Paul, was a university town. The fact that the great organizer became a tentmaker does not argue against his culture. It was Jewish custom to train every child, no matter what his destiny, in some form of trade; and tentmaking was a leading industry in Tarsus. In addition, inscriptions have revealed that Tarsus women were famed for their modesty of dress and went abroad veiled. This was the atmosphere in which Paul spent his formative years. His query in First Corinthians xi, 13, is a logical result thereof: "Judge in yourselves; is it comely that a woman pray unto God uncovered?"

The Author of the Acts

The alleged inconsistencies, inaccuracies and ignorances of Luke, author of the Acts, have been largely erased by the science that first called attention to them. One of the most supposedly glaring of these was the fact that he called Philippi "the chief city of that part of Macedonia," although historians know that Amphipolis, a neighboring town, was larger and more important. Philippi was the home of Luke. He writes therefore not with the pen of absolute geographical accuracy but as a native son boosting his home town.

Furthermore, the magistrates of Philippi are called "prætors" by Luke. Since he admits in the text of Acts that Philippi was a colony, and "prætors" were higher and more august officials of the empire than a small colony could possibly boast, this has been held up against him as proof that the Acts were not written by one familiar with the district he pretends to describe. Inscriptions recently exhumed have demonstrated that although the magistrates were not prætors, they were so called by their fellow citizens in the time of Luke. Also, the narrator refers to the rulers of Thessalonica as "politarchs." Students of the Roman political system have commented upon the absurdity of supposing that such a title could have been given these rulers. Their comments have been answered by inscriptions dug up at Saloniki, modern successor of Thessalonica. These bear the word "politarch" no less than sixteen times.

Year by year, as the tale of discoveries mounts, scientists draw farther away from the skeptical standards of a few years ago and closer to the simple statements of the eight authors of the New Testament. Confirmation of their accuracy is gathered from the tattered masses of papyri, from stones that cry out their confirmatory testimony. And among all this babel of corroboration there has been unearthed, to date, no actual contradiction of a single statement set down in the Gospels, Acts and the Epistles. Instead, at times, the authentication of this or that passage is startling.

Pontius Pilate said to the mob that called for the death of Christ, "I will therefore chastise him, and release him"—Luke xxiii, 16.

There is a jaundiced and brittle papyrus page among the discoveries brought to light in Egypt. It is the decision of a governor of that province of the empire, written in 85 A. D., about fifty years after the crucifixion. Its conclusion reads, "Thou hast been worthy of scourging, but I will give thee to the people."

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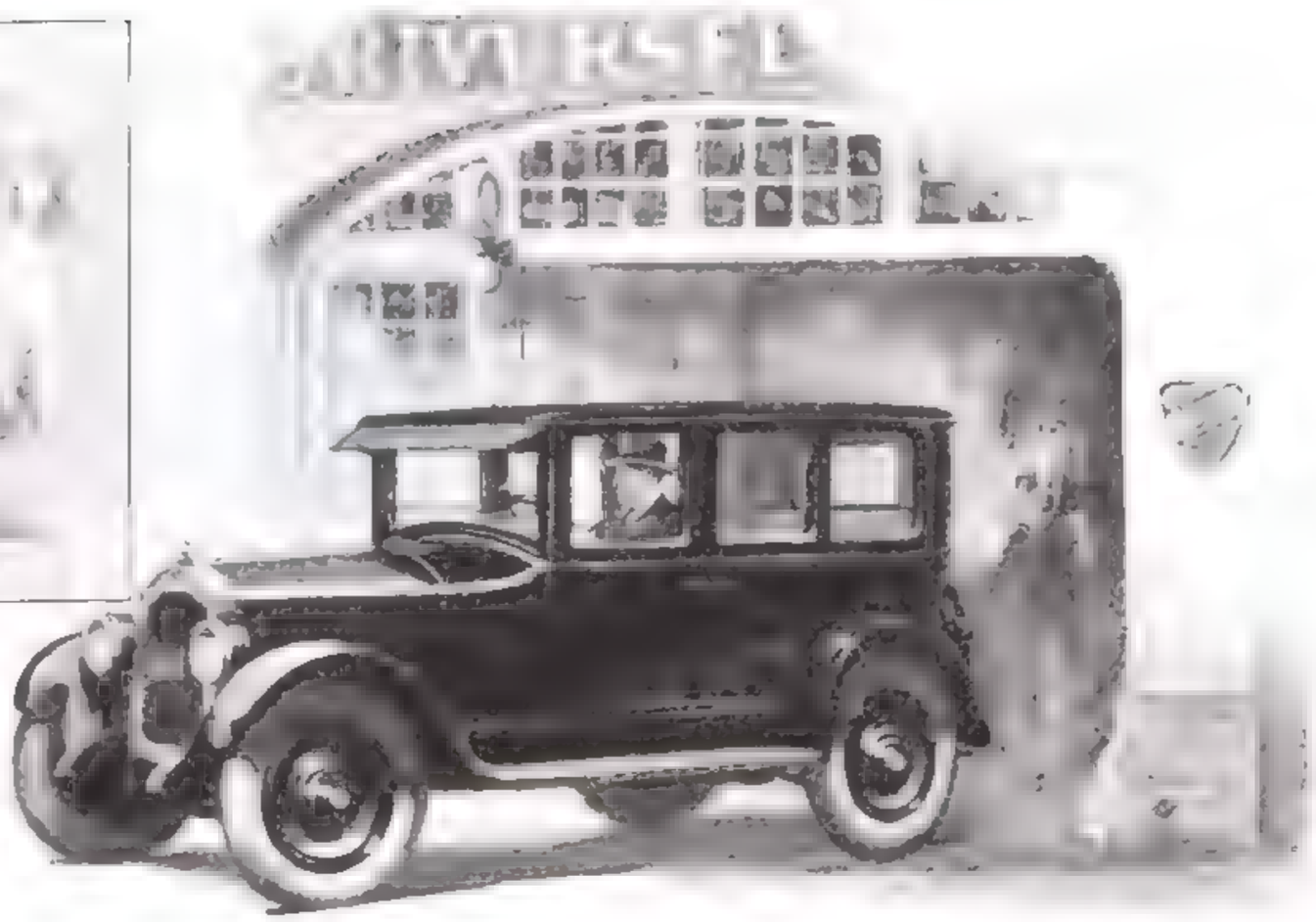

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Hot Springs—[illegible]
Little Rock—Yellow Drive-It Yourself System

CALIFORNIA
Hollywood—Dow's Drivurself Co
Los Angeles—Yellow Drive-It-Yourself System
Los Angeles—Lull's Auto Livery
Modesto—M. M. Dimock
Oakland—S. J. Newquist
Ocean Park—Kinney Auto Rental
Palo Alto—Mission Drivurself Co
Pasadena—Dow's Drivurself Co
San Diego—Fred A. Sutherland
San Francisco—Palace Garage
San Jose—Mission Drivurself Co
San Mateo—Mission Drivurself Co.

CANADA
Toronto—DeLuxe Cab Ltd.

COLORADO
Denver—Yellow Drivurself System, Inc.
Pueblo—C. J. Mercier

CONNECTICUT
Hartford—Yellow Cab Co.

FLORIDA
Miami—L. D. Nelson Co.

GEORGIA
Atlanta—Yellow Drivurself Company
Macon—Yellow Drivurself System

ILLINOIS
Aurora—Mid-West Auto Rent Co.
Champaign—Red Top Drivurself Co
Champaign—Chester & O'Byrne Drivurself Co
Chicago—Yellow Drive-It-Yourself System, Inc.
Danville—Yellow Cab Co.
Dixon—John W. Duff
Bloomington—Bloomington Yellow Drivurself System
Evanston—University Rent A Car Co.
Galesburg—Yellow Drivurself Co
Kewanee—E. M. Howell Rent A Car Co
Moline—[illegible]
Ottawa—Jamieson Drivurself System
Peoria—Illinois Valley Motor Co
Rock Island—Tri-City Yellow Cab Co., Inc
Springfield—Yellow Drivurself System

INDIANA
Elkhart—Yellow Drivurself Co. of Elkhart
Gary—Yellow Drivurself Co
Indianapolis—Drivurself Indianapolis Co.
Hammond—Hammond Drivurself System
South Bend—Yellow Drive-It Yourself System, Inc.

IOWA
Cedar Rapids—Drive Yourself Auto Livery
Clinton—[illegible]
Davenport—[illegible]
Dubuque—[illegible]
Iowa City—[illegible]
Marshalltown—[illegible]
Sioux City—[illegible]
Vinton—[illegible]
Waterloo—Drive Yourself Auto Livery

KENTUCKY
Lawrenceburg—Dowling Rent Car Co
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LOUISIANA
Baton Rouge—Yellow Drivurself System
New Orleans—Toye Bros. Drivurself Co.
Shreveport—S & L Service
Monroe—Yellow Drivurself Company

MAINE
Bangor—C. L. Day

MASSACHUSETTS
[illegible]

MICHIGAN
Detroit—Rent-A-[illegible]
Niles—Niles Drivurself Co

MINNESOTA
St. Paul—Martin Auto Bloc Cab Line

MISSISSIPPI
[illegible]

MISSOURI
Joplin—Jobson & Co
[illegible]
St. Louis—Driverless Co.
St. Louis—Yellow Drive-It-Yourself System, Inc.

NEBRASKA
Omaha—Yellow Drivurself System, Inc

NEW JERSEY
[illegible]
Collingswood—Henry V. Mason
Jersey City—Tiger Taxi Co
Montclair—Clayton Garage & Cab Co. Inc
Newark—Standard Drivurself Co

NEVADA
Reno—Nevada Drive It Yourself Co.

NEW YORK
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Niagara Drive Yourself Co., Inc
Rochester—Rochester Drive Yourself Co.
White Plains—Malcolm Hyatt

NORTH DAKOTA
Fargo—Wynand Bros
Grand Forks—Columbia Drivurself System

OHIO
Akron—J. S. Reeves Co
Canton—Hire A Car Co
Cleveland—Yellow Drive-It-Yourself System, Inc
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Marion—Yellow Cab Drivurself Co.
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At the Indianapolis Speedway, May 30, 1924, the first three cars beat all previous records. Boyer-Corum, Earl Cooper and Jimmy Murphy finished in the order named. *All used Ethyl Gasoline.*

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JUNE 14—Altoona Race won by Jimmy Murphy. *Ethyl Gasoline.*

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West Virginia

TRY IT ON YOUR PET HILL!

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION

THE LIMITATION OF NAVAL ARMAMENT

Continued from Page 27

bomb characteristics so that penetration is obtained, the design reduces itself to something just about like a projectile as regards weight of charge. For this particular use there are many advantages in firing such a missile from a gun rather than dropping it from a plane.

After the war the agreement to destroy the German ships furnished an opportunity to test the value of aircraft and bombs in an attack on surface ships. The Army and Navy joined in plans for the sinking of three German U-boats, three destroyers, the light cruiser Frankfort, and the battleship Ostfriesland. The submarine U-117, the destroyer G-102, the light cruiser and the battleship were sunk by aerial bombs. The joint board conducting the experiments in June and July, 1921, announced its conclusion that:

"The battleship is still the backbone of the fleet and the bulwark of the nation's sea defense, and will so remain so long as safe navigation of the sea for purposes of trade or transportation is vital to success in war.

"The airplane, like the submarine, destroyer and mine, has added to the dangers to which battleships are exposed, but has not made the battleship obsolete. The battleship still remains the greatest factor of naval strength."

The Washington Conference for the Limitation of Armament, which immediately followed this report, settled beyond all doubt that in the judgment of the men who fought the World War and of the nations engaged in it, the capital ship was the measure and the final test of sea power.

It was proposed to that conference by the representatives of the United States "that the capital-ship tonnage should be used as the measurement of strength for navies."

The treaty agreed upon was reported to the President by our representative, who stated that:

"There was general agreement that the American rule for determining existing naval strength was correct—that is, that it should be determined according to capital-ship tonnage. There was, however, a further question, and that was as to what should be embraced for that purpose within the capital-ship tonnage of each nation. It was the position of the American Government that paper programs should not be counted, but only ships laid down or upon which money had been spent."

The American position was sustained, not only by the conference but by all the powers that finally ratified the treaty twenty-one months ago, and the scrapping of the capital ships under the treaty was completed in February of this year.

Experimenting in Destruction

The position of the capital ship in the scheme of national defense adopted by the conference and embodied in the treaty ratified by Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan and the United States in 1923, was again tested in 1923 by the bombing experiments on two of our battleships, the Virginia and the New Jersey, and on the South Carolina in 1924.

Notwithstanding these experiments and the report of the joint board in 1921 on the bombing of the German ships and of the special board in 1925 on the relative value of aircraft and the various types of surface ships, there are those who still claim that the airship and airplanes are supreme on land and sea. This question involves not only the ability of such aircraft to hit a target but the effectiveness of the blows when delivered on the target. Some of the experiments on the Washington—one of our uncompleted battleships scrapped under the treaty in November, 1924—were devised to ascertain the maximum effect of a hit upon the outer edge of the target represented by a modern battleship and the danger area around her—that is, to ascertain the width of the danger zone along the ship's side. This was done by exploding TNT charges, corresponding in explosive effect to the largest aerial bombs, at points near the outer edge of the assumed danger zone.

It had been already determined by the joint board in 1921, as a result of the previous experiments on ships sunk by us after the World War by using aircraft and by gun fire, that a battleship could not be sunk by a direct hit on its deck by a non-armor-piercing bomb, because such bomb would explode above the protective deck armor. It followed, as the joint board in effect declared, that the most effective method of attacking such a ship was by dropping a bomb as close to the ship as possible so that the exploding gases and the water impelled by them would attack the submerged portion of the ship below the armor. This involved not only a hit near but not on the ship, but also a time fuse so adjusted that at the time of explosion the bomb would have sunk to a predetermined depth—say, fifty feet.

Tests on the Washington

The point to be determined by the later experiments on the Washington then was this: How close to the ship must the largest bomb that can be effectively carried by an aeroplane be placed and at what depth exploded in order to sink the ship or impair seriously its offensive power? Two 400-pound charges of TNT, corresponding to two torpedoes, and three 1000-pound charges, corresponding to three 2000-pound aerial bombs, were exploded in the tests on the Washington.

These tests made upon the Washington and their results are thus described in the report of the special board, quoting from the report of the board which conducted the experiments:

"Five bombs were exploded; three of these contained 1000 pounds of explosive each, and were detonated under water at the most effective depths, and at distances from the ship's side well within the zone surrounding the ship which had heretofore been claimed as an area in which similar explosions would destroy a ship. Two charges, each amounting to the largest now carried by torpedoes, were detonated in contact with the hull, thirteen feet below the water line." [Note that 1000 pounds of explosive is about the amount carried in the 2000-pound aerial bomb.]

"After all five tests, members of the board were able to get to the inner bottom of the ship and make all inspections necessary or desired.

"At the end of these five explosive tests, and after riding out a gale of wind for three days, the ship could have been towed to port.

"Had a repair party, immediately after each explosion, used wooden plugs and wedges to stop minor leaks, the ship, without the use of pumps, would have remained practically on an even keel. A ship in commission would have had no trouble in making port under her own steam after the five explosions.

"There would have been few injuries and practically no loss of life except from water thrown on weather decks by the explosions.

"Loss of oil and water, water mixing with oil, and oils seeping through weeping seams and rivets, would have been serious annoyances. The ship withstood satisfactorily the five explosions. Had there been time between explosions, the ship could have continued in the battle line at reduced

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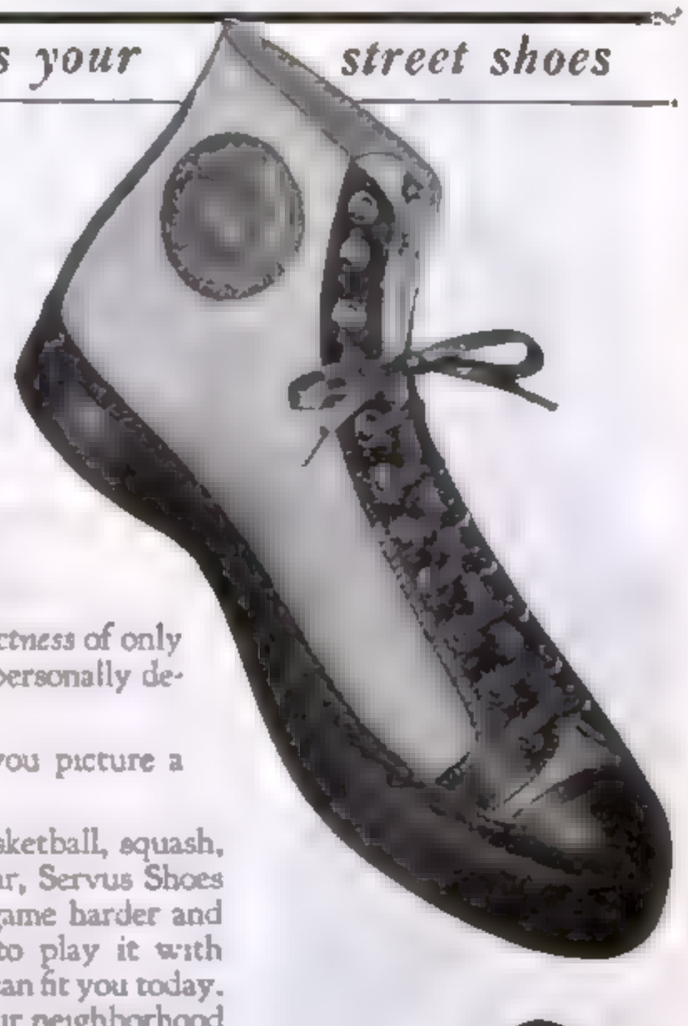

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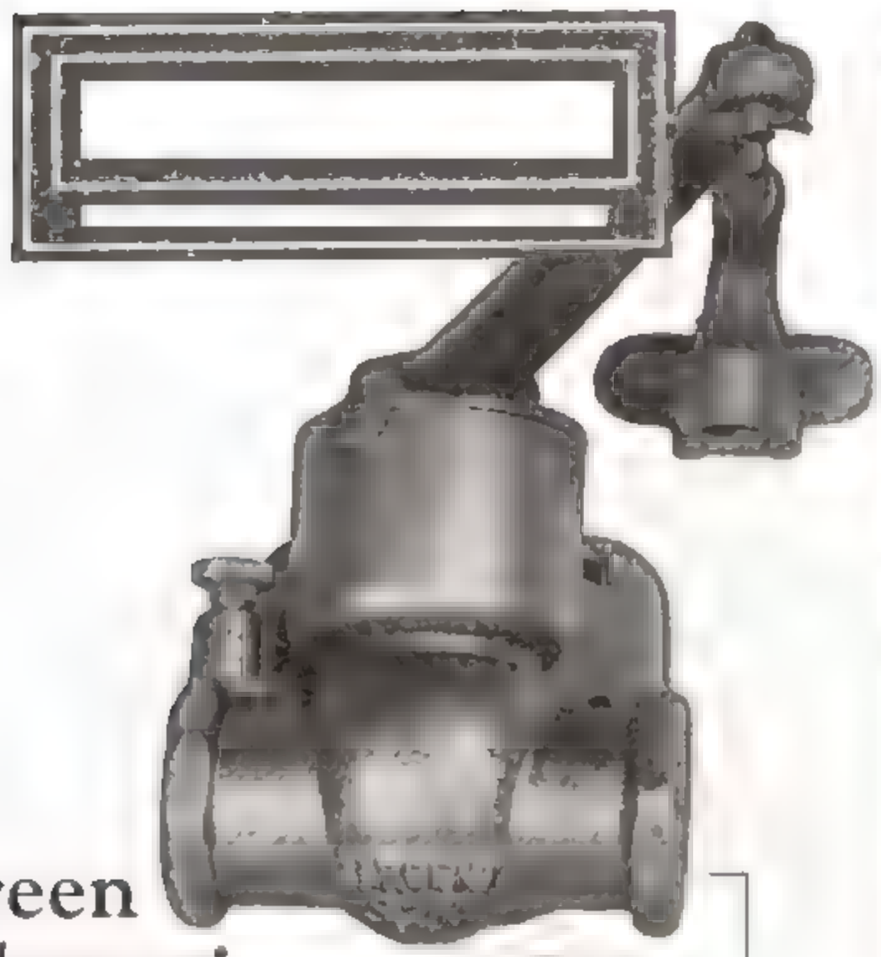

Stop screen door slamming

SHUT your screen doors *silently* and *surely* and keep them shut with the Sargent Door Closer "520." This is a small, inexpensive edition of the larger Sargent Closers you've so often seen on the heavier doors of public buildings. Small—but powerful. Repair-free. Never tiring. Noiseless. A diagram in each box shows plainly how to attach it in short order to either right or left hand doors. Sargent Door Closer "520" is used in many modern homes to close doors that should be closed the year round. Try it on your screen and storm doors, lavatory, back-stairs, cellar and refrigerator room doors. See it at your hardware store and write us for folder.

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Here's the Way to Have Lots of Extra Money:

FIRST, how much extra money would you like—$50.00, $100.00? Good. Here are a few points to keep in mind if you want to earn it, easily, and *in your spare time:*

1. *THE SATURDAY EVENING POST*
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I'd like to know how to make extra money. What is your plan? Of course I do not obligate myself in asking.

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speed. The general jar to the structure might throw gyro compasses and fire-control gear out of gear, but we doubt it, if they are placed well away from the ends of the ship. The vibration at the end of the ship from the first explosion did not put out candles nor throw them down when stuck in the deck."

Further to ascertain the penetration of an armor-piercing shell dropped from an aeroplane additional experiments were tried on the Washington. An armor-piercing shell weighing 1440 pounds dropped from a height of 4000 feet did not penetrate the deck. The cavity in this shell, which contained about thirty pounds of sand, could have contained thirty and one-half pounds of TNT instead, but as the experiment was designed to show whether the shell would go through the armored deck with the velocity attained from falling without breaking up, no explosive was used in it. The experiment was designed to get exact data on how far such a bomb would go through the various decks, unarmored and armored, before they brought it to a stop.

The special board concludes that a seven-inch protective deck will prevent the penetration of either shells or bombs and thus fully protect the vitals of the ship from falling bombs and long-range gun fire. It follows that a capital ship with heavy side armor and protective deck is practically invulnerable to any aerial bomb, whether armor piercing or not, that can be carried by a bombing plane and which might be dropped on it from any attainable height.

Armor-piercing projectiles are designed with delayed-action fuses to burst the shells after they have penetrated the armor and gone into the vital parts of the ship—that is, the magazines, engine rooms, and so on. As the projectiles dropped on the Washington did not get through the armored deck, the fuse and bursting charge were immaterial. Sand was placed in the cavity of the shell to give the shell its proper weight and penetrating power, and in order that the projectile and the deck could be carefully and critically examined afterward. If the projectile had burst where it stopped, these data could not have been obtained. Hence the misleading charge that sand was used to avoid obtaining the real facts, when in fact it was used so that the truth could be ascertained.

Below the Water Line

Aerial bombs exploding in the water have the same effect as a submarine torpedo or mine exploded against the underwater body of the ship, except that the bomb is not likely to be exploded in immediate contact with the ship's side or bottom, but at some distance from it because there is practically no chance of a hit exactly on the side of the ship.

It is important, therefore, to consider the method of protecting a ship against such submarine explosions, for the underwater body of the battleship, although it is protected by the water and the water-line armor against the effect of gun fire, is nevertheless subject to attack by the submarine torpedo discharged from the destroyer, scout cruiser, submarine or battleship, and by the mine, and to the mining effect of an aerial bomb exploded in the water near the ship.

The ship floats because of the air it contains. When the air, or a sufficient part of it, is replaced by water or any substance as heavy as water, the ship sinks. The water-tight subdivision of a ship, by which water entering the outer skin is confined to small subdivisions of the ship, is the answer to the submarine attack, to the mine, and to the bomb dropped alongside. A battleship, by reason of its cellular construction, is equivalent in its ability to stay afloat to many ships within one outside hull. The vertical, transverse, and fore and aft bulkheads and the horizontal subdivisions not only localize and decrease the effect of explosions by using up the energy of the explosion, and cooling the gases, but by fencing off the destroyed sections, leave the balance of the ship uninvaded by water.

The experiments on the submerged hull of the Washington and on the blister-equipped hull of the South Carolina demonstrated to the satisfaction of the special board that by use of water-tight subdivisions of the hull a ship could be built to withstand the maximum effect of the largest bomb that any aircraft it is possible to build can carry and deliver near the ship. Thus by increased thickness of its protective decks, and by increased cellular subdivision of the hull, the modern battleship can be rendered practically invulnerable to aerial bombs.

Gun power is the best means of attack upon such a battleship so constructed; therefore the capital ship remains today the greatest element of sea power, offensive and defensive, of a nation, but we do need aircraft, plane for plane, and bomb for bomb, to checkmate an enemy on the sea.

The Eye of the Gunner

The World War, however, has shown the necessity of aircraft for the fleet for a wholly different and vastly more important purpose than bombing ships. It was said during the World War that this aeroplane force was the eye of the Army; that a gun discovered was a gun destroyed—not by bombs, but by other guns directed by aeroplane; and that to destroy an enemy's air force was to blind him. Now long-range firing at sea has placed almost the same, but not quite the same, emphasis on the observation, or spotting, plane. Modern long-range gun fire is directed by new methods altogether different from former methods.

Today all the big guns of our battleships are fired at one time by one man by pressing a single trigger of a pistol grip in his right hand. The shells fly through the air together and, like buckshot discharged from a shotgun, form a pattern where they strike. The effort of the fire-control personnel who direct the gun fire is to include the enemy ship within this pattern of falling shells, preferably near its center—that is, to straddle the target, as it is called. It is not planned to have every shell of a salvo hit the target at long ranges with plunging fire, although at ranges of about one mile every shell should hit the target. The normal errors of guns are such that the salvo at long ranges will spread out in range and cover a definite area, or pattern, as it is called.

As soon as the first big gun salvo strikes, the position of the pattern with relation to the target must be immediately determined, for in another minute if the guns are 16-inch, and within forty seconds if the guns are 14-inch, and within thirty seconds if the guns are 12-inch, another pattern is to be landed. To place the second pattern we should know where the first landed; to place the third we should know where the second landed, and so on.

Until recently, before great ranges were used, this observation was effectively done from the ship—that is, from its spotting station at the top of the cage mast, but at 25,000 yards and over, the fall of the shells cannot be satisfactorily determined from the ship, even with high-power telescopes. The fall is over the horizon, even from the highest point on the ship. We are really shooting around the curve of the earth, so to speak, to reach a target below the horizon. Moreover, our angle of observation is such that the splash of the pattern with reference to the target cannot be ascertained. Hence the necessity for the observation plane to hover in the vicinity of the target to observe and report the fall of the shot by radio, and hence the necessity for the fighting plane to attack the enemy observation planes and to protect our own. The battleship with its long-range guns needs and must have these planes.

Although we hold that the big gun is the best weapon for attacking a battleship, it by no means follows that bombing planes

(Continued on Page 173)

It's *dead easy* to repair Casings and Tubes the *new way* with LOCKTITE COMBINATION CASING & TUBE PATCH! No Vulcanizing

Locktite Luke Seys:

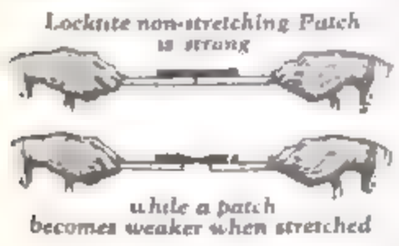
There aint nothin to it!

I always told you the patch that dont stretch is the best for tubes. And now Im tellin you its best for casins too. More'n that its about the only way to fix up a balloon casin and I'll tell you why.

One can of Locktite is as good as 25 spares

Them low pressure tires aint got enough air in em to hold a boot in place so she shifts and bang you got another hole.

And before I get on to tellin you how to patch up those old casins and make em work a few thousand extra miles for almost no pay Im going to ask you to listen first to why this LOCKTITE fabric back patch which dont stretch a dog-on bit is best for patching tubes.



Youll allow the company what makes the best tubes knows something? Well the only hole in a brand new tube is where they put the valve in. That hole in a new tube is always fixed by the Tire Company with FABRIC that wont stretch. Dont that prove it? Any kid can see that a patch at the old hole when it is stretched aint goin to be so strong for rubber gets thin as blazes when you stretch it. Thats the facts why LOCKTITE fabric-back patch locks the hole tite in the tube or casin and for keeps.

Now you want to know how to patch a casin with LOCKTITE?

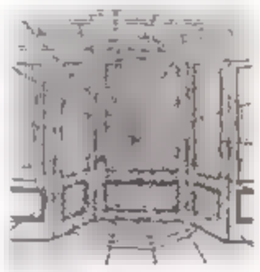
Course if depends on whats wrong with the casin. Let's take a big blow-out you can put your foot in. Sure you can patch it with LOCKTITE. Slap on a layer of LOCKTITE on the inside. Then slap a second layer over that and a third over the other two. Only takes a few minutes

and you dont need no vulcanizin. That there LOCKTITE sticks and holds till —you know when. Thats the three-layer recipe.

Then for a two-layer recipe take any old casin with a small hole or casin break and do it the same way.

But for real savin of money and makin them casins work a few thousand miles extra and no complaint fix the nail holes and little bruises and rim cuts soon as you spy em with just slappin in a single layer of LOCKTITE at your earliest convenience before they grow up into holes and graduate into two-layer or three-layer jobs. Same thing on the outside of the casins for stone and curb bruises and if you want to wrap some LOCKTITE right around the bead no ones going to stop you.

If youre a good guesser you know what I think of the fellow whatll take a chance these days without LOCKTITE in his car whether he got a car or just a automobile. The dealer that aint got LOCKTITE is such a curiosity if you can find me one Id be obliged if youd send me his name and proper address. To show my preciashun I'll send you a full size dollar kit if youll send along a dollar bill to pay for it.



The dealer that aint got Locktite

Yep Im the shippin clerk for this here company and I aint got much time for loafin these days I'll tell the world.

Locktite Luke

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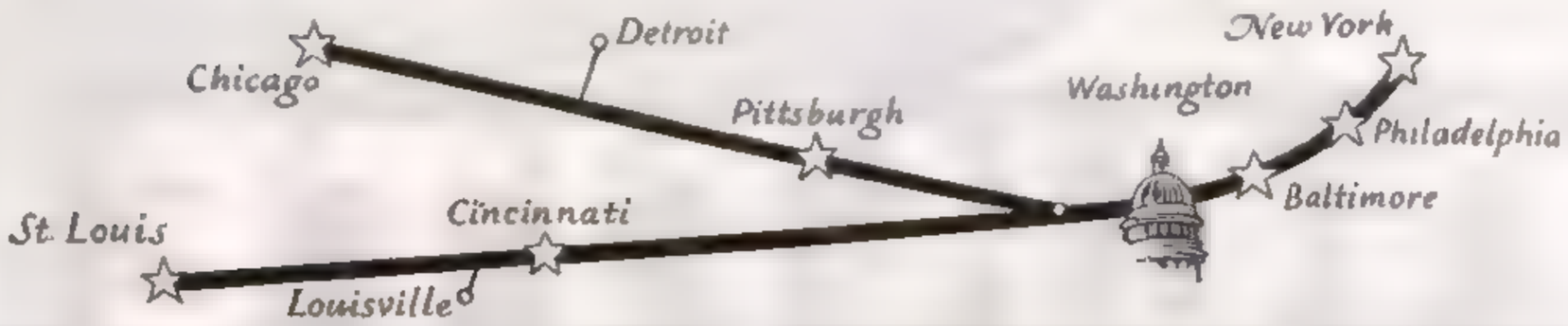

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Schedule

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Mt. R[illegible]	[illegible] P M
Camden	[illegible] P M
Lv Washington	3:00 P M
Ar Chicago	9:00 A M

Eastward

Lv Chicago	2:00 P M
Ar Washington	9:00 A M
Ar Baltimore (Camden Sta.)	9:38 A M

Through sleeping cars to and from New York and Philadelphia

The NATIONAL Limited

Schedule

Westward

W[illegible]	[illegible] P M
[illegible]	[illegible] P M
[illegible]	[illegible] P M
[illegible]	[illegible] P M

Eastward

[illegible]	[illegible] P M
[illegible]	[illegible] P M
[illegible]	[illegible] P M
[illegible]	[illegible] P M

Through sleeping cars to and from New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore

BALTIMORE & OHIO

AMERICA'S FIRST RAILROAD · ESTABLISHED 1827

(Continued from Page 170)

are useless against battleships or other ships. They are needed, and we have them and must have more of them. The menace of enemy bombing planes requires that a battleship be provided with anti-aircraft guns with their ammunition and crews. It also makes necessary the carrying of fighting planes, with their catapults, to attack and drive off the enemy planes or destroy them.

The bombs, less harmful to battleships than to unarmored ships, may work havoc to a destroyer or a scout cruiser or to an aircraft carrier. The latter is particularly vulnerable because a bomb dropped on its flying deck would destroy the aircraft on deck and would destroy the usefulness of the deck for taking off or landing planes. This would prevent the aircraft already launched, unless hydroplanes, from returning to it, and prevent the launching of others. It must rely on its own anti-aircraft guns and its aircraft for defense. The bombs of an aeroplane would be more effective against a lightly constructed destroyer or a scout cruiser than against an armored ship. It is surprising, however, how much punishment a light unarmored destroyer can stand. The destroyer Manley had at least three depth bombs and perhaps several more, each containing 300 pounds of TNT, explode on her quarter deck, and yet, although badly shattered aft, she was saved by her water-tight bulkheads, towed into port and repaired and is now in service.

On October 5, 1917, the U. S. S. Cassin, a destroyer which operated in the submarine zone during the World War, was hit by a torpedo well aft on the port side and above the water line. An equivalent of 850 pounds of TNT is estimated to have exploded in and upon the Cassin's fantail; this includes the charges of the torpedo and of both depth mines exploded by the torpedo. About five seconds elapsed between the torpedo's detonation and those of the mines. Twenty-odd men in the three wrecked after living compartments escaped with only minor injuries. The ship reached Queenstown, part way under her own steam.

Aircraft in the War

Although bombing planes were not effectively used against surface ships in the World War, aircraft played a most important part in the war and both bombing planes and Zeppelins operated against cities and against naval craft. But notwithstanding the fact that Germany built 47,000 aeroplanes and more than 100 Zeppelins during the war, they did not prevent a constant stream of troops and munitions from crossing the English Channel, although to have done so would have meant victory for Germany. German aircraft were equally impotent to prevent 2,000,000 American soldiers crossing the ocean to France at a critical time, when their safe passage meant defeat for Germany.

During the war the Italian armies brought down 129 planes, the French armies 500 planes, and the German armies 1520 planes by anti-aircraft fire. About three times the number brought down by anti-aircraft guns of each nation were brought down by their air forces. While anti-aircraft fire is effective and will make bombing planes seek a high ceiling to avoid such fire, nevertheless protecting fighting planes are also effective and both means of protection must be used in order to gain immunity from attack by aircraft.

London was injured by aircraft, but not destroyed. Paris was also bombed. During the World War, aeroplanes and Zeppelins attacked Paris, dropping 746 bombs; 266 people were killed and 603 were wounded—a total of 869. However, after the organization of the defenses of the city of Paris, in 1918, there were thirteen raids made by German aeroplanes in which 107 aeroplanes were employed; none of these planes were able to reach the city. In 1918, 483 planes were sent by the Germans to attack Paris; thirty-seven reached the city and thirteen of these were brought down. Thus only twenty-four of those which actually made the attacks on Paris returned.

England was an object of air attack from the first. According to the History of the War by the London Times, 499 air raids were made on her. In the 217 Zeppelin raids an average of two and one-half persons were killed in each raid, and in the 282 airplane raids an average of three were killed in each raid. In these raids several Zeppelins or airplanes were generally used in each raid. The number wounded was about 50 per cent greater.

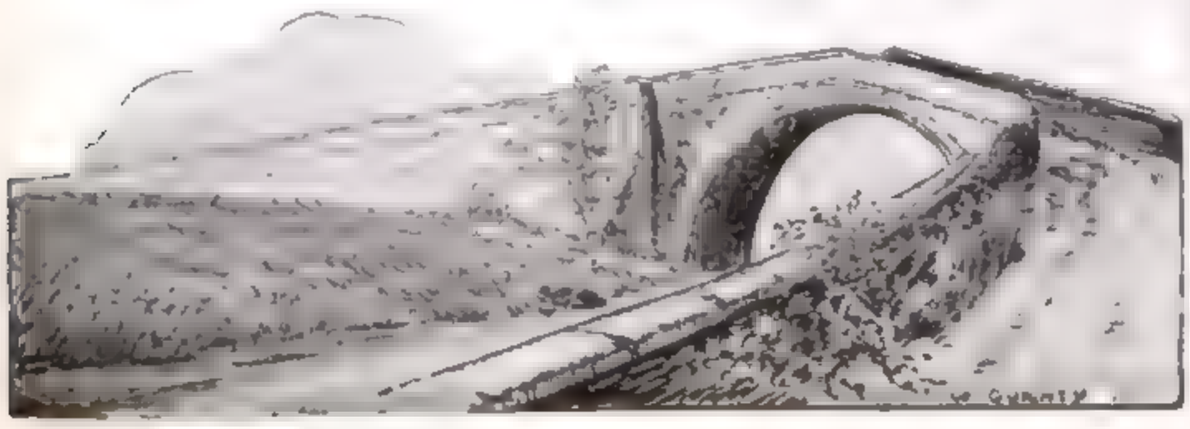
Post-Jutland Developments

We fully believe that aircraft will play a most important part in the next naval war, if and when that war occurs, because of the increased importance of long-range firing and the increased accuracy of bombing and the increased size of such bombs. But we cannot afford to put aside the lessons of the war and replace them by laboratory experiments, for in such experiments we do not and may not unduly risk human life, while in warfare such risk is the commonplace and usual factor in every problem.

The failure to use bombing planes and other aircraft in the Battle of Jutland is almost a demonstration that such craft were then considered by both sides to be of slight value in such a combat. The actual contact of the fleets may have been unexpected, but with ample time every possible preparation believed reasonably necessary had been made by both combatants for such a battle. The aeroplane carrier was not then an established type of warship. The aircraft played no important part in any naval engagement during the World War.

It is often stated that the airplane of 1918 is not the equal of the airplane of today, but it should be remembered that in 1919, the year succeeding the war, a United States Navy seaplane flew 1380 land miles from Newfoundland to the Azores without a stop, and with still 400 miles of fuel left. Today we are still striving for a range of 2000 miles for seaplanes. It is asking a good deal of us to expect us to believe that the science of war has changed more in six and a half years of peace without a single opportunity for a test under battle conditions, than in four years of daily fighting during the World War with all its prodigal expenditures of money and men.

War, after all, is the final test of all theories of offense and defense. It furnishes the conclusive answer to the question concerning any plan of offense and defense. War teaches its lessons, not only concerning civilization and its progress but also as to the effective methods of prosecuting a successful offense and defense. In a prolonged war each side has its ups and downs, its victories and defeats, and consequent opportunity to study and apply means of both offense and defense. War is a costly



There is Such a Satisfaction in Being Able to Say: "I CAN Afford it."

ONE of the largest banks in the city of Chicago not long ago issued a poster of such compelling truth that it attracted national attention. The message which that poster carried was this: "There is such a satisfaction in being able to say, 'I *can* afford it.'"

Rather hits you right between the eyes, doesn't it? Which is one of two reasons why we have reprinted it here; that, and because we have an offer to make you which should enable you to say, as can so many of our subscription representatives, "I *can* afford it." Let's illustrate this offer by telling the experience of Edward D. Vernon of Colorado:

As a high school boy seven years ago, Edward wanted some spending money. He earned it. In one day he made more than $10.00 extra. And he kept on making extra money, for the things he wanted all through High and through College. Now he is banking his spare time profits for future needs.

Do you want a similar opportunity, one which requires no experience, no capital? Do you want to prove to yourself that "you *can* afford it"? The chance is yours for the asking.

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from silks, satins, lace, velvet, serge, net, wool, chiffon, carpets, rugs, upholstery and all materials. See booklet for countless other uses.
For Safety's Sake demand
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REMOVES GREASE SPOTS
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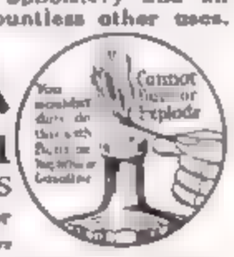

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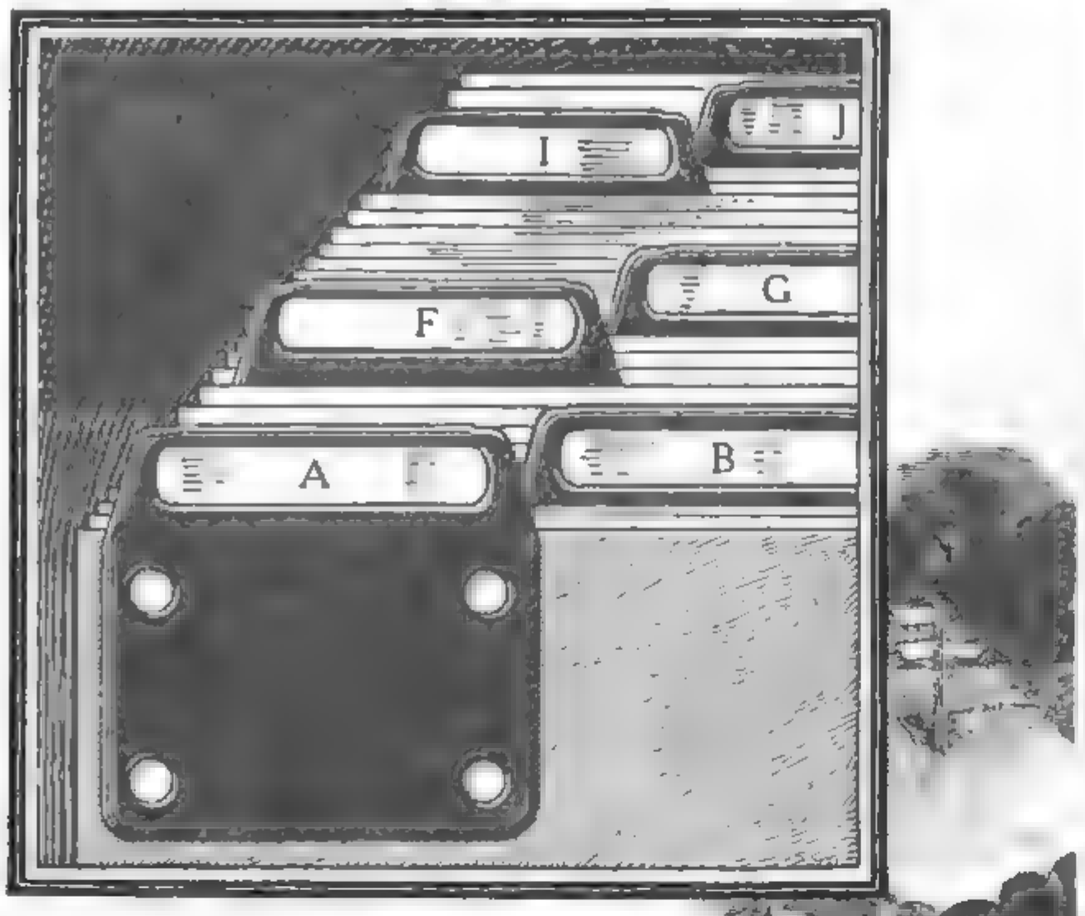

Wearproof signposts for your files

that direct your file clerk with greater speed, greater accuracy

Have you driven on a country road at night? And come to a crossroad and searched for the guide posts only to find them bleary, weather-beaten, illegible—unable to direct you on your way?

Many a file clerk—perhaps your own—faces a similar condition every business day. The guides in your files are but the sign posts that direct her eyes and her searching fingers among the folders and letters.

In many files the guides break down under the strain of incessant wear. They tear, dog-ear, become illegible. They misdirect your file clerk and waste the time you pay for.

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school in which to learn, and in the World War we had the most costly as well as the most deadly lesson in that school. The finest scientific minds in the world, and practically all of them, were occupied with the problem of attaining success in that war. Naval and military precedents were disregarded, with every effort of mind and hand discovering and applying new means devoted to victory. The war cost millions of human lives and hundreds of billions of dollars.

In that war we learned that no weapon was so potent, no means of offense and defense of such overwhelming superiority, that victory could be attributed to it. We learned that with reasonable preparedness and with fairly equal facilities for the production of weapons of warfare, victory was the result of human qualities of faith, endurance and courage. A limitation of armament placing nations on a fair degree of equality, so as neither to invite attack nor to suggest aggression, seems to be the logical method of discouraging war and discounting the value of victory in war.

The United States entered the conference in the spirit so aptly stated by President Harding in opening its first session:

"Gentlemen of the conference, the United States welcomes you with unselfish hands. We harbor no fears; we have no sordid ends to serve; we suspect no enemy; we contemplate or apprehend no conquests. Content with what we have, we seek nothing which is another's. We only wish to do with you that finer, nobler thing which no nation can do alone.

. . . . . .

"I can speak officially only for our United States. Our hundred millions frankly want less of armament and none of war. Wholly free from guile, sure in our own minds that we harbor no unworthy designs, we accredit the world with the same good intent. So I welcome you, not alone in good will and high purpose, but with high faith."

And now that the treaty has been ratified not only through the duly authorized officials but also by the destruction of ships which cannot be replaced, and now that power for war has been limited not only by agreement but by performance of that agreement, we may well close with President Harding's timely words to the Senate:

"It is not necessary to remind you that the conference work was not directed against any power or group of powers. There were no punishments to inflict, no rewards to bestow. Mutual consideration, and the common welfare, and the desire for world peace impelled. The conclusions reached and the covenants written neither require nor contemplate compulsive measures against any power in the world, signatory or nonsignatory. The offerings are free will; the conscience is that of world opinion; the observance is a matter of national honor."

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Secretary Wilbur

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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Table of Contents

May 30, 1925

Cover Design by Edmund Davenport

SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
Jarrad, Last of the Pineys—*George Agnew Chamberlain*	5
The Home-Coming—*George Pattullo*	8
The Kitchen Democrat—*Richard Matthews Hallet*	10
The Appointed Task—*Thomas McMorrow*	12
Freedom First—*Salisbury Field*	14
The Red Coat—*Frank Condon*	18
The Office Reform—*Calvin Ball*	20
The Kind Duke—*F. E. Baily*	24
The Kitchen Cabinet—*Aaron Davis*	39
The Secret Goddess—*Thomas Beer*	45

ARTICLES

Down the Stretch—*Samuel C. Hildreth and James R. Crowell*	6
A Cloud of Witnesses—*Frederic F. Van de Water*	16
Wholesale and Retail Bond Selling—*Edwin Lefevre*	22
The Limitation of Naval Armament—*Curtis D. Wilbur, Secretary of the Navy*	27
A Disarmament Periscope—*Wythe Williams*	41

SERIALS

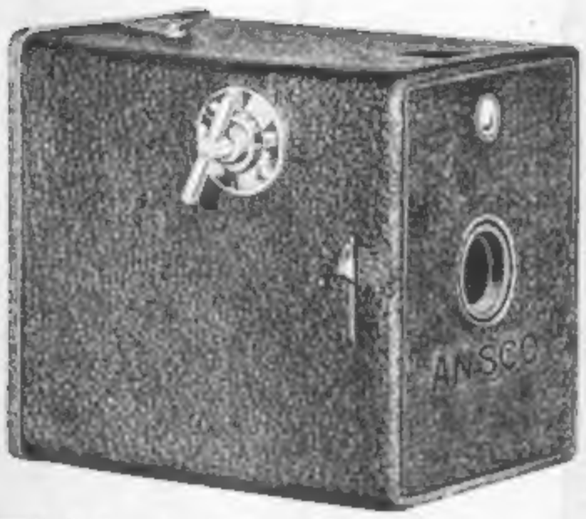
The Silver Sword (In two parts)—*Ben Ames Williams*	3
An Imperfect Impostor (Third part)—*Norman Venner*	30

MISCELLANY

Editorials	26
Short Turns and Encores	28
Getting On in the World	34
Who's Who—and Why	36
The Poet's Corner	130
Faking—By an Old Antique Dealer	135

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

The Dollar Ansco is one proof that good cameras can be inexpensive



The Dollar Ansco uses regular roll film, and it takes pictures 2 1/16 x 2 1/16, same size as the picture at the right.

We're proud of this regular, roll-film camera! It's a dandy picture-getter and we're also proud of its remarkably low price.

The name "*Ansco*" always has stood for the highest quality in the photographic field. For this very reason, some people got the impression that Ansco made only expensive, high-powered cameras.

There are other cameras that are low-priced and that have exclusive Ansco features which make picture-taking more of a pleasure than ever before.

Get a couple of the Dollar Anscos for your children to start in with, and then look over the entire line for yourself. There is a different model to suit every member of the family.

If the photographic dealer nearest you cannot supply you, send us your money and we will send what you want immediately.

(Remember, this is merely a printed reproduction of the real photograph.)

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Ansco Speedex Film—the quality film in the red box with the yellow band; meets a wider range of light conditions.

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The No. 1 Ansco Junior de Luxe—covered with rich blue leather and trimmed in lacquered brass. This beautiful new camera is already a great favorite. Price $16.

The Ready-Set adds to the fun of picture-taking

The 1-A Ready-Set camera is made especially for people who are not expert camera users. With this camera you don't have to know anything about the technical points of picture-taking—but you *do* get good pictures.

There's no focusing to worry about as the lens is "set" at a universal focus. The shutter speed is regulated, too. All you do is set it for snapshots or time exposures. Finally, there's the famous Ansco Automatic finder that prevents chopped off heads and arms.

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